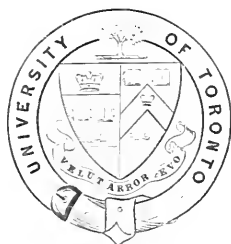




3 1761 07529925 5



The J. C. Saul Collection
of
Nineteenth Century
English Literature

Purchased in part
through a contribution to the
Library Funds made by the
Department of English in
University College.

HANDBOUND
AT THE



UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO PRESS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

20

2829

THE
PAPERS OF A CRITIC.



~~57129~~

THE
PAPERS OF A CRITIC.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY HIS GRANDSON,

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, BART., M.P.,

AUTHOR OF
"GREATER BRITAIN," AND OF "THE FALL OF PRINCE FLORESTAN OF MONACO."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

378591
10-4-40

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1875.

PR
76
D5
v.1

LONDON :

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

THE Papers of the late Mr. DILKE on "Junius" and some other subjects, are still in much demand, and the copies of the *Athenæum* which contain them being exhausted, it has been found necessary to reprint them. The memoir prefixed may not be without its interest to those who need the "Junius" and other articles reprinted, for their researches in literary history.



CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
MEMOIR	1
POPE'S WRITINGS	93
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU	343
SWIFT, &c.	361

MEMOIR.

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, born on 8th December, 1789, was the eldest son of Charles Wentworth Dilke, born 1742, and of Sarah Blewford—his lovely wife. His only brother is at the present time living at Chichester, in which city their father dwelt after his retirement from the public service. Mr. Dilke's father and his grandfather—Wentworth Dilke-Wentworth (he took the name of Wentworth as his surname, as two of his ancestors in the seventeenth century had also done)—were both in the Civil Service of the Crown, and the subject of the present notice also entered the Civil Service at an early age, in the Navy Pay Office. His father, as the head of the younger branch of the ancient family of Dilke of Maxstoke Castle, in Warwickshire, was fond of heraldry and family research. He was also an excellent artist in sepia-drawing and intaglio, and as a modeller. His son, Mr. Dilke, was brought up to be proud of his descent from Sir Peter Wentworth, member of the High Court of Justice, and from the older Sir Peter Wentworth, leader of the Puritan opposition under Queen Elizabeth, and husband of the sister of Sir Francis Walsingham. At an early age Mr. Dilke became both an antiquary and a Radical, and both he continued to be until the end of his days.

In 1815, a letter says, "Gifford speaks very highly of him," and he evidently was already engaged on literary work. About this date he edited a continuation of Dodsley's "Old Plays," and from this time to 1830 he wrote largely in the various

monthly and quarterly reviews. Mr. Dilke's earliest friends were John Hamilton Reynolds, Thomas Hood, and Keats, the poets, and Charles Brown, a merchant, the friend also of all these. His friendship with Hood was a warm one; it lasted from 1816 to 1842, and many of Hood's letters to him will be found in the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," by Mrs. Broderip. His most affectionate friendship with Keats, which lasted from 1816 to Keats' death, is recorded in Lord Houghton's *Life of Keats*. Mr. Dilke's grandson has still in his possession a great number of Keats' letters;—his Ovid, his Shakespear, and his Milton, with marginal notes; the pocket-book given him by Leigh Hunt with the first drafts of many of the sonnets in it; the locks of hair mentioned in the *Life*; his medical note-books; and Keats' own copy of *Endymion*, with all the sonnets, and many of the other poems copied in on note-paper pages at the end, in Keats' writing.

In addition, however, to the letters which appear in Lord Houghton's *Life of Keats*, there are a good many of a more intimate character still, of and about the poet, from which extracts may be made.

"MY DEAR DILKE,

"Mrs. Dilke or Mr. Wm. Dilke, whoever of you shall receive this present, have the kindness to send per bearer 'Sibylline Leaves,' and your petitioner shall ever pray as in duty bound.

"Given under my hand this Wednesday morning of Nov. 1817,

"JOHN KEATS.

"Vivant Rex et Regina—amen."

In June, 1818, Keats and Brown started on their tour in the North of England and Scotland.

July, 1818, Brown writes to Mr. Dilke:—"Keats has been these five hours abusing the Scotch and their country. He says that the women have large splay feet, which is too true to

be controverted, and that he thanks Providence he is not related to a Scot, nor any way connected with them."

The following letter is from Charles Brown to Mr. Dilke's father, Mr. Dilke of Chichester, and forms part of a diary of the whole tour, which was one which Keats, with an hereditary tendency to consumption, ought not to have undertaken.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"What shall I write about? I am resolved to send you a letter; but where is the subject? I have already stumped away on my ten toes 642 miles, and seen many fine sights, but I am puzzled to know what to make choice of. Suppose I begin with myself,—there must be a pleasure in that,—and, by way of variety, I must bring in Mr. Keats. Then, be it known, in the first place, we are in as continued a bustle as an old dowager at home—always moving—moving from one place to another, like Dante's inhabitants of the Sulphur Kingdom in search of cold ground—prosing over the map—calculating distances—packing up knapsacks, and paying bills. There's so much for yourself, my dear. 'Thank'ye, sir.' How many miles to the next town? 'Seventeen lucky miles, sir.' That must be at least twenty; come along, Keats; here's your stick; why, we forgot the map! now for it; seventeen lucky miles! I must have another hole taken up in the strap of my knapsack. Oh, the misery of coming to the meeting of three roads without a finger-post! There's an old woman coming,—God bless her! she'll tell us all about it. Eh! she can't speak English! Repeat the name of the town over in all ways, but the true spelling way, and possibly she may understand. No, we have not got the brogue. Then toss up heads or tails, for right and left, and fortune send us the right road! Here's a soaking shower coming! ecod! it rolls between the mountains as if it would drown us. At last we come, wet and weary, to the long-wished-for inn. What have you for dinner? 'Truly nothing.' No eggs? 'We have two.' Any loaf-bread? 'No, sir, but we've nice oat-cakes.' Any bacon? any dried fish? 'No, no, no, sir!' But you've

plenty of whiskey? 'O yes, sir, plenty of whiskey!' This is melancholy. Why should so beautiful a country be poor? Why can't craggy mountains, and granite rocks, bear corn, wine, and oil? These are our misfortunes,—these are what make me 'an eagle's talon in the waist.' But I am well repaid for my sufferings. We came out to endure, and to be gratified with scenery, and lo! we have not been disappointed either way. As for the oat-cakes, I was once in despair about them. I was not only too dainty, but they absolutely made me sick. With a little gulping, I can manage them now. Mr. Keats, however, is too unwell for fatigue and privation. I am waiting here to see him off in the smack for London.

"He caught a violent cold in the Island of Mull, which, far from leaving him, has become worse, and the physician here thinks him too thin and fevered to proceed on our journey. It is a cruel disappointment. We have been as happy as possible together. Alas! I shall have to travel through Perthshire and all the counties round in solitude! But my disappointment is nothing to his; he not only loses my company (and that's a great loss), but he loses the country. Poor Charles Brown will have to trudge by himself,—an odd fellow, and moreover an odd figure; imagine me with a thick stick in my hand, the knapsack on my back, 'with spectacles on nose,' a white hat, a tartan coat and trousers, and a Highland plaid thrown over my shoulders! Don't laugh at me, there's a good fellow, although Mr. Keats calls me the Red Cross Knight, and declares my own shadow is ready to split its sides as it follows me. This dress is the best possible dress, as Dr. Pangloss would say. It is light and not easily penetrated by the wet, and when it is, it is not cold,—it has little more than a kind of heavy smoky sensation about it.

"I must not think of the wind, and the sun, and the rain, after our journey through the Island of Mull. There's a wild place! Thirty-seven miles of jumping and flinging over great stones along no path at all, up the steep and down the steep, and wading through rivulets up to the knees, and crossing a bog, a mile long, up to the ankles. I should like to give you a whole and particular account of the many, many wonderful

places we have visited ; but why should I ask a man to pay vigentiple postage ? In one word then,—that is to the end of the letter,—let me tell you we have seen one-half of the lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland,—we have travelled over the whole of the coast of Kirkcudbrightshire, and skudded over to Donaghadee. But we did not like Ireland,—at least that part—and would go no farther than Belfast. So back came we in a whirligig,—that is, in a hurry—and trotted up to Ayr, where we had the happiness of drinking whiskey in the very house that Burns was born in, and saw the banks of bonny Doon, and the brigs of Ayr, and Kirk Alloway,—we saw it all ! After this we went to Glasgow, and then to Loch Lomond ; but you can read all about that place in one of the fashionable guide-books. Then to Loch Awe, and down to the foot of it,—oh, what a glen we went through to get at it ! At the top of the glen my Itinerary mentioned a place called ‘Rest and be thankful,’ nine miles off ; now we had set out without breakfast, intending to take our meal there, when, horror and starvation ! ‘Rest and be thankful’ was not an inn, but a stone seat ! ”

On August 16, a few days later, it will be seen, Mrs. Dilke writes to her father-in-law : “ John Keats’ brother is extremely ill, and the doctor begged that his brother might be sent for. Dilke accordingly wrote off to him, which was a very unpleasant task. However, from the journal received from Brown last Friday, he says Keats has been so long ill with his sore throat, that he is obliged to give up. I am rather glad of it, as he will not receive the letter, which might have frightened him very much, as he is extremely fond of his brother. How poor Brown will get on alone I know not, as he loses a cheerful, good-tempered, clever companion.”

On August 19th she writes : “ John Keats arrived here last night, as brown and as shabby as you can imagine ; scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack. I cannot tell what he looked like.”

Tom Keats got steadily worse, and Mr. Dilke, who had been also ill at this time, went away for his health. Keats writes to him as follows:—

“MY DEAR DILKE,

“According to the Wentworth-place bulletin, you have left Brighton much improved; therefore now a few lines will be more of a pleasure than a bore. I have things to say to you, and would fain begin upon them in this fourth line. But I have a mind too well regulated to proceed upon anything without due preliminary remarks. You may perhaps have observed that in the simple process of eating radishes I never begin at the root, but constantly dip the little green head in the salt; that in the game of whist, if I have an ace I constantly play it first; so how can I with any face begin without a dissertation on letter-writing? Yet when I consider that a sheet of paper contains room only for three pages and a half, how can I do justice to such a pregnant subject? However, as you have seen the history of the world stamped, as it were, by a diminishing glass in the form of a chronological map, so will I with retractile claws draw this into the form of a table, whereby it will occupy merely the remainder of this first page:—

FOLIO—Parsons, lawyers, statesmen, physicians out of place.

FOOLSCAP (Superfine)—Rich or noble poets, as Byron.

QUARTO—Projectors, patentees, presidents, potato-growers.

BATH—Boarding-schools and suburbans in general.

GILT EDGE—Dandies in general, male, female, and literary.

OCTAVO—All who make use of a lascivious seal.

DUODECIMO—On milliners' and dressmakers' parlour tables.

STRIP	} At the playhouse-doors, being but a variation, so called
SLIP	
SNIP	

from its size being disguised by a twist.

“I suppose you will have heard that Hazlitt has on foot a prosecution against Blackwood. I dined with him a few days since at Hessey's. There was not a word said about it, though I understand he is excessively vexed. Reynolds, by what I hear, is almost over-happy, and Rice is in town. I have not

seen him, nor shall I for some time, as my throat has become worse after getting well, and I am determined to stop at home till I am quite well.

* * * * *

“I wish I could say Tom was any better. His identity presses upon me so all day that I am obliged to go out; and although I intended to have given some time to study alone, I am obliged to write and plunge into abstract images to ease myself of his countenance, his voice, and feebleness, so that I live now in a continual fever. It must be poisonous to life, though I feel well. Imagine the hateful siege of contraries. If I think of fame and poetry, it seems a crime to me; and yet I must do so or suffer. I am sorry to give you pain. I am almost resolved to burn this, but I really have not self-possession and magnanimity enough to manage the thing otherwise.

* * * * *

“I forgot to ask Mrs. Dilke if she had anything she wanted to say immediately to you. This morning looked so unpromising that I did not think she would have gone; but I find she has, on sending for some volumes of Gibbon. I was in a little funk yesterday, for I sent in an unsealed note of sham abuse, until I recollected, from what I heard Charles say, that the servant that took it could neither read nor write, not even to her mother, as Charles observed.

* * * * *

“The following is a translation of a line from Ronsard:—

“Love poured her beauty into my warm veins.”

You have passed your romance, and I never gave in to it, or else I think this line a feast for one of your lovers.

* * * * *

“Your sincere friend,

“JOHN KEATS.”

Keats, indeed, had never “given in to it” at that time; but very soon after this date he “gave in” to a passion which killed him as surely as ever any man was killed by love.

In January, 1819, we have a letter from Mrs. Dilke intro-

ducing John Keats personally to Mr. Dilke of Chichester, her father-in-law, with whom he had gone to stay.

"You will find him a very odd young man, but good-tempered, and good-hearted, and very clever indeed."

While on this trip, Keats and Brown wrote a joint comic love-letter to Mrs. Dilke. It was addressed on the outside to Mr. Dilke, at his office at Somerset House, and began in Brown's handwriting: "Dear Dilke, this letter is for your wife, and if you are a gentleman you will deliver it to her without reading one word further."

Then comes in Keats' writing: "Read, thou squire." And then, in Brown's again: "There is a wager depending on this." And the next line, being, in Brown's handwriting, "My charming, dear Mrs. Dilke," the question as to whether it was to be read or not read became complicated.

After some fun and some bad puns from the two friends, Brown goes on upon Keats' health. "Keats is much better, owing to a strict forbearance from a third glass of wine."

Brown having gone away, and left his letter unfinished, with a sentence beginning, "I am sorry," Keats came back and finished it in a wholly different hand and sense, and made it read, "I am sorry that Brown and you are getting so very witty, my modest feathered pen frizzles like baby roast-beef at making its entrance among such tantrum sentences, or rather ten senses. Brown *super-* or *supper-*surnamed the sleek, has been getting a little thinner by pining opposite to Miss M—. We sit it out till 10 o'clock. Miss M. has persuaded Brown to shave his whiskers. He came down to breakfast like the sign of the full moon. His profile is quite altered. He looks more like an 'ooman than I ever could think it possible; and on putting on Mrs. Dilke's calash, the deception was complete, especially as his voice is trebled by making love in the draught of the doorway. I, too, am metamorphosed; a young 'ooman, here has over-persuaded me to wear my shirt-collar up to my eyes I cannot now look sideways."

The remainder of the letter is a hopeless mixture of alternate words of Brown and Keats; the only thing clear being the following bit from Brown :—"This is abominable, I did but go up-stairs to put on a clean and starched handkerchief, and that overweening rogue read my letter, and scrawled over one of my sheets," and "given him a counterpane," inserts Keats.

On August 12, 1819, Brown writes from the Isle of Wight, to Mr. Dilke :—"Keats is very industrious, but I swear by the prompter's whistle, and by the bangs of stage-doors, he is obstinately monstrous. What think you of Otho's threatening cold pig to the new-married couple? He says the Emperor must have a spice of drollery. His introduction of Grimm's adventure, lying three days on his back for love, though it spoils the unity of time, is not out of the way for the character of Ludolf, so I have consented to it; but I cannot endure his fancy of making the princess blow up her hair-dresser, for smearing her cheek with pomatum, and spoiling her rouge. It may be natural, as he observes, but so might many things. However, such as it is, it has advanced to nearly the end of the fourth act." This was the tragedy of Otho, for which Brown furnished the plot, and in which he was to have had half profits. The play was refused at Drury Lane. Two letters addressed to Keats about this time, and forwarded by him with others to Mr. Dilke, are of some interest :—

"MORTIMER TERRACE.

"GIOVANNI MIO,

"I shall see you this afternoon, and most probably every day. You judge rightly when you think I shall be glad at your putting up awhile where you are, instead of that solitary place. There are humanities in the house, and if wisdom loves to live with children round her knees (the tax-gatherer apart), sick wisdom, I think, should love to live with arms about its waist. I need not say how you gratify me by the impulse which led you to write a particular sentence in your

letter, for you must have seen by this time how much I am attached to yourself.

"I am indicating at as dull a rate as a battered finger-post in wet weather. Not that I am ill, for I am very well altogether.

"Your affectionate Friend,

"LEIGH HUNT."

"TO JOHN KEATS, ESQ.

"WENTWORTH PLACE."

"Friday.

"25, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I send you 'Marcian Colonna,' which think as well of as you can. There is, I think (at least in the second and third parts), a stronger infusion of poetry in it than in the Sicilian story, but I may be mistaken. I am looking forward with some impatience to the publication of your book. Will you write my name in an early copy, and send it to me? * Is not this a 'prodigious bold request?' I hope that you are getting quite well.

"Believe me very sincerely yours,

"B. W. PROCTER.

"* This was written before I saw you the other day. Some time ago I scribbled half a dozen lines, under the idea of continuing and completing a poem, to be called 'The Deluge,'—what do you think of the subject? The Greek deluge, I mean. I wish you would set me the example of leaving off the word 'Sir.'"

"TO JOHN KEATS, ESQ."

At the end of 1819 Keats wrote, in a letter which has not been published :—

"Now I have had opportunities of passing nights anxious and awake, I have found other thoughts intrude upon me. 'If I should die,' said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me; nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.'"

A little later came Keats' illness. "It is quite a settled thing between John Keats and Miss ——. God help them. It's a bad thing for them. The mother says she cannot prevent it, and that her only hope is that it will go off. He don't like anyone to look at her or to speak to her." Mr. Dilke was the trustee of the lady and of her sister.

In 1820 Keats was very ill. Mrs. Dilke writes to her father-in-law, "I am anxious to learn what success Keats' new poems have. I do not promise myself a great victory. If the public cry him up as a great poet, I will henceforth be their humble servant; if not, the devil take the public."

The new poems were, comparatively speaking, a great success. Miss Reynolds writes to Mrs. Dilke, "I hear that Keats is going to Rome, which must please all his friends on every account. I sincerely hope it will benefit his health, poor fellow! His mind and spirits must be bettered by it; and absence may probably weaken, if not break off, a connexion that has been a most unhappy one for him."

Keats died admired only by his personal friends, and by Shelley; and even ten years after his death, when the first memoir was proposed, the woman he had loved had so little belief in his poetic reputation, that she wrote to Mr. Dilke, "The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him."

Mr. Dilke, however, lived not only long enough to be able to help Lord Houghton in his *Life of Keats*, but long enough to come to see the name of Keats placed among the first in the roll of the English poets.

In 1859, Mr. Dilke was consulted by Mr. Severn, when he came to England to raise the question of a new monument to Keats at Rome, and a long correspondence passed between them on the subject.

On Feb. 5th, 1859, Mr. Dilke wrote to Lord Houghton, then Mr. Monckton Milnes, "If you are of opinion that a monument should be erected to Keats, whether in Rome or in

London, I shall be most happy to subscribe, but to *destroy the existing monument*, and erect another on its site, seems to me very like falsifying history. If, as Mr. Severn says, this unseemly stone was erected when Keats's memory was cherished by few, and his genius known to fewer; and if Keats was so embittered by discouragement that he desired those words to mark his grave, then the unseemly stone tells the story of his life. If the fame of Keats be now world-wide the anomaly is another fact, and I for one am willing to join in recording it on another monument. As to the proposed inscription, it is certainly not to my taste; but if you approve I will waive my objections, and will hope you are right."

The following is in one of Procter's letters:—

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET KEATS.

I.

Pale poet, in the solemn Roman earth,
Cold as the clay, thou lay'st thine aching head !
Ah, what avails thy genius,—what thy worth,—
Or what the golden fame above thee spread ?
Thou art dead,—dead !

II.

Too early banished from thy place of birth,
By tyrant Pain, thy too bright Spirit fled !
Too late came Love to shew the world thy worth !
Too late came Glory for thy youthful head !

III.

Mourn, poets ! mourn;—he's lost ! O minstrels, grieve !
And with your music let his fame be fed !
True lovers ! 'round his verse your sorrows weave !
And, maidens ! mourn, at last, a poet dead !
He is dead,—dead,—dead !

Nothing will so simply give an idea of Mr. Dilke's personality or character as a few extracts from private family letters. The following is from one to his wife:—

“Give my kindest love to my dear boy. Tell him that if anything could have made me love him more than ever, it would have been his most affectionate parting with me, although for a short time. But I cannot love him better, or I both ought and should. I hope that he will sometime or other be the first boy in the school, and that he will soon be the first of his age.” This letter relates to Mr. Dilke’s only son, afterwards Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Baronet, M.P., who, born in 1810, was at Westminster from 1815 to 1826, when he was taken by his father to Italy, where he lived with Mr. Charles Brown at Florence for two years before going to Cambridge. The relations between him and Mr. Dilke were throughout life as affectionate as those between Mr. Dilke and his father. Mrs. Dilke, writing to Mr. Dilke, senior, in 1819, says : “Dilke makes the most delightful father I ever saw. He is so afraid of Charley’s being a bad temper that I tell him I should not wonder if he himself was not to be *in his old age*—one of the sweetest. He never allows the boy to see him in a bad one.”

The following is from Mr. Dilke to his father on the latter’s 80th birthday :—

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“We had all determined to send you our congratulations, and my wife begged for *one side*, but as she fears to be cabined and confined, and, like King John, to lack ‘elbow-room,’ she takes care to have the *first* side, that she might if she pleased run over all three. This I honestly believe she would have done but for our violent interruption. You will please to understand that I am the first stirring in the house :—that I meet you on the stairs :—that I *have* shaken hands with you, and wished you many happy returns of the day ;—and then, my voice giving notice that you are coming, out rush wife and boy from the front room. Let them drive as hard as they please :—bump and thump against the passage walls :—stumble up the stairs,—but there I am, and therefore they can

only dispute for second. And now that the hurry and bustle is over, and we are quietly seated at breakfast, I have time to congratulate you, not only upon your birthday, but on your health and spirits."

On the 20th Nov., 1820, Mrs. Dilke writes to her father-in-law: "Were you not astonished at the Bill being thrown out? I believe it was not at all expected. Dilke was at the House, and what do you believe the Duke of Clarence did?—(what no other duke could have done)—he had got one of those 'pocket-pistols' that men carry when they travel outside a coach, and was continually putting it up to his mouth. Dilke says the peer that sat next him seemed so ashamed, that he leant forward every time to try and screen him. Now there was no excuse for such behaviour, as peers can always leave to take refreshment. I suppose he thought he was acting 'the sailor' to perfection."

Also, in 1820, is the following:—"There has been a wager between Dilke and Mr. Charles Brown. It was made on Christmas Day. The conversation turned on fairy tales—Brown's forte—Dilke not liking them. Brown said he was sure he could beat Dilke, and to let him try, they betted a beef-steak supper, and an allotted time was given. They have been read by the persons fixed on—Keats, Reynolds, Rice, and Taylor—and the wager was decided the night before last in favour of Dilke. Next Saturday night the supper is to be given; BEEF-STEAKS AND PUNCH:"—the food of the "Cockney school."

It is difficult to trace Mr. Dilke's numerous writings, as he never put his name to anything; never kept a copy or a note of titles, and never even told his son, or in later times, his grandson. In 1821 he wrote a political pamphlet—which was published by Rodwell and Martin—under the title of "The Source and Remedy of the National Difficulties, deduced from Principles of Political Economy,"

in a LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL. It has for motto this passage from Milton:—"How to solder, how to stop a leak—that now is the deep design of a politician." The tone of the pamphlet was extremely Radical—its conclusion was the abolition of the Corn-Laws; its literary style was excellent, though archaic. The preface is as follows:—"I address your lordship because I believe you to be sincere and zealous in your public opinions and conduct, and because I know you to be a young man, and therefore less likely to have your understanding encrusted by established theories. I was confirmed in this intention by an essay, in a work generally attributed to your lordship, wherein you acknowledge the little satisfaction you have hitherto received from the contradictory opinions of writers on this subject. They are, indeed, my lord, contradictory, not only the one to the other, but to our best feelings and plainest sense. From all the works I have read on the subject, the richest nations are those where the greatest revenue is raised; as if the power of compelling men to labour twice as much at the mills of Gaza for the enjoyment of the Philistines, were the proof of anything but a tyranny or an ignorance twice as powerful."

In 1821 Mr. Dilke went for a cruise in the Channel, and was wind-bound at Lydd, in Romney Marsh. He writes: "My landlady has no doubt they 'made away with the Queen.' When I objected to the *gratuitous* infamy of the thing, she said, 'Lord, sir, he that got rid of his own child wouldn't stick at his wife!'"

In 1822 Mr. Dilke was writing in (Taylor's) *London Review*, and *Colburn's New Monthly*, and Mr. Charles Brown writes from Italy: "Galignani has republished some of Dilke's articles in his *Parisian Literary Gazette*." In 1823 he wrote in the *London Magazine* as "Thurusa." One of his most-talked-of articles was in *Colburn's New Monthly*, in November, 1823.

On the 12th November, 1822, Mr. Charles Brown writes

to him from Florence : " When Lord Byron talked to me of the ' Vision of Judgment,' I interrupted him, for a Blackwoodish idea came across my mind with ' I hope you have not attacked Southey at his fire-side,' when he expressed quite an abhorrence of such an attack, and declared he had not."

" There never was a poor creature in rags a greater Radical than Byron. My qualms were satisfied much in the same *reasonable* way as they were excited, and my satisfaction will appear to you just as unreasonable. I was angry at him, not for expressing an opinion on Keats' poetry, but for joining in the ridicule against him. He did so, in a note to a poem, forwarded to Murray; but soon afterwards, when he learnt Keats' situation, and saw more of his works (for he had only read his first volume of poems, and flew out at the passage about Boileau), he ordered the note to be erased, and this, foolish soul that I am, quite satisfied me, together with his eulogium on Hyperion, for he's no great admirer of the others."

In 1825, Mr. Dilke wrote much in the *Retrospective Review*. One of his most praised articles was published in the month of March. He appears also about this time to have been the editor of the *London Magazine*, in which he wrote, as did at the same time Lamb, Hood, Reynolds, Hazlitt, Poole (Paul Pry), Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, Horace Smith, Allan Cunningham, De Quincey, John Bowring, George Darley, Hartley Coleridge, and Julius Hare.

In the letters of 1825 the building of Belgrave Square is discussed, as a subject affecting the neighbourhood, for without as yet giving up his house at Hampstead, Mr. Dilke had come to live at Lower Grosvenor Place, at a house where he lived until his wife's death, five-and-twenty years later, in 1850. It is now pulled down, and No. 1, Grosvenor Gardens occupies its site. Leigh Hunt is a good deal mentioned, as a friend. In 1825 began also the longest friendship of Mr. Dilke's life—that with Sydney Lady Morgan, which lasted

until her death. In a letter he relates an interview with Lady Morgan, at the latter's wish, to see her portrait, in terms which are singularly amusing, but which he would not have used in later years, for though the authoress of the "Wild Irish Girl" was vain enough, Mr. Dilke liked her afterwards a great deal too well to have said so—whatever may have been his private convictions.

In 1826 Mr. Dilke took his son, who had left Westminster, being then sixteen, and in the highest position in the school, by Ghent, Brussels, Cologne, Munich, Augsburg, and Trent to Venice, and thence to Florence. After seeing Bruges and Antwerp, they made their real start from Brussels in August, and posted in one carriage the whole way. He raves about Pisaroni the contralto, and goes on to Rome, and writes: "I have seen poor Keats' tomb, and the very charming little monument that Severn raised to him. Severn, then a poor young artist, who, though now comparatively successful, lives, as he himself told me, on half-a-crown a day, including his servant's wages, and at that time had little—but hope—raised this monument, and never would allow Brown to pay part of the expense of it. I always liked Severn, and shall like him the better as long as I live. You will readily believe me when I tell you I felt a great deal, though I had nerve to conceal it; Brown was brought to tears and walked off, but what was most strange, your boy cried a great deal, and was evidently much affected, though nothing was said by any one at all likely to affect him; indeed, very little was said at all."

Mr. Dilke went on to Naples, but seems to have found reading Spenser among the orange trees at Mola di Gàeta the pleasantest thing in his journey. Returning to Florence, he left his son there, and came back to England by Geneva, Paris, and Rouen. His letters contain extremely good opinions and criticisms on architecture, which he thoroughly understood; and on scenery, which, like all his friends of

the Cockney school, he worshipped. A trait of the times is the note that he sold his carriage at Geneva for 100 francs in money, and "conveyance with food to Paris in six days, supposed to represent 500 francs." He reached his office on the day he had fixed, when he set out six months before, and "having spent 11*l.* less" than he intended. Here is a little bit from one of his foreign letters to his wife :—
"I like your little journeyings, and above all your visit to Old Chaucer's Lane, poor and beggarly as it now is. There is something in names, and something in taking names on trust. I know no more of Sir Isaac Newton, and of fifty others whom I reverence and worship, than *you* do of old Geoffry, but what I do not know to be wrong, I love to think is right, and am always better pleased to add a new name to my roll of fame, even upon repute, than to take one from it."

Here is a letter to his son from Genoa :—"I ought to be in bed, but somehow you are always first in my thoughts and last, and I prefer five minutes of gossiping with you, which, as it is unexpected, will perhaps be the more welcome. How, indeed, could it be otherwise than that you should be first and last in my thoughts, who for so many years have *occupied all* my thoughts. 'Othello's occupation's gone.' For fifteen years at least it has been my pleasure to watch over you, to direct and to advise. Now, direct and personal interference has ceased. You have a good heart—an excellent heart—and good sound understanding; but my confidence is in your heart, and without a good heart knowledge as often leads to wrong as to right—just as strength may be an instrument of good and of wrong. It is natural perhaps that I should take a greater interest than other fathers, for I have a greater interest at stake. I have *but one* son. That son, too, I have brought up differently from others, and if he be not better than others, it will be urged against me, not as a misfortune, but as a shame. From the first hour I never taught you to

believe what I did not myself believe. I have been a thousand times censured for it, but I had that confidence in truth, that I dared put my faith in it and in you. And you will not fail me. I am sure you will return home to do me honour, and to make me respect you as I do, and ever shall love you."

The friends at home most spoken of in 1827, 8, and 9, are the Morgans, the Hoods, the Reynolds, Woodfall, and Wilkin, the painter. Mr. Dilke was at this time writing in the *New Monthly*. "The Morgans have had another treaty with Bulwer; however, I believe all is now settled. The agreement is a capital one for Bulwer. I do not say a word to them, for they think he has behaved very liberally. Mind, he has not behaved illiberally; but as a man of business, who was bargained with, and closed the bargain in his own favour. But if I were to say a word they would re-open the treaty, and this they could not do without loss of caste."

Trelawny, Landor, and Kirkup, are the men oftenest named in the letters from Florence. In April, 1829, we find the following bit about Landor:—"I am sorry to tell you that a week ago Landor had orders from our President to quit Tuscany for ever, within the space of three days. On application for more time, three more days were granted. He will leave this for Lucca to-morrow morning at six. There is no use in going into particulars. No government on earth would have endured what he did, or rather—said: nay more, in a direct or public message to the President, who immediately replied, 'Either I must turn him out, or my power is at an end.' There are not two opinions of his conduct, as wilful and imprudent, though everyone admires him for his manliness on receiving the order, and on his letter to the Grand Duke. The most potential among the English, our minister, instantly interfered on his behalf. In the midst of this I proved that the accusation contained in his message was an error. I ran to him, and in two words gave my proof, when he stared, and

said, 'Then I am bound, as a gentleman, to write and beg his pardon.' Which he did in ten minutes. After this letter, the universal interference for him, and the displeasure shown by the Grand Duke at the order, it is believed that he will return in a few days with permission to remain. When I say that there are not two opinions of his conduct, I include his own opinion, for he said to me, 'I suppose the President was in the right.'

"P.S.—23rd April. Landor is not gone on his tour, and we imagine the order will be reversed. Everyone wonders, that on account of his books (his *Im' confabs*), he has been permitted to stay at all after their publication. But this is a totally distinct question, and they don't care about his publications."

The following is a letter from Mr. Dilke to his son just before the latter left Florence for Cambridge :—

"MY VERY DEAR BOY,

"When we cannot do what we wish, we must do what we can. If there be no great deal of deep thinking in this apothegm, there is a vast deal of truth. You will receive this letter on your birthday. I would wish to meet you coming downstairs, or to welcome you at your first waking,—or myself to waken you with congratulations. To take you by the hand; to kiss your forehead; to give you my blessing; to wish you all possible happiness. This cannot be. All that I *can*, is to wish you happy; and to wish you may *deserve* to be happy, by being virtuous and good. However, there are some illusions that are pleasant and worth indulging in. I will persuade myself that I slept last night in Florence; that I felt the wind come cutting round the Baptistery five minutes since as I came to breakfast; that I cast an admiring eye at the old Belfry, and wondered how they ever came to build with such materials; that I pushed open the great outer door, and took care to shut it after me; rang the bell; said 'Good day' in answer to Madelana's good-tempered welcoming; have just

warmed myself at the stove ; and now ‘ Here comes my boy ! Give us your hand, old tiger. No, your *right* hand ! There ! God’s blessing on you, my dear, dear boy. Many, many, many happy returns of this day to you and to all of us. Your mother and myself beg your acceptance of——’ Zounds ! There’s no cheating myself any longer !—of something, and that’s all I know. Something that I hope Brown has had cunning enough to find out that you would like.

“ You are a good fellow to think of us so often, and your letters are more and more entertaining. You tell us more of yourself, of your studies, and of your pleasures, and your last letter was full of interest. I like your purchases, and envy you the pleasure of reading the Letters of the Younger Pliny. You seem to have something of your father and of your grandfather in you, and to love books ; but do not mistake buying them for reading them, a very common error with half the world. If you have, as I hope, bought Terence, and Plautus, and Valerius Maximus, and the others, *because* you intend to read them, and if you *do* read them, in defiance of the little difficulties you will at first meet with, you will very soon be off my mind ; there will no longer be much occasion for me to think for you, or to advise you ; the thing desired will be accomplished. Once feel the pleasure of learning, or rather of knowledge, and I cannot conceive a man ever forsaking it. It would be leaving a fair pasture to starve upon the barren moor. If you buy what you do not intend to read, your library is no better than a curiosity-shop. A library is nothing unless the owner be a living catalogue to it. I do not mean that you ought not to buy what you cannot immediately read, or read through ; some books are to be skimmed, others are for reference, others are to be bought because the opportunity offers, and are to be read, though not at that time.

“ I do not desire to have you a great Latin *scholar*. If I had, I would have kept you drudging at established forms. But I do wish you to know and understand Latin as well as you do English. The way to read Latin with facility is, first to read with great care, as with your master, and then to read a great deal with less care, not waiting or stopping for every

word or phrase you do not recollect, but satisfied if you perfectly understand the general sense. These two going on together would very soon accomplish the thing, and the trouble and time is nothing; for it is not so much spent in learning Latin as in reading history and acquiring general knowledge. The old objection to Latin and Greek is the loss of time. Why, a man must understand history, and it takes less time to read Livy than to read Hook, and you drink at the fountain while others drink where the waters have been mixed and muddled with people dabbling in them. I have hopes from your purchases that you have seen this already, and that I am only explaining your own feeling. In this way I should think Valerius Maximus and the Letters might be read. Plautus and Terence are more serious gentlemen—an odd way of expressing myself about two writers of comedy. I should recommend you to run over Virgil's *Bucolics*. In Italy you will find the very scenes. After such reading, a walk will illustrate Virgil, and Virgil explain a walk. Keep your mind always awake to what is going on about you—to the habits of people, especially the country people. Get into talk with them, observing their manner of cultivation, the rotation of crops, the price of land, both for purchase and rental. This is *knowledge*, and knowledge gained by merely opening your ears and your eyes. It costs no time, no labour, no money. When you walk to Fiesole, you admire the fine view. That is *one* thing worth walking to Fiesole for. But it will not detract from the view if you descend from looking at the works of God to look at the works of man. Observe of what the view is made up—how much of hill, how much of valley, how much of cultivated, how much of barren land; of the cultivated, how much arable and how much pasture. Ask yourself why this or that crop is grown here in preference to any other. This is walking with an object instead of without one. *We* cannot here acquire the information but with labour and loss of time. You, living there, pick it up without either. There are advantages in travel often overlooked. The majority of travellers are like the majority of those who stay at home—idle, thoughtless people. They go to the picture-gallery—and,

indeed, whoever should neglect this would deserve to be hooted at; but if a man hopes to distinguish himself—to be a writer, or a statesman, or to desire to be *qualified to be* these, which all men ought—then he must contrast laws with laws, agriculture with agriculture, peasantry with peasantry, and then his country may benefit by his observation and travel.

“Here’s a pretty birthday letter of congratulation! Never mind, my dear fellow; I’m afraid all my letters will run into this prosing. The fact is, I never think of you but it is how to make you happy, respected, self-respected. Forgive me if I am not so entertaining as you might expect. Whatever I am, I wish you once more health, happiness, and many future pleasant birthdays, and remain for ever,

“Your affectionate father,

“C. W. DILKE.

“P.S.—I agree with you, and love the French; but if my judgment be worth anything, the Germans are the first people in Europe, not excepting our own countrymen, who, however, are only second, if not equal, to the first. Where would you find any but a German with enthusiasm enough to walk *all over Italy*, when he could not ride, like our friend with the pipe? If you meet him on his return through Florence, you may take off your hat to him, and say I told you to. That is the way to acquire knowledge: to make *all* sacrifices to it. But unfortunately people rarely know it is *worth* all sacrifices until they already have a good deal of knowledge.”

The principles which in this letter Mr. Dilke preached to his son with regard to libraries he himself practised. He was a “living catalogue” to his own library of 12,000 volumes, and knew every book.

The only literary fruit that Mr. Dilke’s long journey seems to have borne was a notice of Venice, which appeared in one of the annuals of those days—the *Gem*—for 1829. Conder, the author of “The Modern Traveller,” in his “Italy,” a three-volume work published in 1834, extracts, at p. 150 of the second

volume, a portion of the article, praising it very highly. Mr. Dilke was, perhaps, also at this time writing in *Fraser's Magazine*.

In the year 1830, Mr. Dilke obtained the sole control of the *Athenæum*, with which he continued to be more or less associated until his death in 1864.

The second of the three parts into which Mr. Dilke's life may be divided is that which extends from 1830, when he became editor of the *Athenæum*, until 1850, when his wife died, and when he retired from active life and went to live with his son. In this second period his chief intimate friends were the Hoods, the Morgans, Chorley, Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Dickens, John Forster, Miss Jewsbury, and Douglas Jerrold. His most noticeable friends or acquaintances, Thackeray, Cobden, Barry Cornwall and Mrs. Procter, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Austin, L. E. L., Landor, Hook, George Darley, Moscheles, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Bulwer, the Howitts, and the Brownings. A great deal about his life at this time will be found in the Memorials of Hood, in the "Life of Chorley," in the two books about Lady Morgan, viz. her autobiography, and the volumes published by her executors, and in Miss Mitford's book. He was a man who made a great impression upon his friends by the solidity of his judgment; and the phrase "consult Dilke" occurs repeatedly in the letters of Keats, Hood, and Lady Morgan. His chief friends abroad were d'Abbadie, Quetelet, Ste. Beuve, Heine, and Janin.

From 1828 to 1832 the affairs of the *Athenæum*, which was at that time far from a paying property, were in some confusion. Mr. Dilke was one of several proprietors, of whom others were Mr. Holmes the printer, Hood, Allan Cunningham, and John Hamilton Reynolds; but in 1830 Mr. Dilke's control over the paper became complete, and in 1832 he and Mr. Holmes remained the sole proprietors, Mr. Dilke owning three-fourths and Mr. Holmes one-fourth.

The first *Athenæum* letter which presents itself is one from Lamb :—

“MY DEAR BOY,

“Scamper off with this to Dilke, and get it in for to-morrow; then we shall have two things in in the first week.

“YOUR LAUREAT.”

The next is from John Hamilton Reynolds, and regards the lowering of the price of the paper from 8*d.* to 4*d.*

“BRIGHTON, 15th Feb., 1831.

“MY DEAR DILKE,

“You astound me with your fall. It is more decided than Milton’s ‘Noon to Dewy Eve’ one! From 8*d.* to 4*d.* is but a step, but then it is also from the sublime to the ridiculous. Remember what an increase must take place to get it all home. A sale of 6000! Mercy on us! I certainly hoped the change would allow us to lower our outgoings, and consequently fatten our profits. But after the cost of writers, printers, duty, and paper, what in the name of the practical part of a farthing remains to report upon as profit. A midway lowering of price would better suit the public and ourselves. 6*d.* unstamped! There is something more respectable, too, in the sum. Something less Tattlerish, and Mirrorish and Two-penny-Trashish. However, do what you please. If apoplexy is the fancy, my head is ready, and I am prepared to go off. Consumption, which I take to be a complaint arising out of non-consumption—a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*—is a sad death for us very lively critics.”

So excited was he, that on the same afternoon he wrote a second time :—

“DEAR DILKE,

“Hood and I have been calculating this afternoon, and the result is appalling. To lower below 6*d.* would, in my opinion, be an unadvisable course, and such a fall would show that our previous state was hopeless. The difference between 6*d.* and 4*d.* would be 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a week in a thousand copies.

The loss per annum on 5000 copies would be 2,165*l.* And you should remember that this very 2*d.* is in reality the cream of the profit, for between the expenses and the 4*d.* there can be the merest shadow of a gain. We are quite against the total change in our paper-constitution which you threaten.

“J. H. R.”

The change was made, however, and with magnificent results. Mr. Dilke writes to his wife:—“I think this first day, and these first hours, the experiment has succeeded well. You remember that at the outset we professed we should be well pleased if at starting we *doubled* our sale. We have already *trebled* it.” The next day he writes:—“Our sale up to the present time has been *six times* our former sale. I begin now to have hopes that I was right, and all the world wrong, for that is about the proportion for and against the measure. A first number, of course, has novelty; but, on the other hand, I do not believe that our advertisements are yet beginning to be felt in the country.” Mr. Reynolds retired from proprietorship on the 8th of June, 1831, but continued to write for many years.

In 1832 the success of the *Athenæum* became complete, and much of Lamb's best work and of Hood's best comedy appeared. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Leigh Hunt, William Roscoe, and Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, were also writing. An amusing war with Bulwer-Lytton, who was editing the *New Monthly*, raged through this year. Mr. Dilke accused the *New Monthly* of plundering the gossip of the *Athenæum*. The future Lord Lytton at last surrendered:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I have seen Mr. Hall. The custom since the magazine began has been to make up that part of it from compilation. It has been the general, though not the invariable, custom to quote the source of the intelligence. I beg to assure you of my sincere regret to have appeared un-

consciously interfering with the subjects of your journal, or wanting in courtesy to yourself.

“ I have the honour to be, dear sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ EDW. LYTTON BULWER.”

In 1833 this acquaintance had improved its character, and Bulwer wrote to Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenæum* as “an able and generous contemporary.” In the same year Lamb writes:—

“ May I now claim of you the benefit of the loan of some books. *Do not fear sending too many.* But do not if it be irksome to yourself,—such as shall make you say, ‘damn it, here’s Lamb’s box come again.’ *Dog’s leaves ensured!* Any light stuff: no natural history or useful learning, such as Pyramids, Catacombs, Giraffes, Adventures in Southern Africa, &c. &c.

“ With our joint compliments, yours,

“ C. LAMB.

“ CHURCH STREET, EDMONTON.”

“ Novels for the last two years, or further back—nonsense of any period.”

The printer sends Lamb a proof of a little scrap. He replies:—“ I have read the enclosed five and forty times over. I have submitted it to my Edmonton friends; at last (O Argus’ penetration), I have discovered a dash that might be dispensed with. Pray don’t trouble yourself with such useless courtesies. I can well trust your editor, when I don’t use queer phrases, which *prove themselves wrong*, by creating a distrust in the sober compositor.”

Hood writes:—“ Every day I am a step-father to being a parent.”

John Hamilton Reynolds, sending some verses, says:—“ I hope, as I write for my bread, you do not *weigh-in poetry as*

bone." Another of his notes runs thus :—" Dear D., are you mad, or only brazen? How on earth could I read three volumes of dullish chit-chat, and write a paper on it by Wednesday morning? You might as well have sent me the *Ency. Brit.* to turn into verse in the same time!"

Allan Cunningham writes :—

" DEAR DILKE,

"I send you Montgomery's new poem. He wishes for *justice*. But you must give *more*. You must be *merciful*. He is now suffering under the double misery of being over and under praised. Make the *Athenæum* the happy medium. I have ever considered him a young man of good poetic talent, who, had he been left more to himself, would have done better than he has.

Yours ever and ever,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Cunningham's notes are daily ones, and often of interest :—

" DEAR DILKE,

" Shall I do the R. A. Exhibition for you, or do you wish for *cleaner* hands? Who is the author of that odd, queer, natural and unnatural book, Contarini Fleming?"

" Here is something which I think rather readable than otherwise. Cut out the libels and mind the grammar!

" Wilkie was with me on Sunday, but though I did not praise his *works*, and attacked his *King*, he was just as he ever is, and as you saw him. He is a *genius*."

" My connexion with the *Athenæum* is well known, and I have made no secret of it, but I am prouder of the avowed hearty friendship of its downright honest and worthy editor."

" I have always liked the paper since it has become yours, for its candour, good sense, and good feeling. In these it is unmatched.

" Ever yours,

" A. C."

Mr. Dilke, in Dec. 1833, writes to Cunningham :—" You

cannot but have observed that I have essentially changed the character of the Journal. I rely now little upon 'original,' unimaginative papers. I have not asked you for one for a twelvemonth. Without abandoning them altogether, I put all the strength into reviews. I can command assistance now, and want rather quality than quantity."

Here is Cunningham's last note in 1833 :—

"BELGRAVE PLACE.

"DEAR DILKE,

"As a handful of clean corn to a bushel of chaff:—as a grain of gold to a ton of gravel:—as an honest lawyer to the knaves of his profession—so is the worth to the worthlessness of 'Anecdotes of Artists.' Yet a shrewd man may pick something *out* of them. The half of them are lies, and of the other moiety you durst not use them if you would.

"I am anything but well. I feel as if I had been punned upon by Hood, and my hideous scarecrow hung up in the very centre of the *Athenæum*.

"Yours in haste and love,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

In 1831 Mr. Dilke had made the acquaintance of the Howitts, with whom he corresponded in 1832 and 1833. William Howitt at first wrote in Quaker style :—

"NOTTINGHAM.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"I was much obliged by thy polite invitation to thy party the night I arrived in town. The fact was that I was very anxious to have done it personally, and made several attempts to reach thy house, but owing to the immense distances of London, and the want of punctuality in London people, I found it impossible to complete my business and see my friends in the time to which I was limited. My wife desires me to thank thee and Mrs. Dilke.

"Allow me to subscribe myself very respectfully thy friend,

"W. HOWITT."

Within six months the form of letter is completely changed, and Howitt writes,—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I feel much obliged by your ”—and so forth.

This letter is accompanied by one from Atherstone, the author of the “Fall of Nineveh,” in most extravagant praise of the poems of Miller, then twenty-four. He speaks of him as “a second Keats,” which roused Mr. Dilke to wrath, though he admitted Miller’s merits, and printed several of his poems. William Howitt then replied:—“As to Miller’s book, your opinion of it was *just*, though not quite so encouraging as it might have been had you known more about the man. But I do not know but it is quite as well. Poetry is so mischievous a propensity to a poor man, that it is as well checked a little now and then. By some curious process of reasoning, poor poets forget that they write for their amusement, and the public reads for *its* amusement, and if this same public does not happen to relish the fruits of the poet’s amusement, it is not bound to maintain him,—as he soon gets a notion that it ought. I want to preach up to Miller the necessity of sticking close to his baskets, and of looking on poetry as only the best of recreations.”

Another correspondence of 1833 was that with a “perverted” member of another Quaker family, H. F. Chorley, with whom Mr. Dilke maintained an unbroken friendship from 1830 till his own death in 1864; a friendship continued between his son and grandson, and Mr. Chorley, until the latter’s death in 1872, and which, at a later period than 1830, embraced the other members of both families. Even in 1833, Mr. Chorley had begun to write in the tone which he was, as musical critic of the *Athenæum* for thirty years, to make famous. “I wish you would in good earnest undertake a crusade against the modern quackeries by which English music is debased.” In 1834

Chorley alludes to the great effect produced by Mr. Dilke's own criticisms of the labours of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. Chorley attacks Balzac; is comforted by Mr. Dilke's opinion of what his own book "*might* have been. (Rather queer this; but you are one of the very few who have encouraged, without spoiling, me.)" Lady Blessington, it is to be feared, was one who both "encouraged" and "spoilt" Chorley. But he was never much spoilt after all. Mr. Dilke wrote to him, that he might go to Lady Blessington's, "because she is Lady Blessington," but nowhere else, and Chorley replied that he agreed that "of all tuft-hunters, literary tuft-hunters are the worst." This was during a short absence of Mr. Dilke from town in which Mr. Cooke-Taylor was acting as editor, with Chorley, and N. P. Willis, the American poet, better known as "Namby Pamby Willis," for his "subs."

Chorley writes in 1834:—

"WEDNESDAY MORNING.

"Braham is dead of cholera. I have sent to Charles Dance for a notice of him, as he goes back beyond my remembrance, and we may between us make up the article. Moore is in town. Abbotsford to be let.

"Yours faithfully,

"H. F. C."

"N.B.—Braham is *not* dead, nor has he been ill. So much for the *new* papers."

Allan Cunningham, twitting Mr. Dilke upon his radicalism, sends a catalogue of sins of the newspapers, and adds "What think you, now, of an unstamped press."

With regard to the Lady Blessington incident mentioned above, it may be observed that while Mr. Dilke was editor of the *Athenæum*, he made it a rule not to go into society of any kind, in order to avoid making literary acquaintances, which might either prove annoying to him, or be supposed to com-

promise the independence of his journal. His old friends, named above, he saw only at his own house, and at Lady Morgan's, when he was sure of his fellow guests.

In October, 1834, Mr. Dilke sent a messenger to Paris on behalf of the *Athenæum* in reference to two matters, of which the first was the Life of Coleridge. This agent writes:—"I have seen the Mr. Underwood to whom Sir E. Bull referred. The letter of Coleridge does not refer to the Regiment, but is about his early "wives." He says that Quincey's account is uncommonly true, with two exceptions. 1. About his being *Treasurer* to Sir A. (*sic*) Ball, and 2. About his being *forced* to marry Miss Taylor. He was only secretary, and was exceedingly enamoured of his wife. His appointment of secretary was thus:—Coleridge got hold of a sum of money (Mr. Underwood thinks it was his allowance from the Wedgewoods) and with that he ran off to Malta. There Sir J. Holland, then Mr. Holland and Attorney-General, was at a ball at the Governor's, when he was told a gentleman from England wished to see him. He went out, and saw Coleridge. "My God! what has brought you here." "To see you." "Well as you *are* here, one must be glad to see you. Come and have some supper." This was the meeting. Coleridge was soon introduced to Sir E. Ball and appointed Secretary, but was so totally inefficient that they could not get on. Colin Mackenzie had at that time (the height of the war), got a ship to bring him home, and arrangements were made that Coleridge should accompany him. Underwood and Mackenzie say that there was more humbug in Coleridge than in any man that was ever heard of. Underwood was one day transcribing something for Coleridge when a visitor appeared. After the common-places Coleridge took up a little book lying upon the table and said "By the bye, I casually took up this book this morning, and was quite enchanted with a little sonnet I found there." He then read off a blank verse translation, and entered into a long critique upon its merits. The same story, the same trans-

ation, and the same critique were repeated five times in that day to different visitors, without one word being altered. Mr. Underwood says that every one of his famous evening conversations was got up." Truly a hero is not a hero to his valet. The other matter upon which this agent was sent to Paris to report was the purchase of the Stuart papers, the agreement to which was finally signed on the 2nd August, 1836. They were to be purchased for 3,000 francs, for the use of Mr. Dilke, and to be afterwards re-sold to the English Government at "such sum as shall be considered their value by competent persons, to be agreed on with the Government, even though there might be reason to suppose that a larger sum might be obtained by selling them by auction or otherwise." The price—over 3,000 francs—was to be divided between the persons who made the sale. These were the papers deposited by James II. in the "Scots College at Paris," whence they were stolen during the Revolution.

In 1835 we find Chorley receiving a "wiggling" from Mr. Dilke for naming to his friend, Miss Mitford, George Darley as the author of an article in the *Athenæum*. Chorley humbly acknowledges his transgression. On the 28th Dec. Allan Cunningham writes:—"So you enlarge the *Athenæum*? You already give too much for the money." Great friends of Mr. Dilke at this time were two Spanish exiles, the famous physician, Dr. Séoane, father of the present Condé Séoane, and Montésinos, who in 1872 was Home Minister under Amadéo. In 1836 Séoane returned to Spain and writes:—"We are in a situation extremely disagreeable, but I have not lost hope or courage. Perhaps I am over-sanguine, but I cannot yet believe that Don Carlos will reign in Spain. I have been with the army six months, and those six months have been the worst of my life. I am sick of revolution and civil war. Thank God that I have not been elected a member of the Cortes. I do not belong to any of the parties who fight for power, I am on bad terms with everybody. I sent in my

resignation five times before the last revolt (it is no revolution) and three times since, and cannot get any answer, but I am determined not to hold any place." Other letters from Spain were those of Miss Frances B. (Fanny) much mentioned in the Life of Keats, who had followed her husband, an officer in the English Legion. Her sister, Margaret, had married M. D'Acunha, the Brazilian Minister to France. Mr. Dilke was their trustee. Keats's sister had also gone to live in Spain, as Mrs. Llaños, and is still, indeed, at this moment (1875) living in Madrid. The poet's brother George who went to America has long been dead, but has left children and grandchildren in Kentucky, some of them being very like John Keats.

J. Landseer, father of Sir Edwin, writes in defence of Gillray the caricaturist, and then sends a second note:—"You make me wish I was at Jersey, or some happier island of the watery waste, where good purposes and well-meaning folk are not frustrated, and dragons of editors do not roam about seeking whom they may devour.

"Mr. Landseer sends herewith a little book containing his son's Alpine dogs, for review."

Atherstone, the author of the "Fall of Nineveh," writes in a rage, and is told in reply, that the only three definite statements that he makes are all, without his being aware of it, absolutely untrue, and that he "has, moreover, been only tickled, not tomahawked."

Other letters of this period are from Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Austen, L. E. L., D'Abbadie, N. P. Willis, and Walter Savage Landor. One of Mrs. Gore's letters is amusing. In the course of it she says;—"You will receive in a day or two a novel of mine, called 'The Sketch Book of Fashion.' I should feel greatly obliged if you would *not notice it at all*, unless, indeed, you find that it contains something demanding reprobation. As you may imagine there is something mysterious in this Medea-like proceeding towards my offspring, I ought to add that general

condemnation has rendered me somewhat ashamed of my sickly progeniture of fashionable novels, and that I have now in the press a series of stories founded on the history of Poland, which I hope will prove more worthy of attention." But alas! the Polish tales were "damned."

The friendship between Mr. Dilke and Mrs. Austen lasted till 1859, and in a quarter of a century produced, as may be expected, a plentiful crop of letters. It also brought the *Athenæum* into pleasant relations with Grimm in Germany, and with the leading literary Orleanists and moderate Republicans of France. Also with her friends Humboldt and Sir Alexander Gordon. Also with De Vigny, and Cousin, the latter of whom wrote largely for the *Athenæum* between 1834 and 1848. A few points of interest in Mrs. Austen's letters may be noted :—"Miss Martineau is the last person with whom I wish to enter these or any lists. She is my relation, and I have a vast respect for her on a great many points; but also her views on many subjects, especially regarding women, are diametrically opposed to mine, and the kind of notoriety she courts would make me wish myself three feet underground." In 1834 Mrs. Austen writes :—"My friend Henry Taylor is writing on Wordsworth for the *Quarterly*. Nobody is so kind to me as Lord Jeffrey, and though he and I are at interminable warfare on all political questions, I could not attack the *Edinburgh* as I would. However, its days of mischief are over." In 1836 Mrs. Austen was attacked in the *Quarterly* and wrote, "I am utterly at a loss to understand the secret motives for this unprovoked attack. While I am said to have been *prôner*-ing Raumer at all the Whig houses, I was not in London, but at Hastings." In 1847, she says :—"Faucher is a good man, but he has 'la manie d'enseigner l'Angleterre aux Anglais.'" In 1849, she accuses Louis Napoléon, then Prince President, of having tried to sell a copy of a Raphael to Sir John Easthope, as an original, for £5,000. Sir John afterwards bought it at the Prince's sale for a much smaller sum. The Prince

had told Sir John that the one in the Louvre was a copy, and that the Emperor, his uncle, had given the original to Queen Hortense ! In 1852, Mrs. Austen wrote to Mr. Dilke :—"The entire collection of pictures of the Duchess of Orleans is to be sold. I need not tell you with what feelings Scheffer contemplates this, for independently of his long attachment to the family, his upright mind and high spirit appreciates the noble character of this most unfortunate lady. The Duchess looks forward to the retention of her dower as probable. No doubt every form of plunder will be resorted to." This was the act which the Procureur-Général Dupin described as being only "*le premier vol de l'Aigle.*" In 1856, she sends an article in which Arago is much attacked, though the article is by a valued French correspondent of the *Athenæum*, and not by her. She adds, "It is too bad to confound Arago's pretence at a refusal, with the real, solid sacrifice of such men as Barthelémy St. Hilaire. I never heard one *honourable* republican who did not treat that 'comédie' as 'déplorable.'" Also in 1856, attacking the Emperor, she writes :—"Our silly enthusiasm for one unprincipled man has cost us the respect and friendship of all that is wise and honourable in France."

There is nothing in N. P. Willis's letters while he was in Europe, but like others he fell foul of Walter Savage Landor, and after his return to America he writes, "I have once or twice been very gravely asked by friends whether it is true that I destroyed or took away Landor's MSS. as stated in his *Pericles* and *Aspasia* !"

The letters of Bryan Waller Procter, and of Mrs. Procter to Mr. Dilke, records of a friendship which extended over four-and-thirty years, till Mr. Dilke's death in 1864, were of course very many, and very full of interest. Barry Cornwall not only contributed many charming poems to the *Athenæum*, but among other never-to-be-forgotten contributions, wrote the obituary notice of their common friend Charles Lamb at his death, in 1835. His notes are mostly of too intimate a

character to be fit for publicity. Here is one, written in 1844:—

“4, GRAY'S INN SQUARE.

“DEAR DILKE,

“Lend me your cool judicious head for five minutes. My friends are alarmed at one of my poems now in the press, which they think has a revolutionary turn. Chorley will show it you. The 4th and 5th stanzas seem the most objectionable, but I do not wish to extinguish the poem altogether, if I can help it. I have no respect for mob law or Lynch law. Even Tartar law is better, perhaps. You will recollect that I am a sort of servant of government in my character of Commissioner of Lunacy, and I really have no intention of writing a Marseillaise, as I told Chorley.

“Yours ever,

“B. W. PROCTER.”

Barry Cornwall had by this time quite got over the fear of verse-writing, by which he was oppressed in 1831, when he wrote to Reynolds, “I am very anxious that what I have said in the early part of the ‘Address to the Public’ may be known. In it I disclaim the vanities of poetry, and state that I have sobered into prose.” On the same day he writes to Mr. Dilke, “I HAVE GIVEN OVER WRITING VERSE, for it does me no good with my *legal* friends, I fear.” But shortly after he had repented, and sends a poem, with the remark, “I mean to decline giving my name at present. I professed in my book to give up rhyming, and it will look ludicrous to publish verse instantaneously. But, *if my name be material, take it.*” On 2nd May, 1839, he writes:—

“ILLUSTRIOUS DILKE,

“You are sitting there in all the pride of science, railroads, your Elysian fields, chimneys, your delectable mountains, artesian wells, your castles; and yet with all this disadvantage and prejudice against me, I drive on, head fore-

most, and send you a dozen lines, rendered literally almost from Victor Hugo—a gentleman of some mark (God save it!)—and who will be remembered, perhaps, when Tredgold and the 999 associates have been pounded and pulverized into fresh magnesia, to supply the future bones of the mechanical geniuses of 1939. Why do you, a man of large heart, take under your wing (your waistcoat) the wheels, and levers, and cogs, and spinning jennies of the time. Jennies I would excuse, and even laud you for, but *spinning* jennies are good for nothing but to spin. Better health to your worship,

“From, your labourer in the poetic vineyard, -

“BARRY CORNWALL.”

A little later Mr. Procter writes: “Many of the characters of Shakespeare strike me in a different way from that in which they seem to have smitten others. Whether my eye-sight is more dim or clear, who knows? Amongst other things, the parallels which have been drawn between some of the characters seem to me odd enough. For instance, Macbeth and Richard 3rd—nothing can be more *unlike*. Macbeth and Hamlet are far more like, I think. The same infirmity, the same speculative, melancholy, imaginative character in each. Hamlet is a sort of good Macbeth. These so-called “parallels” are in themselves strong evidences of the wonderful power of Shakespeare, for it is impossible (amongst I know not how many characters) to find two alike. There are no parallels properly speaking. I myself do not see a case in which Shakespeare has borrowed from any of his other characters. Perhaps Biron (in “Love’s Labour’s Lost”) and Benedick approach the nearest to each other; yet they are, after all is said, and though one has certainly generated the other, quite different.”

One of Procter’s letters, dated May 1st, 1833, is as follows: “If Mrs. Dilke has not received the child by the carrier from her anonymous correspondent, we have one still at her service. Say whether I shall send the boy or the girl.” This might

be somewhat hard to understand without an explanation. The anonymous letter itself is in existence, and is as follows:—
(shamefully written)

“MRS. DILKE,

“MADAM,

“By having seen some Benevolent recum mendations in the *Athenium* and supposing their by the Editor too be humain disposd and Having no othe Means of Publishing my own case which is as follows I humbly Beg leav to say I am left with Eleven offspring the yungest off whom But a month old none so Much as taste Butchers Meat and nothing in the World to lay on xcept straw winter and summer owing to my Family am unabel to get or do ether nedle work or eharing and there father am sorry to say not willing if he could get work but peple wont employ Him on account of caracter to Be sure he was Born to verry different Prospects in life my mane object being to get sum of the children of my hands am intending to send one up to you by the Saturdays carryer hoping you will excuse the offence and if approved of god willing may be the Means of getting him into sum sittiation in London witch is verry scarce hearabouts and the Allmity Bless and prosper you for such and as the well noon gudness of Hart of you and Mr. Dilke will I trust exert in Behalf of our deplorable states and am begging your Humbel pardin for trubling with the distresses of a Stranger But not to your gudness your humbel servant L P.”

The next morning there came by carrier's cart a sucking pig from Hood, of which this had been the “envoi!”

Hood's communications in the *Athenæum* were a great success, but all the readers did not approve of some of them, and almost the same post which brought the anonymous letter given above, carried to the *Athenæum* office a letter in which Hood again tried a hoax. It began, “Sir, In your critique of that infamous ode by Thomas Hood, which you inserted in your No. of the 16th, you requested your readers ‘to be

satisfied.' Now, if they feel on the subject as I do, they will be very far from satisfied. Many of them certainly never expected to be regaled with so irreligious a feast as you, the editor of the once respectable journal—the *Athenæum*—have seen fit this last week to set before them," and went on through four large pages in this style. This was probably a burlesque of some real letter. Hood was very far indeed from being an irreligious man, but his ode to Agnew in one of the "Comic Annuals" offended some persons in the religious world.

Of the long friendship with the Morgans—Lady Morgan's autobiography and her memoirs form the best record, just as Chorley's Memoirs, Keats's Life, and Hood's Memorials do for other friendships of Mr. Dilke's life. Lady Morgan was not much of a letter-writer, except, indeed, in quantity; but Sir Charles Morgan wrote excellently in this form, and his correspondence, dated from Dublin up to 1837, then from London, and in 1841 from Brighton, where the Morgans were staying with the Horace Smiths, is always full of fun. In one of his Dublin letters, he writes, "Dear Dilke, I have not a word to throw at the head of a dog, much less at the head of a great editor. The state of things here socially and politically is as bad as possible. Moore has been here doing the popular! Going to mass, getting up dinners, and what is more, getting a pension of 300*l.* a year and the 'refusal of' a place I wish I had the acceptance of."

Here is one from Lady Morgan:—

"KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN, April 23rd, 1834.

"MOST AMIABLE OF MEN,

"If I wrote to you all the letters I have projected, and if you answered them, what spoils we should leave for some future Colburn, and how charmingly we should go together to posterity. But, alas, nobody has time now to pen 'familiar epistles.' Until, however, some steam machinery be invented for striking proof copies off the mind, and realising its intentions without manual labour, we must write. . . . Our government here is simply *executive*, for which judges pass

sentence, and 'wretches hang.' A duck fluttering after its head is cut off is a type of Ireland at present . . . May 1st. Lo! I find by the papers Mrs. Trollope has got the start of me, has bivouacked on my ground, and made the field her own. Of course she will be upheld by the *Quarterly*, and all stanch haters of liberty and America."

Here is a reflection by Sir Charles Morgan on the town of Grantham: "I wonder that any one should live in a country town when he or she might die so much cheaper." The following bit is from one of his Dublin letters, dated 21st Dec., 1835:—"A more *inviting* administration than the present Ireland never saw, and the Orangemen can't hold out, but are striving to get their knees under the administrative mahogany, even though the Church be in as much danger as it may." Here is a scrap, dated 1837:—"Have you got rid of your spasms? I cannot flatter you on Hood's mode of cure, *i.e.*, the not having a side wherewith to be spasmodic, for I have had the devil's own pain during an influenza in a tooth I lost twelve years ago, and Adam never had so much pain in his life as in the rib which was removed during his first sleep."

In the early days of the *Athenæum* its dramatic criticism was entrusted to George Darley and Charles Dance. In 1838 a long correspondence took place between the latter and Mr. Dilke, in which all the principles of dramatic criticism were discussed, with the acceptance of Mr. Dance's resignation as a result. One of the points of difference was as to a notice by Mr. Dance of "Every Man in his Humour," in July, 1838. This notice was cancelled, and did not appear. Mr. Dilke writes: "It is very true that Ben Jonson, more than most of his contemporaries, depicted manners which are in their nature local and temporary, rather than passions which are universal and for all time. But in this particular instance the motive power *is* passion—jealousy, and there are few finer things in dramatic literature out of Shakespeare than the development of this passion, with its mean suspicions and the perplexity arising

from the consciousness of this meanness, in the earlier scenes. It is finely contrasted, too, with the same passion when awakened in the wife. Further, as to the question of 'manners,' while I admit their influence on the success of a revival (especially in the present day, when the highest aim of a dramatist, like the clown of a Merry-Andrew, is but to set the barren spectators a-laughing), still these manners with a difference—that is, modified, qualified, diluted, and be-farced—have been and are a stock-in-trade for the moderns when they attempt to delineate character at all. It would be curious to calculate how many times Bobadil has served as a lay figure and been clothed after the fashion of the hour. Nor should we forget how admirably in Ben Jonson the 'humours' are varied, and how they work together to make a story which at the close seems literally self-developed. It is also true, I admit, that the language of the old dramatists is more coarse than jumps with the humour of our times; but while it awakes disgust it cannot waken passion. The Bible itself is 'tainted,' to use your words, with the 'unbridled expression of the time,' and it seems to me that the 'annoyance' to which you are 'subject' at a representation of the elder dramatists you cannot altogether escape from at church. Still, I am willing to allow full force to your argument put generally; but then it is *less* true as applied to Ben Jonson than to his contemporaries, and *not true at all* in reference to 'Every Man in his Humour.' With the exception of some half dozen lines in the talk between the water-carrier and his wife, and some half dozen other words which could of course have been omitted, there is not a line or word objectionable in the whole play." In his answer to Mr. Charles Dance's reply, Mr. Dilke writes: "You triumph as over a proved prejudice of mine because I say we never can have a drama equal to that of the Elizabethan age. But I submit that, right or wrong, this opinion rests on a much broader basis than the question of comparative genius to which you try to limit it. The drama

by me considered as the natural form through which the genius of that age made itself manifest. The genius of a succeeding age can no more surround itself by the circumstances of the age of Elizabeth than a river can flow upwards to the spring-head whence it bubbles forth."

In June, 1836, Mr. Dilke had had a dramatic correspondence of a different kind, namely, with Miss Mitford, in reference to her "Charles the First." In the same year Chorley writes from Paris: "My first introduction has been to Eugène Sue, a fierce, duck-faced fellow, who looked ready and willing to eat me up." Mr. Dilke was at this time staying in Germany with the Hoods. The investigations by Mr. Dilke into the management of the Literary Fund, which were twenty years later to lead to the publication of the "Case of the Reformers of the Literary Fund, stated by C. W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster," had already begun in this year. Mr. Britton, the antiquary, wrote to Mr. Dilke as follows:—"Taking a warm interest in the Literary Fund, as I have done for more than twenty years, I am gratified by seeing you so constantly in attendance, and so ardently devoted to the same cause. Intending to do something for that society at death, I am more than commonly anxious to see its management sound, discreet, and discriminating. Yet I fear that my zeal may sometimes have subjected me to your disapproval. To convince you that I am pleased with your conduct, that I am delighted with your impartial and highly intrepid manner of dealing with these matters, I am desirous of better acquaintance in the autumn of my life, and shall esteem it a favour if you will dine here on Friday. I expect the first astronomer, the first antiquary, and I *hope* the *first* critic, to be of the party." Mr. Dilke replied, declining the invitation, but adding: "I am, I confess, well pleased to find that my eternal opposition at the Literary Fund has not been mistaken for personal and fractious carping. I have indeed endeavoured, in the performance of a most painful duty, to avoid giving offence, and I cannot even in

a friendly note permit you to say that you fear your zeal has subjected you to *my* disapprobation. . . . I should not, indeed, presume to question the decisions of the committee, if they were but consistent, but rather my own judgment. . . . All I want is some well-defined and intelligible course of proceedings, some recognised principle that we may rest on and refer to as a rule of conduct. . . . It stands recorded on the books that the largest sum of money (double the amount of any other vote) was given to the widow of a member of the committee—a man who had died possessed of £7000. When this fact was proved—and it *was* proved, though the committee would not furnish the proof—it was stated that the money had been voted in error. What, then, so reasonable as to inquire how the committee were led into so extraordinary an error? Who, according to the established forms, applied for the grant? Who certified to the ‘distress’? And yet, for want of such certificates, I have seen fifty cases rejected. No trace was to be found on the books or on the papers. Was it on the representation of a member of the committee? Who moved and seconded the resolution? Again, money was lately voted to one person as the widow of a literary man, and a few months afterwards there was a second vote to a second widow. How was the committee misled in the first instance?” Mr. Dilke goes on at great length to quote other cases of a similar kind.

In 1837, Chorley, who had been again sent to Paris on *Athenæum* business, wrote: “I saw Janin yesterday. He is wilder and dirtier than ever. His dressing-gown full of holes, and his braces very immodestly absent. He piques himself on the mildness and sobriety of his article, written, he says, *à l’Anglaise*, and on the extreme moderation of his criticisms. Said I, ‘*Par exemple, sur Paul de Kock!*’”

A correspondence with Bulwer-Lytton, which never wholly ceased, blazed up also in 1837. Bulwer had a perfect mania for criticising his critics. Early in January he wrote to Mr.

Dilke: "I venture to proffer this request as a comment on your notice of the acting of 'La Vallière,' viz., that you will not judge the author by the actors, and, above all, that you will not think immoral that which was intended as a satire on immorality, but which either the coarseness of representation or the inability of an audience to transplant themselves to another time and country, or want of skill in myself hostile to my own design, may have marred. Perhaps, also, you will have the kindness to remember that no sooner did I find my own intended effects misconstrued, than I directed every part so misconstrued to be omitted." In his next letter, which is very agreeable in its tone, he says at the end: "I *think* I have the Public with me. The *Press* I never had." In one of the author's letters, he admits that he had on one occasion presented a silver inkstand to Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, a curious instance of the state of journalism forty years ago, and one which shows how necessary it was for Mr. Dilke to avoid all society himself, and to lay down rules, which at first sight might seem harsh and pedantic, to guide the conduct of the contributors to the *Athenæum*. A temporary coldness sprang up between him and Mr. John Hamilton Reynolds in this fashion. The latter had written to ask leave to review a certain book. Mr. Dilke wrote to ask him whether he was not acquainted with either author or publisher. Mr. Reynolds sent back the book: "That you may consign it to some independent hand, according to your religious custom. I, alas! know author *and* bookseller." A little later Bulwer returned to the charge about "La Vallière": "Had I actors who could embody my conceptions with proper delicacy, who could preserve the ideal of the written parts, I would not have altered a word for the stage. I do not abate an iota of my own judgment that with a proper Lauzun, La Vallière, and Montespan, the play would on the stage secure the moral effects designed for it in the writing. The acting burlesques it in some instances, and (if I may coin the word) *coarsens* it in others; but this

does not tell against it as a play that *might* be acted, but as a play in which the parts were not written for the actors." The author having on another occasion stated that the unfavourable criticism on "La Vallière" was "written by one who, having himself an interest in a play the production of which was (as to time) incidental on the success of 'La Vallière,' had every motive of personal interest to induce him to assist and procure its failure, was assured by Mr. Dilke that he was mistaken, and apologised. He meant Chorley, but the criticism was probably written by George Darley, though Chorley was in the house on the first night. Chorley certainly did not write it, but did write a private one equally unfavourable.

1839 offers few notes of interest. Mr. Dilke writes to his son: "Went to see the 'Tempest.' The play cannot be played—dramatic representation in these days is essentially for the enjoyment of the half-civilized. The spiritual, as represented in Ariel, was of course too gross, and the sensual, in Caliban, merely brutal—mere bad substitutes for beautiful imaginings. The music and the scenery are perfect, and confirmed my opinion that the drama in a high civilization must decline. Music is then run after, because it is a language the symbolic meaning of which cannot be strictly defined, and we are therefore free to give to it the colouring of our own imagination."

In 1840 Mr. Dilke writes to his son (of the London University conflicts): "Get your share registered at the London University. I am not sure that this is necessary, but I think it must be, and that you ought to sign the deed. There will be a grand field-day on the 24th, and it may be well to be prepared with a vote. A large and active party are resolved to turn out Tooke and substitute Taylor as treasurer. Now Taylor we know and like, and Tooke I know and dislike, not because he is a jobber, but because he is the patron of jobbers. At any other time I would have gone to Beersheba to vote against Tooke, and I *think* I must vote against him now. Everything I have heard points that course out as a duty. But I hate to join in

a hue and cry, and as I once committed myself by trying to take the tin kettle from the tail of a Socialist, so, acting on feeling, I am half inclined to make a snatch at the kettle on Tooke's tail, even though I should bring away an inch or two of the tail with it. Tooke again spoke to me to-day. I told him honestly that my opinions with respect to the Diffusion Society were well known, and that I had always found him the foremost man in doing what I disapproved, and that I was not prepared to say what course I should pursue. On my return I found a sixteen-paged letter from Dr. Kay, written to me specially, from which I infer—either that I am a much greater man than I, or you, or anyone had a suspicion of, *or that parties are very nicely balanced.*”

In 1840, Mr. Dilke had been for ten years in sole control of the *Athenæum*. It was now a success, but not yet a financial success, if past losses were added to the wrong side of the account. It was paying well, but had not repaid the money which had been sunk on it at first. It was fifteen or twenty years—from 1830—before this was the case, and even then the account would allow for no salary to Mr. Dilke, who gave his whole time to the paper up to 1846, when he may be said to have ceased to edit. Another paper, which was started by his son, in conjunction with Sir Joseph Paxton and Professor Lindley, the great botanist, with his advice and aid, about this period, became a great financial success much sooner than did the *Athenæum*. This was the *Gardener's Chronicle*, to which was afterwards joined, during many years, *The Agricultural Gazette*, now (1875) once more become a separate journal. In reference to this new paper Mr. Dilke wrote to his son: “I do not think that the announcement of a new journal is to be considered as a mere advertisement. It ought to develope new views of Social Life on which its claims ought to rest, and to be read, therefore, with more or less pleasure by all persons. I think that the enclosed is in the right spirit—suggestive of much more than is said, and that it would be read with interest,

because it provokes, as it were, the reader to consider and to controvert it or admit its truth."

The public were by this time beginning to recognize the solidity of the independent principles on which the *Athenæum* was managed, but it was still often necessary for Mr. Dilke to explain them to individuals. Mr. Dilke during the earlier years pushed his principles to the extreme only because of the bad system which had grown up in other quarters. To Robert Montgomery, the poet, who had sent him his works to his private house, he writes, returning them: "I am sensible of your kindness, but it has ever been a rule with me since my first connexion with the *Athenæum* to decline presents of books from authors or publishers. Even duplicates have invariably been returned. There have been many occasions when the abiding by this rule has given me pain and has had the appearance of affectation and pretence." French editors seem to have had at this period a singular idea of the habits of the editors of literary journals in these respects. The editor in chief of the official journal of France wrote to Mr. Dilke in 1840 informing him that his name had been placed upon the free list, and begging Mr. Dilke to ask the English publishers for, and to send him, six English books which he needed! Mr. Dilke in wonder and amaze writes: "You are evidently not informed of our usage in such matters. During the ten years that I have been editor of the *Athenæum* I have never asked for a single copy of any work. Since the journal has attained its present rank copies of new works are generally sent to it—not always, and when they are not sent, and are important, they are purchased. It would be impossible for me to comply with your request, even had I no other reasons for not doing so." That Paris customs were indeed different from London ones in this respect appears also from a correspondence in 1842 with the Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum*: "I cannot let a single post pass without replying to your letter. You have, it appears, been in communication with the principal publishers in Paris.

Having accepted advance-sheets you are unable to condemn their works. What then is the value of your criticism? During the many years that I have had the *Athenæum* I have never asked a favour of a publisher. Favour and independence are incompatible. It is no use under these circumstances for you to send me reviews at present." This was during an interregnum in the Paris correspondence of the *Athenæum*: after Ste. Beuve and Janin, and before Philarète-Chasles and About. The following is a letter to a publisher who had spoken of a "promise" that a book should be reviewed at length: "I gave you no other assurance than the assurance given to all publishers, that a good book will be spoken of as a good book in the *Athenæum*, let who will be the publisher." Another publishing firm was named by a writer, who was specially employed to write on the books of a particular foreign country, as having "made an arrangement" to lend him those he wanted, which produced another explosion. Another firm, again, wrote to complain of the review of a particular book, stating that they knew as a fact that it was by Mr. Alaric Watts who disliked the writer of the book: "It is utterly false that Mr. Alaric Watts is, or ever was, connected with the *Athenæum*" (this was in 1838): "After this, I need scarcely add, that he did not write the review of Mr. R.'s book. I now submit that I ought not to rest content with your stating this fact to Mr. R. for the purpose of 'disabusing his mind.' I care not in what ridiculous suspicions the mortified vanity of a weak man may find a consolation, but he has, it appears, stated these circumstances to others; circumstances which, if true, seriously affect the character of the journal, and, I think, I have a right to require, either that he give up his authority, or admit in writing, that he is satisfied there never was the slightest foundation for such an assertion."

To this period belongs the letter of Lady Morgan, from which the following is an extract:—"I have addressed a letter to the Pope, praying him to erase my name and my work on

‘Italy’ from the Index, for if *I* was wrong, his *Infallibility* is not right.” It is not easy to do much with the letters of Lady Morgan. The friendship of thirty years produced a letter a-day, but nearly all are undated ; all are nearly illegible, and some quite. Here, however, are a few more bits : “ Colburn came here to-day with the ‘ Wild Irish Girl ’ under his arm, proposing to publish a new edition, and wanting a preface ; but not coming to a decision as to what I was to *get*, I hesitated. Besides, I am *afraid* to let it re-appear. It is but a girl’s sentimental nonsense.” “ I have had a most curious letter from old Lady Cork, announcing the death of her celebrated Macaw, and requesting that, as I wrote his life (‘ Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality ’), I would write his epitaph. But I have no genius for the Elegiac.” “ I long much to have a chat with you, particularly on the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, my old foeman, who got me put in the Index Expurgatorius. What do you think of my writing a letter *at* him first, to remind him of the obligation ? ” This idea Lady Morgan afterwards carried out in her famous “ Letter to Cardinal Wiseman.” She wrote, after it had appeared : “ The first copy shall be laid at *your* feet. But it’s *time* you threw yourself at mine.”

In 1841 several letters of some little interest passed between Mr. Dilke and Haydon the painter ; the latter writes of his “ first attempt at fresco : ” — “ Restless and miserable at the idea of foreign assistance, I set to work night and day to ascertain the Italian process ; had in an experienced plasterer ; I had a portion of the outer coat of my painting-room wall chipped away ; the groundwork laid in due proportions of sand, lime, and water, and when it began to set, I painted away. The subject is ‘ Uriel disturbed at meditation by the approach of Satan.’ The figure is only as far as the waist : ‘ His radiant visage turned.’ ”

Soon afterwards Haydon again wrote :—

"14, BURWOOD PLACE, CONNAUGHT TERRACE.

"Nowhere is the principle of relative and essential form so out of place as in an English exhibition. Above you may be a lady in velvet, with a simple expression; on your right, a favourite pony; on your left, a landscape at Kensington gravel pits; and below, an exquisite lapdog. A great work looks like an insanity, and entirely out of place. I do not believe my 'Judgment of Solomon' if now produced for the first time, would make the impression it did twenty-eight years ago. The taste is altering; detail, copper-finish, and polished varnish are required, instead of breadth, size, drawing, power; and yet we are on the eve of great works, when nothing will do but the qualities of execution." In another letter he speaks of himself as having tried to keep those qualities in view, and "by making dissection and drawing my bases of instruction, have sent out Landseer and Eastlake (my first pupil), and by such pupils have begun a reform of the English school."

Mr. Dilke was a great admirer of the work of Fuseli, Haydon's friend, and of Blake, who was also the friend of both. He formed one of the best collections of Blake's drawings, and was one of the earliest admirers of his poems.

In 1843 Chorley writes:—"Have you seen the *Quarterly* on Theodore Hook? The blackest piece of Crokerism yet perpetrated." "I always thought 'Wapping Old Stairs' was Dibdin's, but, to my surprise, looked for it in vain among his poems." In 1845, Professor de Morgan, a very different kind of man, but also an intimate friend, writes an account of the attempt of Sir James Sheepshanks to recover damages for defects in his great telescope:—"It came out that the defects were like the defects in Mr. Winkle's skates, which had an awkward gentleman on them (see *Pickwick*)." De Morgan's next letter was an odd one for a mathematician, although there is a certain connection with astronomy in the subject:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“As to the ‘Lady of Branksome,’ I can admit that Scott might have meant that the moon would only shine on *that* St. Michael’s night, and not the year before or after, but it is not likely, for had he seen the point, he must also have seen how he would be taken from his words as they are. The charm appears to consist in choosing a time at which the red-cross in St. Michael’s hand on the window would throw its image on the tomb of Michael Scott, the image being made by the moonlight. When the lady says,

“‘For this will be St. Michael’s night,
And tho’ glass be dim, the moon is bright,
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.’

She leaves the reader, I think, to suppose that moonlight, in one direction, at a particular time of the night, is a consequence of its being St. Michael’s night. I do not think Scott would have represented the lady making such a mistake, as a mistake, for

“I. She is verified by the fact—

“‘Look, warrior, look, the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead.’

“II. Scott was aware that the people of those times knew more about moonlight than we do. We look at our almanacks when we want them. They had to do without.

“As to Davy Ramsay, I am clear about it. Scott meant him for a mathematician, and as far as he could, gave him the technical character of one. He makes him an astrologer, which in those days meant astronomer too. Now, David Ramsay was a contemporary of Napier, and must have known his ‘*bones*’ or multiplication helps. Sir Walter Scott is just as wrong when he makes the old usurer Trapbois, in Alsatia, have no other book except the ‘Whetstone of Wit.’ This was the first English book on algebra, and we might just as well suppose Newton’s ‘Principia’ lying in a Mincing Lane counting-

house. Even Napier didn't know the book, as appears by his own algebra.

“Yours faithfully,

“A. DE MORGAN.”

About this time Jerrold writes, “Lady —— is trying to convert Thackeray to Romanism. She had better begin with his nose.”

In 1845, Mr. Dilke wrote largely in the *Athenæum* on “Mesmerism,” for which he had a profound dislike, and in 1846, he wrote on one of his favourite subjects, “Stained Glass,” which he understood perhaps better than any one. But, until after he retired from the editorship of the paper, he wrote on the whole but little in it, finding that editorial supervision is better exercised when the editor does not write himself. In 1846, Mr. Dilke ceased to take so active a share in the management as he had done before that time, and was succeeded by Mr. T. K. Hervey. Mr. Hepworth Dixon also, first became attached to the paper in that year.

The following scraps may give an idea of the family relations of Mr. Dilke in 1846. The first gives a good notion of the turn of Mr. Dilke's own mind, and the second is testimony to a remarkably warm affection for one existing between a father of fifty-seven and a son of thirty-six. Such intensely strong affections are perhaps commoner in youth than in old age. Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, jun., had sent him a business list of “arrangements.” He replies :—

“MY ARRANGEMENTS.

Saturday.—Leave by the eleven train, and reach the dreariest waste within thirty miles of this great fever hospital. Get there at twelve. Sit on a gate and drink in the quiet and fresh air, until the fever of the brain is calmed. Then to bed.

Sunday.—Devote to the highest and noblest purposes : question self ; humble self ; commune with the spirit of

beauty, of truth, of goodness which pervades all things above, below, and around. Give thanks for the thousand undeserved blessings I enjoy in wife, son, grandson, and in kind and considerate friends; for possessing everything that can be required, and more than ought to be required, for the happiness of a poor forked-radish.

Monday.—The same.

Tuesday.—The same, and so on until the weary spirit is refreshed. Then back to the duties of life; cheerful and happy; better able to love; more able to *be* loved; more worthy to be loved, because better able to sympathise with humanity in its strength and weakness, and to find good in everything.

The other scrap is this:—"And now, dear Wentworth, thanks for all your kindness and attention. Your *considerate* kindness and attention. I am at all times very sensible of it, though it is only on rare occasions that I speak. The recollection of it yesterday made even my long railway journey pleasant. It threw a *son*-shine over it. And I only hope that some half-century hence your own dear boy will have repaid you. Your thoughtful kindness to me, like all good deeds, has its influence on all around you, and dear Mary and all else seem anxious not only to please but to humour me. God bless you and yours, says your father."

In 1846 began the friendship between Mr. Dilke and Mr. Thoms, with the first publication of the "Folk-Lore" articles in the *Athenæum*, out of which ultimately grew *Notes and Queries*.

About this time died two old friends, George Darley and Thomas Hood. Some of the most interesting of such of Hood's letters as could be published appeared in his 'Memorials.' The acquaintance of Mr. Dilke and Mr. Hood dated from 1816, their warm friendship from 1830. Of Hood's letters which remain unpublished a few fragments may be selected:

"B. is a rare example of the old Tory, to whom all that is bad in High Life is good, and all that is good in Low Life is bad. What do you think of that for a definition? He said the other day he almost suspected I was a Radical; whereupon I told him he was mistaken, for I was a Republican." "Each party of our black-sheep has a pet black-shepherd." "I am sick of my species. What can be more disgusting than the Emancipationists getting a victory by a *manœuvre*, having God, the Bible, and reason on their side, and then the House rescinding its own resolution." "Have you the *Quarterly*? I am rather anxious to see the article on 'Theodore Hook.' I suspect the Tories grudge the *New Monthly* very much to a Liberal editor, who can allow such latitude as our friend Sir Charles Morgan requires now and then." Hook (also afterwards Hood) succeeded Bulwer as editor. This bit is after the appearance of "Tylney Hall:"—"You have revived in me the delights of young authorship, and I *am* young in the path I am treading. . . . Raby and Grace are failures; I can't write love-scenes; as a fellow said at my piece at the Surrey, 'I can act the part, but I forget the words.'" On the 4th June, 1838, Hood writes on Mr. Rowland Hill's postage scheme, and on the use of franks by rich men:—"But I'm a low-lived, ungenteel, villanous, blackguard Radical. There is a deep stigma on the Have-nots trying to take from the Have-some-things, but what ought to be the stigma on the Have-every-things trying to take from the Have-nothings? Chorley has proclaimed me a '*Liberal*.' I don't mind being called at once a Moderate Republican." "Tom Junior has picked up in his visiting a new phrase, and applied it this morning as follows: Fanny floored a fly at breakfast with a fork, whereupon remarks Tom very gravely, 'There, you've *laid the blame* upon him.'" The two following bits, from two different letters, are of course of the time when Hood was engaged upon "Miss Kilmansegg." "No K this month. I was too ill to finish it. The long run of wet floored me at the last. A sample of my

Belgian breakdowns." "A Count Kielmansegge just arrived as envoy from Hanover! I hope it isn't *her* brother!"

Here is another letter on the same subject:—

"DEAR DILKE,

"You will be glad to hear—that I have kill'd her at last, instead of her killing me. I don't mean Jane, but Miss Kilmansegg; and as she liked pomp, there will be twelve pages at her funeral. She is now screwing in at Beaufort House; and being a happy release for all parties—you will conclude it is a relief to me, especially as I come in for all she is worth. Love to all, and no more news from

"Yours very truly,

"T. HOOD."

The following is from Wanstead, where he lived at Lake House, and where he wrote "Tylney Hall:—" "I am fagging hard at the comic. It's an ill fire that bakes nobody's bread, and the Great Conflagration will make an excellent subject. I was up all last night, bright moonlight, drawing cuts and writing, and watching a gang of gipsies encamped just out of my bounds. I saved my fowls, and geese, and pigs, but they took my faggots. However, I shot two cats, that were poaching. As Scott says, 'My life is a mingled yarn.' To-day, the man's missing. I'm afraid he's scragged." "The Bills that people back, should be called not Bills but *Beaks*: such, I mean, as preyed upon Prometheus." When Southey dies, Hood writes to ask if it is supposed that he would have any chance for the laureateship. Here is a letter from the "Vale of the White Horse:—"

"Dined every day with a regular old English squire—Goodlake—the famous breeder of greyhounds. Lounged delightfully, and had what I have been longing for: a lie on the grass. No such green Turkey carpets abroad, Dilke. Then, for company, a Mrs. Smiley, of *May Fair*. What isn't there in a name? God bless.

"T. H."

At another time he writes: "I burn without getting warm. I wish I were the ham between two buttered slices of bread, well mustarded—that seems like warmth. But this wind is keen enough to *cut* sandwiches. I could cry with cold, only I'm afraid of the icicles. I wish that in settling other *Eastern* questions, they had deposed this wind. I confess, for two nights past I have wished for a little 'warm-with,' but the only bottle I am allowed is at my feet, and even then, only warm water—without. I almost fancy myself a gander sometimes, and web-footed. My stomach is like a house where the washing is done at home—all slop, hot-water, and tea. So I stop. I'm so cold and washy, I'm only fit to correspond with a frog. Give my love to all, but you had better *mull* it."

When Mr. and Mrs. Dilke were leaving London on their way to visit the Hoods at Coblentz, Mrs. Hood sent a list of things she "could not get," which she wished Mrs. Dilke to bring. Hood got hold of it, and burlesqued it as follows. The Clarence was a club, on the committee of which both Dilke and Hood had been:—

"DEAR DILKE,

"I trust to your kindness to bring with you the following little commissions. Like Jane's 'you can put them all in a bag,' or in your pocket, whichever you prefer:—

"A dish of pork chops with tomato sauce, à la Clarence.

"Some sweets, London-made, for T. H., jun., who is backward in his lollipops.

"A hundred of temperance tracts for me to distribute.

"Two penn'orth of slate pencil (*not* to be got here).

"Two pieces of red tape as wide as this ||.

"A warming-pan, and

"A Welsh wig."

Speaking of his miseries in another letter, Hood says, "I am a little Job in afflictions, but without his patience." He

was ordered not to speak: "The silent system did not answer at all. Jane and I made but a sorry game of our double dummy, for the more signs I made the more she didn't understand them. For instance, when I telegraphed for my night-cap she thought I meant my head was swimming,—and as for Mary, she knew no more of my signals than Admiral Villeneuve of Lord Nelson's. At last I did burst out, fortissimo, but there is nothing so hard as to *swear in a whisper*. The truth is, I was bathing my feet, and wanted more hot water,—but as the spout poured rather slowly, Mary, whipping off the lid of the kettle, was preparing to squash down a whole cataract of scalding. I was hasty I must confess; but perhaps Job himself would not have been patient if *his boils* had come out of a kettle."

Here is more of Hood's:—

"2, UNION STREET, HIGH STREET, CAMBERWELL.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from your secretary, which has deeply affected me.

"The adverse circumstances to which it alludes are, unfortunately, too well known from their public announcement in the *Athenæum* by my precocious executor and officious assignee. But I beg most emphatically to repeat that the disclosures so drawn from me were never intended to bespeak the world's pity or assistance. Sickness is too common to humanity, and poverty too old a companion of my order to justify such an appeal. The revelation was merely meant to show, when taunted with 'my creditors,' that I had been striving in humble imitation of an illustrious literary example to satisfy all claims upon me, and to account for my imperfect success. I am too proud of my profession to grudge it some suffering. I love it still, as Lord Byron loved England 'with all its faults,' and should hardly feel as one of the fraternity, if I had not my portion of the calamities of authors. More fortunate than many, I have succeeded not only in getting into print, but occasionally in getting out of it, and surely a man who has

overcome such formidable difficulties may hope and expect to get over the common-place ones of procuring bread and cheese.

“I am writing seriously, gentlemen, although in a cheerful tone, partly natural and partly intended to relieve you of some of your kindly concern on my account. Indeed my position at present is an easy one, compared with that of some eight months ago, when out of heart, and out of health, helpless, spiritless, sleepless, childless. I have now a home in my own country, and my little ones sit at my hearth. I smile sometimes, and even laugh. For the same benign Providence that gifted me with the power of amusing others has not denied me the ability of entertaining myself. Moreover, as to mere worldly losses, I profess a cheerful philosophy, which can jest, ‘though China fall,’ and for graver troubles a Christian faith, that consoles and supports me even in walking through something like the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

“My embarrassment and bad health are of such standing that I am become as it were seasoned. For the last six years I have been engaged in the same struggle, without sinking, receiving, or requiring any pecuniary assistance whatever. My pen and pencil procured not only enough for my own wants, but to form a surplus besides—a sort of literary fund of my own, which at this moment is ‘doing good by stealth’ to a person, not exactly of learning or genius, but whom, according to the example of your excellent society, I will forbear to name.

“To provide for similar wants there are the same means and resources—the same head, heart, and hands—the same bad health—and may it only last long enough! In short, the same crazy vessel for the same foul weather; but I have not thought yet of hanging out my ensign upside down.

“Fortunately, since manhood I have been dependent solely on my own exertions—a condition which has exposed and enured me to vicissitude, whilst it has nourished a pride which will fight on, and has yet some retrenchments to make ere its surrender.

“I have now, gentlemen, described circumstances and feel-

ings, which will explain and must excuse my present course. The honourable and liberal manner in which you have entertained an application—that a friendly delicacy concealed from me—is acknowledged with the most ardent gratitude. Your welcome sympathy is valued in proportion to the very great comfort and encouragement it affords me. Your kind wishes for my better health—my greatest want—I accept and thank you for with my whole heart; but I must not and cannot retain your money, which at the first safe opportunity will be returned. I really do not feel myself to be yet a proper object for your bounty, and should I ever become so, I fear that such a crisis will find me looking elsewhere—to the earth beneath me for final rest—and to the heaven above me for final justice.

“Pray excuse my trespassing at such length on your patience, and believe that I am, with the utmost respect,

“Gentlemen,

“Your most obliged and grateful servant,

“THOS. HOOD.

“*Jany. 19th, 1841.*”

(The above is a copy of a letter from Thomas Hood to the Literary Fund declining a present of fifty pounds.)

The following lines were written by Hood, on receiving three returned letters endorsed “not known to Mr. Colburn” (the famous publisher, with whom he had quarrelled):—

“For a couple of years in the columns of Puff
I was rated a passable writer enough;
But alas! for the favours of Fame!
Since I quitted her seat in Great Marlboro’ Street
In repute my decline is so very complete
That a Colburn don’t know of my name!

“Now a Colburn I knew in his person so small
That he seem’d the *half*-brother of no one at all,
Yet in spirit a Dwarf may be big;
But his mind was so narrow, his soul was so dim,
Where’s the wonder if all I remember of him
Is—a suit of Boy’s clothes and a wig!

T. H.

When Mr. Dilke gave up the editorship of the *Athenæum* in

1846, a connection began between him and the *Daily News*, which lasted until the spring of 1849. The *Daily News*, to judge by books which were copied for Mr. Dilke and remained in his possession (and which there can be no breach of confidence in using now, when, with different proprietors and at a different price, under circumstances wholly changed, that journal is established on a solid basis and with a large circulation), was at that time in a precarious position. It was but three months old. Mr. Dilke was called in at first as "consulting physician." He was soon invested with absolute power in all business matters, and with the right to discharge any one connected with the paper, except, of course, the chief editor, his dear friend Mr. John Forster. Any differences which might arise between them were to be decided by the proprietors. It was at the same time agreed to try the entirely novel idea of lowering the price from 5*d.* to 2½*d.*, which, in those days, before the abolition of the compulsory stamp, meant 1½*d.* By this step the *Daily News* became the forerunner of that cheap daily press which has now in London alone a circulation of 350,000 in the four and twenty hours. The immediate result of the change was to raise the circulation from a declining circulation of 4,000 and under to an increasing circulation of 22,000 and over. This change took effect on the 1st of June, 1846, and was announced by a very bold and telling manifesto written by Mr. Dilke.

The agreement between Mr. Dilke and the proprietors was for three years from April, 1846, and for three years he managed the journal. He was not a salaried manager, but had liberty to take a quarter share in the journal at any future time. The leading proprietors were Mr. Dilke's friends, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Paxton and Sir Joshua Walmsley, and also Mr. William Jackson, M.P., the last not being a personal friend. Mr. John Forster also had a conditional interest in the journal.

The experiment, as it was called in Mr. Dilke's announce-

ment, "of establishing a daily newspaper which shall look for support, not to comparatively few readers at a high price, but to many at a low price," rested, as he said, on the necessity of proving "that the projectors are capable of competing with the high-priced," and it was on this point that failure took place.

There was not sufficient capital forthcoming at the right moment to enable the manager of the *Daily News* to compete on equal terms with the magnificently organised Indian and other foreign services of the *Times*. Here is a memorandum which vividly recalls the days of the great struggles, and costly struggles, in the Red Sea for the Indian mails. "According to Mr. Baldwin's report, our agent (that is the agent of the *Daily News* and *Herald*) succeeded at Suez in obtaining a single copy of one India paper, which he expressed to Alexandria and succeeded in getting a courier with it on board the French steam-boat then just about to start for Marseilles. Hence, of course, it was expressed to London and arrived at London Bridge at ten minutes past two, and at the *Herald* office before half-past two. The first slip from the *Herald* reached the *Daily News* at a quarter to four. Now, the *Times*, *Post* and *Chronicle* all announced the arrival and gave (the same) a column and a half of news, and I have ascertained that the *Times* and *Herald-Daily News* couriers arrived together at the terminus. Now, there must have been treachery or concert somewhere. ? Paris? The India express of October (that is, Waghorn's express *viâ* Trieste) arrived at the *Times* office on Saturday, the 3rd October. The *Daily News* had arranged to be, and was, forewarned of its arrival by telegraph. After a time Mr. C. went to the *Herald* to consult, when a messenger arrived from the *Times* bringing slips to the *Herald*. Mr. C. asked for one and was refused on the ground that it was a mere courtesy from the *Times* to the *Herald*. ? A return courtesy ?

"On Wednesday, the India papers arrived by post, and were delivered at the *Daily News* office between twelve and two.

"On Thursday, at 5 A.M., Mr. Crowe was sent for to the

Herald and offered his choice of two letters, both without covers.

“On Thursday night there was brought from Paris by our Paris express a letter from our correspondent at Alexandria. Now, as the correspondent at Alexandria would assuredly have enclosed his own letter in his own express, it follows that the express was opened at Paris, and that the delay in delivering the express letters sixteen hours after the letters by mail arose from that fact, and the further delay in forwarding our letter from Alexandria, which had never been in the post, from transferring it to our Paris correspondent.” On receiving this report, the proprietors passed the following resolution:—“The arrangements between the *Herald* and the *Daily News* having been this day put an end to, and the *Daily News* being now left to contend single-handed against all the other morning papers now combined, by which great additional expenses may be thrown on the *Daily News*, we fully authorise Mr. Dilke to raise the price of the paper to 3*d.* at any time he may think it desirable to do so.”

The other papers at this time sold at 5*d.*

On this Mr. John Forster sent his resignation (as editor), through Mr. Dilke, to the proprietors, in a letter which did him the highest honour from its tone of warm friendship combined with the most distinct assertion of a hostile opinion. Mr. Dilke in reply wrote thus: “Let me thank you for the generous construction you have put on my conduct, motives, and feelings. Though kind in the highest degree it is but just. I foresaw from the first that the circumstances under which I joined the paper were of such a nature that my every word would be open to misrepresentation, and that my every act would appear like presumptuous intermeddling. However hard this might be to bear, I was content to bear it patiently; but there was one thing I was resolved should *not* be misconstrued—my conduct towards you, and almost the only satisfaction which has yet resulted from my hard labour is, that,

though you part from us, it is on no ground of personal objection to any act or word of mine."

Some of the proprietors found themselves in 1847 unable to advance the further capital needed, and Mr. Dilke wrote: "I need scarcely assure you how deeply I regret the present issue of all your anxieties. The more so as the great experiment was progressing as hopefully as could have been expected, and a favourable result seemed reasonably certain within reasonable time. My sole purpose in now writing is to authorise you to treat for the sale or part sale of the paper as if I had *no* contingent claim; to negotiate with your hands free; to make the best bargain you can. New men may desire a new policy, and require a controlling power. Understand, however, that if you and the proprietors desire to leave the paper under my direction, I do not shrink from the labour. I mean neither more nor less than that I most willingly consent to be put aside altogether if it should appear that I or any supposed interests of mine stand in the way of *your* interests. In that case I shall be content to retire without even a regret, except for the sacrifices you have made." The proprietors expressed a wish that Mr. Dilke should continue to manage the *Daily News*.

In 1847, the great event was the general election, in reference to which the following letter was written to Mr. Dilke by Mr. W. H. Wills on behalf of the staff:—

"DAILY NEWS OFFICE,

"29th July, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I need scarcely say that your letter has given my colleagues and myself unfeigned pleasure. We feel, however, that we cannot take the credit you so handsomely give us without qualification. The system by which our exertions are always guided is wholly and solely yours, and, as respects the elections, the details even were of your own suggestion. That we have carried them out to your satisfaction is most gratifying

to us all. For myself I cannot fully express my sense of obligation for the advantages I have derived from your guidance and advice in the performance of duties which were comparatively new to me. * * *

“ Ever faithfully yours,

“ W. H. WILLS.”

With regard to this same matter of the elections, Mr. Dilke wrote as follows to the proprietors :—“ My stipulations respecting non-interference (in the original agreement) were not made from a love of power; the little power I have arbitrarily exercised proves this; but for the interests of the proprietors. The past was then strong in the memory of all parties; the impossibility of pleasing many masters, and of reconciling contradictory opinions, at that time manifest enough; and my hope was that by establishing a dictatorial authority, order might be established,—a definite end sought-for and obtained, and above all that everyone connected with the establishment might be made to feel that his services were appreciated, and his errors, when errors occurred, calmly considered, not with reference to the exceptional error, but to general character and conduct. This hoped-for result has been obtained. In news, we are not surpassed, we are not equalled, by any paper in London. I say this without hesitation, because I have no more to do with it than by having awakened confidence and zeal, and made that a pride and a pleasure, which was always a duty. I will refer to the election in proof. Feeling doubtful of my future position, I thought it right for the interest of the proprietors, to test the system. I, therefore, left Mr. Wills and Mr. Dickens to work the machinery on this nervous occasion, advising with them when consulted, but controlling only so far as expense was concerned. The expense will be about one half of what was thought to be a minimum, yet our results were more perfect than those of any other paper, as was proved, I believe, to your

satisfaction by an elaborate and careful comparison. This anxious and laborious duty was got through without a single additional assistant."

The *Daily News* was looked upon as the "organ" of the Manchester School, and conflicts occurred between Mr. Dilke, who was an old Benthamite, and Messrs. Bright and Cobden, after the fresh lease of power, which a deed of 18th November, 1847, gave to Mr. Dilke, again as a conditional proprietor; managing, without salary. Mr. George Wilson came in as a proprietor to represent the Anti-corn-law League, which made the Lancashire influence on the board overwhelming. As was seen in the account given of Mr. Dilke's pamphlet of 1821, he had always held League views, but he was strongly opposed to conducting the *Daily News* as a sectional "organ." In January, 1849, Mr. Bright was driven distraught by a hostile criticism on a book by Mr. Baptist Noel, and Mr. Dilke was tempted to remark that Manchester "believed the three old kingdoms to be only a part and parcel of Lancashire, and that the one-eyed are the only people that can see." To Mr. Bright he wrote a letter which ended thus:—"If, as might be inferred from your letters, you have taken up the opinion put forth in the dissenting journals, that the *Daily News* was about to come forth as a dissenter's newspaper, it is a mistake. I believe, indeed, the most intelligent dissenters here would admit such a policy to be suicidal. I believe the proprietors would object. I should, and therefore, if we differ, you had better bring the question under consideration at the next meeting." In March, 1849, Mr. Bright and Mr. Dilke had a tussle over the House of Commons reporting, but in later years, and especially during the course of the Civil War in America, Mr. Dilke conceived the profoundest respect for his former antagonist. To show with what a task Mr. Dilke was charged, here is a letter from Mr. Paxton, another of the proprietors:—"The general paper is *excellent*. If we fail it will be entirely owing to the *radical* leading articles; they serve them up in

and out of season, without discretion. Mr. Dilke should take this matter in hand. We will support him."

Mr. Cobden used also to complain bitterly of the reporting, adding, however, on one occasion :—"If they had misprinted the *whole* of our speeches for weeks I don't think the country would have had much reason to complain." In general Mr. Cobden's letters were extremely friendly, and the following one must be considered an exception :—

"MANCHESTER, 14 Dec.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In the letter from your United States correspondent in yesterday's *Daily News* I observe not only that the writer predicts that the American tariff will be raised, but he makes you give currency to all the old rubbishy arguments in favour of protection. Now I doubt the accuracy of his predictions, for I don't expect the Agricultural States of the Far West, who have begun to taste the advantages of Free Trade with England in flour, pork, Indian corn, etc., will be willing to vote for dear clothing, and thus obstruct their trade for the benefit of a few New England manufacturers. But whether or no, I expect his arguments against free trade when inserted in your paper are afterwards reproduced in the monopolist press in the United States. The writer is trumpeting Mr. Abbott Lawrence as the future Secretary of the Treasury ; *he* is the great leader and paymaster of the protectionist party.

"Don't let your City article man appear to be a *bull* in the Railway Market. It suits me very well, for I have some shares that I should like to see at par again ; but the writer of your City article should have no animus.

"I return to town to-morrow. I fear the manifold splits among the Liberals in the West Riding, upon Fitz-William, Roebuck, and Education, have handed the representation for the present over to the Tories.

"Ever yours truly,

"R. COBDEN."

The next complaint is from one of Mr. Dilke's oldest and

dearest friends, Professor Lindley, the great botanist. It smells of Chartist days, and is dated 1848:—

“ Surely, my dear Dilke, your leader about Kennington Common in the *Daily News* of to-day is a mistake. I don’t mean that the attack on Government is in itself wrong, or the remarks individually objectionable, but the article will be regarded as a symptom of a bad tendency. For my part I have advised all the volunteers that will offer at Chiswick to be sworn in special constables, and I am to be in the garden to-day with my son and others for the same purpose. I do so because I think that such a demonstration as we are to be treated to on Monday can only be effectually stopped by respectable people enrolling themselves in mass; not to suppress the meeting, but to put down disorder and maintain the public peace. I do not know that you discourage special constables, but I cannot find that you say a word to encourage their embodiment.

“ But such a meeting as that of Monday is in these times highly dangerous, whatever such people as Feargus O’Connor may tell us. He, I daresay, is frightened at his own acts; but if a fight should begin, no one can say where it will stop.

“ You blame the *Times* for its article of yesterday. I thought it admirable; well-timed; such as I should have liked to see in the *Daily News*. I do not recollect that it actually recommended the meeting to be put down by force, but that the crowds should not be permitted to proceed to the House of Commons, because no one can answer for the consequences of crowding streets with unmanageable numbers. Suppose that a fight begins—that an irritable soldier or a nervous constable strikes the first blow; the pretence is given, and who can answer for the temper or nerve of thousands of troops, constables, special and ordinary, pensioners, and others, who must of necessity be gathered together to preserve peace.

“ Yours,

“ JOHN LINDLEY.”

There is, perhaps, some interest in the following reply from Mr. Dilke to Dr. Lardner, who was correspondent of the *Daily News* at Paris; dated 1st Sept. 1848:—"If I were editor as well as manager I would put forth a distinct justification of the late French government—daring men who took on themselves a responsibility from which others shrank, and who, of course, could only succeed in keeping an insane mob from slaughter by yielding, and temporising, and acquiescing in the wildest projects, and who did this until a government was strong enough to succeed and suppress. That they did a thousand illegal things is true, and *must* be true, seeing that no law remained for their guidance, or no force to enforce a law. I say this without any love for *ultra*-democrats. We differ, of course, but can afford to tolerate such differences. You are heated with the bath. I am a looker on."

In April 1849, at the end of his three years of management, Mr. Dilke retired from the *Daily News*, receiving the following letter from Mr. Wills "in the name of the staff:"—

"ATHOLL COTTAGE.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am sure there is not an individual connected with the *Daily News*—who knows its true interests—who will not look upon this day as the blackest in its calendar, for to-day, I am told, you finally retire from the management of the paper.

"I can safely take it upon myself to say for my more immediate colleagues that they, as I do, deeply deplore the unproductiveness to yourself of all the toil and anxiety which you have had. At the same time we feel most grateful to you—for we have been the gainers. Without your energy and consummate skill, the *Daily News* would have died a few months after its birth.

"Judging from expressions which I have heard since your intention to retire became known, I am certain that from the sub-editors down to the smallest boy, there is not one in the

office that has had direct communication with you, who does not look upon your loss as a personal misfortune. There has been such perfect reliance in the justice of even your censures, that I never yet heard a man say he was aggrieved by the severest of them, and when you found room for praise and gave it, the recipient felt he had something to be proud of. Thus I honestly believe that every individual strove his best to obtain your approbation, knowing that his endeavours would be appreciated.

* * * * *

“ To me your retirement is irreparable * * *

“ Ever faithfully yours,

“ W. H. WILLS.”

Shortly after Mr. Dilke's retirement, Dr. Lardner's engagement as Paris correspondent was put an end to by the proprietors, and he called in his friend Professor De Morgan to advise him, who did so, and wrote to Mr. Dilke :—“ If he has any idea of making a public matter of it, his rule of three and mine differ ; my ‘ answer ’ ‘ comes out ’ as follows :—

As trying to stir up public opinion against the management of a paper,	is to
--	-------

Appealing to the devil against his dam,	so is
---	-------

Anything you like to name,	to itself.
----------------------------	------------

Seriously, he can say nothing but that the new management is blind to its own interest, which it has a right to be if it pleases.”

So ends the episode of the three years' management of the *Daily News* by Mr. Dilke, which brought no friendship to an end, which even strengthened the old friendships with Mr. John Forster and with Mr. Charles Dickens, as well as with Mr. Wills, and which created a new friendship between Mr. Dilke and Sir Joshua Walmsley, which lasted through life. Mr. Dilke's friendship with Mr. John Forster had begun about

1838, and lasted till Mr. Dilke's death. The Dickenses and the Dilkes have been friends from the beginning of the century to the present day; Mr. Dilke's father and Mr. Charles Dickens's father were in the same office under Government.

Mr. Dilke now retired into private life, and began those literary researches which hid him from the world, to make him known to a small chosen circle, but which brought to himself many years of perfect scholarly happiness. The *Athenæum* was now well able to take care of itself. There were writing in it besides Chorley, T. K. Hervey, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Sir Harris Nicolas, Graham (Master of the Mint), Robertson, Lady Morgan, Professor Cooley, Professor Gray, the Howitts, Mr. Payne Collier, Professor Sedgwick, Mrs. Austen, John Chorley (the great Spanish scholar), Professor Wheatstone, Janin, Philarète-Chasles, Jerrold, St. John, Dr. William Smith, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Busk, Peter Cunningham, Professor Lindley, Bonomi, the Costellos, Professor Forbes, Dr. Lankester, Miss Martineau, Mr. Cole (at that time best known as Felix Summerley), Mr. Sheepshanks (of the Sheepshanks Collection fame), Miss Fanny Corbaux, Sir John Herschel, Professor De Morgan, Professor Gassiot, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Venables, Dr. Bowerbank, Heraud, Sir Alexander Gordon, Mrs. Jameson, Savage (of the *Examiner*), Sir M. Digby Wyatt, Mrs. Trollope, James Wild (the architect), Miss Kavanagh, Hemans, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Donaldson, Vernon (of the Vernon Gallery), Sir William Hamilton, Sydney Dobell, Bergenroth, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Bowring, John Bruce, Professor Conington, Bolton Corney, Dr. Davidson, Mr. Deutsch, Mr. Ford, Dr. Doran, Freiligrath, Mrs. Gaskell, Sir Charles Fellowes, Dr. Hooker, Professor Henslow, Professor Jukes, Hazlitt, Professor Faraday, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edwin Landseer, Dr. Daubeny, Sir Henry De la Beche, Mary Brotherton, and many others, of whom the above alone are named because

they were Mr. Dilke's friends and correspondents. In the last years of his life his chief, and intimate, associates, besides those who have been already named, were Mr. W. J. Thoms (afterwards editor of *Notes and Queries*, and now librarian of the House of Lords), Mr. Elwin, and Mr. Joseph Parkes.

In the autumn of 1850, Mr. Dilke suffered the great blow of the loss of his wife, with whom he had lived in the most complete happiness for more than forty years. He spent sixteen months in wandering through the remoter parts of Scotland, and along the north and west coast of Ireland, but corresponded incessantly with his daughter-in-law, to whom he was much attached, and who was at that time in a deep decline, of which she died in 1853. During a great part of the time he had with him his eldest grandson, then a boy of seven or eight. While Mr. Dilke was away, his house in Lower Grosvenor Place was sold, and his son built a library for his father at his own house. Here, with his son, and two grandsons, Mr. Dilke spent the remainder of his London life, having made over to his son at this time the greater portion of his property.

The letters which passed between Mr. Dilke and his daughter-in-law in 1851, though full of charm, are of too intimate a character to make their publication desirable. In 1852 his mind began to recover its balance, and "*Diogenes*" gradually suffered himself to be lured back to "*his tub*,"—as his library was called. Here is a postscript to one of his letters of that year :—"As an amusing proof of what a cheerful fellow I am, I considered after concluding the above paragraph, of what I could say to you that would be *pleasant*, and the first thought that came into my mind was to send you an epitaph! one which I picked up in a churchyard at Athlone. It is idle, Mary, dear, to try and make myself other than I am; it is the silk purse and the sow's ear; it is washing the blackamoor white; it is anything that is hopeless and impossible; so you shall have the epitaph if I'm hanged for it:—
' Sacred to the memory of Mary Quinn, *alias* McManus, who

* * * This tomb was erected by her loving husband as an act of *filial* love.' " Here is a bit from one of his letters to his grandson :—" My dear dear Charleyboy,—though we are widely separated just now, yet the same sun shines on us both, and the same stars light us to bed, so that morning and evening I am reminded of you, and in the daytime you are not forgotten."

Mr. Dilke's series of articles on "Junius," to which a longer reference will presently be made, had been begun in 1848, and from the following passages it is clear that his collection of works on the subject was already formed. Mrs. Wentworth Dilke writes to him :—" There are all your old 'Junius's' looking so smart you will not know them." "Bound," said Mr. Francis, 'according to your instructions—no two alike.' What a dandy you are without knowing it! a real dandy at heart!" He answers :—" So you've found out that I'm an unconscious dandy! Half truth; half error! I *am* a dandy, but quite conscious of it. Old people have infirmities which they cannot help and cannot hide. They should, therefore, be careful not to let the indolent habit of age make them indifferent even to trifles. You have, however, drawn right conclusions from wrong premises. My *Junius* volumes are bound 'no two alike' that I may know each one at a glance. But I admit that I have a sort of social life in my books. They stand to me in degrees of relationship. I feel to some of them as towards old friends. I know when and where I first made their acquaintance; I have a heartful of association with some of them. It was not always, dear Mary, as it is now, when books are bought and turned out again by the dozen with a yes, or no, pronounced with equal indifference. They were once weighed against gold; against a thousand temptations which gold represented, and bought only when solid worth turned the scale in their favour. Many and many a day have I tramped the same streets to get a glimpse of the same treasure, turned and returned, and at last, with desperate resolu-

tion, carried it off in triumph, but perhaps not without a little upbraiding. You cannot wonder that I look on some of these old fellows as old friends."

His son consulted him a good deal as to the Great Exhibition of 1851, in which he played a well-known part. When the permanency of a building for exhibitions was proposed, Mr. Dilke wrote a series of letters which discussed the whole question of annual international exhibitions and of an art museum, with arguments which would in these days be familiar; but which, at the time, were remarkable for their novelty. He summed-up against the first and for the second. Soon after we find him writing to his daily correspondent, Mrs. Wentworth Dilke, with regard to the bringing up of children: "On the subject of a little paragraph in your letter I could write a good deal. The subject is to me one of the deepest interest and ever has been. . . . Children live wholly in the present. The past is with them clean gone, and the future unknown and undreamt of. You may easily make them actors, and it is thought a fine thing when they are actors. You may even make them artful, cunning, hypocritical, but you cannot alter their nature. They are still children. You may make them miserable for a moment by bringing the past or the future before them *as if it were the present*, but leave nature play for an hour and they are living only in the present again. You cannot trifle with this part of child-nature without fearful mischief to the moral future. Correction, too, of those faults which are common to all children must be left to time and their own sense. They are not corrected at all by external force. The fault remains, with hypocrisy superadded,—cunning to conceal. The only true correction is self-correction, and this must be consequent on increased knowledge and enlarged sympathy and feeling. It is well to direct a child's attention to a bad habit and to help him to correct it; but only to one error or habit at a time. To attack all is to keep up a worry, in which all the authority derived from affection

is lost. Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober sensible old cat, who sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there, in a fever of excitement, to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of their very affection, all watch and worry."

The old Radical continues his long journeys, showing himself in all his letters to be, like all old Radicals, a violent Tory in everything but pure politics. He hates railroads—loathes manufacturers: "If I had not seen *Manchester*, I should have thought *Leeds* the vilest spot on earth." "Never talk to me against Bristol. It has a human heart in it;" this, with Mr. Dilke, means several old book-shops. He gradually comes nearer and nearer to his new home. At last he writes from Chichester to his daughter-in-law a letter which is not without its interest in showing character. Mr. Dilke, proud of the connection of his family with the Puritan Wentworths and with the Lord President Bradshaw, had been making out the descent of Mrs. Wentworth Dilke from the "regicide" Cawley. Her family being all staunch Conservatives were shocked and horrified. He writes: "Cawley was an estated gentleman in Sussex, early left an orphan. He was a man both of mind and of manners—gentle, thoughtful, dreamful, benevolent, and like most such men, had a touch of melancholy in his disposition. When he came of age he made, after the fashion of the day, a rejoicing, but a rejoicing *not* after the fashion. His was a revival of the early Christian love feasts, to which the poor were the *invited guests*. On this occasion he laid the foundation of a 'Domus Dei,' or 'Maison Dieu,' a retreat for old worn-out folk, which he endowed with broad and fertile lands cut off from his patrimonial estate. Benevolence was his guiding star through life. It led him, whether right or wrong, to endeavour to advance the interests of the weak against the strong; of the

many against the few. The question came to bloody issue, and though he and his friends failed so far as the hour was concerned, we are indebted to them for many of the liberties we enjoy, and for much of the intellectual and moral greatness of the nation. To the sufferings of those men, I believe, we owe the peace with which we have been blest at home during the revolutions which have deluged Europe with blood. All honour to their memory. Into the thick of battle your ancestor hurried, contrary to all the tendencies of his gentle nature, and without a thought of selfish ends; and when the cause was lost, retiring to Holland, he expressed no selfish regrets, but made it his only request, that his body might be conveyed to England and allowed to rest in the house which he had built to the glory of God. Now, Mary dear, is that an ancestor to be ashamed of? A century and a half after his death the worldlings of Chichester got an Act of Parliament to enable them to convert the revenues of his hospital to their own uses and God's house into a workhouse. On it, however, there has been written, spiritually at least, one glorious name and beneath it 'circumspice,' though it may not be visible to parish officers. If you like, I suppose you can convert the Roundhead into a Cavalier, and serve his history up to Charley as an example of the deeds and sufferings of a Loyalist. Only a change of name."

In 1853, the care of his grandsons during his son's absence in America, as Royal Commissioner to the New York Exhibition, and afterwards during their mother's dying-illness, after her husband's sudden return by her physician's advice, took up all Mr. Dilke's time with family affairs. In 1854, he again began to write largely upon the history and literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There is not much of interest in his correspondence of this time, except in that with Mr. Thoms, which, however, deals too much with the details of literary research to make it of a nature to publish. In this year, Mr. Panizzi writes to him of one of the best known

literary men of England: "Fancy Mr. C. wanting to have permanently a private room in the Museum for himself." Chorley writes: "So far as music is concerned, we are living in a time without great men, but with a public more and more numerous, more and more cultivated, and more and more anxious day by day to come to a close knowledge of past greatness. It seems to me that what would have been *caviar* twenty years ago is now generally liked." Here is a Greenwich dinner with Chorley: "A gleam of sunshine on Monday set the Bedlamites raving about, 'Summer is come again.' Chorley being under the delusion, persuaded me to start with him 'up or down; somewhere, anywhere,' by the steam-boat. We found ourselves in Greenwich Park. Chorley was in raptures at the 'Watteaus,' which, by the way, had just arrived in three vans from Spitalfields. Following out old tradition, Chorley sat on the gravel and called it 'luxuriating on the grass.' When choked with dust, we walked through a Mohammadan Paradise, where houris in tight boots invite to superhuman luxuries at '9d. a-head,' to the mud banks of the river where we had a 'fish dinner,' and where there never was a dish of fish put on table that was fit to eat. Then to town in a boat full of *other* lunatics, who sang, 'Row, brothers, row,' to help the paddle-wheels to keep time, and sloppy in this 'sweet summer weather,' were happy to reach home in cabs or omnibuses. It's a mad world, and I wish somebody would bite me."

In 1854, Mr. Dilke was hard at work upon the Caryll papers which he had lately purchased, and which are now in the British Museum. Mr. Dilke writes thus to his grandson: "My doings, indeed! gropings among old fusty MSS. cannot, I suppose, be considered very *successful*, because there has been but little *result*; but to me there is pleasure in the search itself, just as a sportsman loves the hunt for the hunt's sake, for he must have a strange taste if he *eat* his fox when he has killed it. It is like fishing and catching nothing, which

is a pleasure in which I have known my grandson join very heartily. However, my hunting led me over a pleasant country. I gave you an account in my last of my visit to Ladyholt. On another occasion I went to Harting to see the grand monument of the Carylls. Well, these Carylls were so great in their day—strutted so bravely in their hour—that their dust was not to mingle with the dust of the commonalty; so they built a chapel or chantry, and there they were to lie alone in their state and dignity. Now, as I told you in my last, the very name of the Carylls is forgotten where they lived, and while the church of the commonalty is in excellent repair, the chantry of the Carylls has been turned into a carpenter's workshop. Their alabaster monuments serve as props for deal boards, and all the heralds' blazonry is hid by cobwebs and shavings." Mr. Croker, Mr. Peter Cunningham and Mr. Kerslake, the old bookseller of Bristol, made a fierce onslaught on Mr. Dilke to induce him to state the circumstances under which the Caryll papers came into his possession; but as the papers have now been presented to the nation and can be inspected by all scholars interested in them, it is only necessary to say that the circumstances are known to the family and witnessed by documents in their possession; that they involve the honour of no person concerned in the sale, and that the sale was by the seller made conditional upon the approval of the highest officer having authority over him being obtained, which authority was obtained as required.

Mr. Dilke's contributions at this period to *Notes and Queries* were very large indeed; and as he did not care to be known when dealing with these smaller matters, he had, as he said, "as many aliases as an Old Bailey prisoner;" but those who are interested in questions of literary research in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may trace his contributions thus: he nearly always used the initials of the first three words of the heading of his contributions. Suppose, for instance, it was "The Carylls of Ladyholt," it would be signed "T. C. O." Mr.

Dilke's secretary, whose initials were "W. M. T.," often wrote for him, but sometimes for himself.

It will be noticed that among the miscellaneous subjects in the list of Mr. Dilke's principal later writings, the management of the Literary Fund largely figures. Mr. Dilke, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. John Forster were the three signers of the pamphlet called "The Case of the Reformers of the Literary Fund," which produced a fierce war of words for several years, but which itself was the result of a war which had been already raging for a long time in the heart of this old corporation. Between 1852 and 1859 a very considerable correspondence took place between Mr. Dilke and his old friends, Mr. Forster and Mr. Dickens, upon this subject, and between the two first of those gentlemen and Lord Lytton. The general result may be said to have been that the reformers were beaten, though they certainly were not convinced, and though they won several important victories. Mr. Dickens was very keen in the fight: he speaks of himself as 'come back to town whooping for committee scalps':—he never names the Literary Fund but as the "Bloomsbury Humbug."

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

"MY DEAR DILKE,

"Sixteenth March, 1855.

"You see the *Times* is striking for us this morning; we must hold to the Obstructives now.

"Will you send me some facts concerning the founder, and his original intentions. I think after all I had better come out in *Household Words*, with an amiable dash at the enemy, and that I cannot do better than take that position, which is plainly the one we must maintain in the committee.

"When I went to the Fund yesterday to see Blewitt about calling our committee together, 'O,' said he, 'I'm very glad to see you, because here's a curious point has arisen, and I want your opinion on it very much. Supposing three or four partners in a firm, and the firm to have given ten guineas, one of the partners has not a right to vote has he?' 'Oh, dear me!'

said I, with the gentlest suavity, 'that seems to me to be perfectly clear. If you doubted whether that partner represented the firm in voting, you would write to the firm to ask the question, and on their replying 'yes,' there would be an end of it.' 'You feel quite certain about that?' said he. 'Perfectly,' said I.

" 'Well then,' said Blewitt, 'here's another curious thing. We think there were people here yesterday holding up their hands who were not members. Did you see P—— here?' 'No,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'Sir Henry Ellis says *he* saw him, and he is not a member. I myself saw a gentleman, with his back to the door, who, when I offered him a balloting paper, told me he was not a member.' 'Aye—aye!' says I, with the utmost gravity, 'on which side do you suppose these people voted?' 'Oh! I say nothing about that,' replied Blewitt, colouring, 'we have all an equal interest in keeping them out, that's all I mean.' 'But,' said I, 'whose business is it to see that none but members are in the room on such an occasion?' Hereupon he coloured again, and said, 'Why, if I had proposed to challenge them, Mr. Dilke might have charged me with some sinister object.' 'But how about ascertaining all that before they got into the room at all?' said I. He then made a proposal on this to which I assented, and we parted with infinite affection.

" Believe me, my dear Dilke,

" Yours truly,

" CHARLES DICKENS."

The articles by Mr. Dilke, which are reprinted in this work, are not chosen as his best, though some of his best written articles are contained among them. The guide as to what to reprint and what to leave aside has been sought in asking the question, not—"Which are the best?" but—"Which are most *asked for* and used?" These are, without doubt, the articles on Junius and connected subjects; on Wilkes, on Burke, and the Grenville papers; those on Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Swift. There is little to say as to most of them, except as regards Wilkes, to note the appearance of the interesting work of Mr. Rae. The only Junius

controversy that has occurred since the death of Mr. Dilke was that provoked by the book of Mr. Twisleton on the "proofs" from handwriting. This was dealt with by a review which appeared in the *Athenæum* in 1870. In respect to Pope, Mr. Elwin has published several volumes of his great edition, in which he does ample justice to the memory of his friend and fellow-worker. But it has not been thought necessary either to refrain from printing the earlier Pope articles of Mr. Dilke, or to add notes to them, merely because Mr. Elwin has had access to them, and has gone over the same ground; because the wish to see them and possess them still exists, and because it is to be hoped that the scholars who may place them in their libraries will place Mr. Elwin's volumes by their side. The notes which appear with Mr. Dilke's articles are his own. It was his custom to keep his articles in books, and to annotate them from time to time as fresh matter appeared. It has also been necessary in the case of his communications to *Notes and Queries* to print some few of the communications from other pens which called them forth. In addition to his articles, Mr. Dilke left an immense number of notes on Junius, which were the records of the extremely careful inquiries which preceded the writing of his articles. Here is a specimen of them:—"Junius probably obscure man. New to writing for the press. Knows obscure press writers and their private habits. Knows and repeatedly uses printers' terms of art. Uses contractions largely. For example, in Private Letter No. 33, does not refer to Vindex as printed, but to V—x. In 56, not to Domitian, but to Dom. He instructs the printer (No. 35) to announce "Junius to the D. of G.," and (No. 49) to advertise "Js. to L. C. J. M.," meaning "Junius to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield." He writes of Lord C., the D. of G., the D. of B. He writes like a printer's devil of "the philos"—meaning the letters of Philos-Junius; West. for Westminster; D. G. for David Garrick; Mr. W. for Wilkes." In Mr. Dilke's private correspondence

with regard to Junius is a curious letter, dated 1833, from Mr. Taylor, asking "whether a short series of articles entitled 'Junius *further* identified,' by the author of 'Junius identified,' would be acceptable, provided Mr. Dilke was satisfied at the conclusion of the series that the authorship had been completely revealed!" One of the letters to Mr. Dilke, from Mr. W. J. Smith, editor of "The Grenville Papers," contains this paragraph:—"I have long thought that Junius had at least a finger in 'No. 45,' as well as in some other papers of the *North Briton*. When Mr. W. J. Smith sent Mr. Dilke proofs of his introductory parts, in which he thought he had established that Junius was Lord Temple, he very fairly added, "Alas! for the one thing needful, the one *proof*! I have none. Not a shadow of a *proof*. If I have been led into any too confident expressions, I shall regret them. I have only endeavoured to do what my predecessors have done,—*make out a case*."

The latest notoriety of Mr. Dilke's Junius articles was the reading of one of them to the jury in the Tichborne case, on the subject of handwriting.

The correspondence of Mr. Dilke with Mr. Murray and Mr. Elwin, with regard to the famous "Croker-Cunningham" edition of Pope, extended over 1858, 1859, and 1860. Mr. Dilke was requested by Mr. Murray to act as joint editor with Mr. Elwin, but declined, although he prepared a considerable portion of the letters for Mr. Elwin, and was very largely consulted by the latter. Mr. Dilke also carried on a very considerable correspondence with his friend Mr. Thoms with regard to Pope, in which the friends compared notes as to their purchases and editions:—"Who bought Dunciads lately in Red Lion Court, and in King Street, Holborn; and on Saturday last, near the Elephant and Castle, Dilke *aut* Diabolus?" "Are you going to bid for the following lots?"—"I know where Pope's skull is,"—and so on in a tone of banter,—the records of many happy years of scholarly companionship.

Mr. Carruthers, the editor of *Pope*, was a modest man, and wrote modestly about his labours:—"It was very incautious in me venturing to edit *Pope* at such a distance from the public libraries, and without sufficient time for research." He said, too, nearly the same thing in public. In another letter Mr. Carruthers accepts the whole of Mr. Dilke's views, as, in many, does Mr. Elwin. The only *Pope* critics who carried on the fight were Mr. Kerslake, the bookseller, who is dealt with in one of the articles of Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Peter Cunningham, as to whom a most amusing incident occurred. Mr. Cunningham published, as new, "a highly characteristic and interesting letter" to "gladden the hearts of all future editors of *Pope*." Mr. W. M. Thomas wrote to pronounce it a forgery. Mr. Peter Cunningham then broke out:—"A literary journal, long conspicuous for its captious, sneering, self-complacent dogmatism, has thought proper——"—"brands the document as a forgery"—and so forth! Mr. Dilke then wrote, and showed by dates that it *must* be a forgery. After which a correspondent wrote and showed that it had already been printed ninety years before, upon which another correspondent discovered that not only was this true, but that the forgery itself had already been pointed out in 1764!"

Coming to the last two or three years of the life of Mr. Dilke we find in 1860 a characteristic note from Professor De Morgan: "Is Shakespear driving all the people mad who meddle with him? If he said, 'Curst be he who moves my bones,' what would he have said to these meddlers with his *text*? Has not the epitaph an interior meaning, and is not the text the real carcase referred to? Has nobody ever hit on this bright idea before?" Here is another from De Morgan on "Concert Pitch"—

"Down with it by fair means or foul,
Or, sure as Greek is Greek,
The note which Handel played a growl
Our sons will play—a squeak.

"LONGFELLOW."

In 1861 and 1862 Mr. Dilke was much consulted by his son (as he had been in 1851), with regard to Exhibition matters, Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke being one of the five (or virtually four) Commissioners. Here is one of Mr. Dilke's many notes :—" I see that the Commissioners have instructed Mr. Maclise to prepare a design for a prize medal. It is, therefore, too late to offer advice on this matter, but not too late to prepare you for well-founded remonstrances. Surely we have professed medallists who ought to have been called on to prepare the design as well as to execute the work. But if you were compelled to ask for a design from others, why from a painter? and why, of all painters, from Maclise? The painter and the medallist compose on antagonistic principles. There is a nearer approach to the same principles between the medallist and the sculptor. It is strange, but you yourselves have an idea of this, for among those called on to assist in Class 39—'Die-sinking and Intaglios'—I find Foley and Westmacott, but not Maclise, and not *any* painter. The Commissioners are thus self-condemned."

In December, 1861, Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke accepted a baronetcy, against his father's advice. In the autumn of 1862, Mr. Dilke's eldest grandson went to his father's old college, and Mr. Dilke himself began to live exclusively at a shooting place in Hampshire, rented by his son from the Woods and Forests, in a county with which he had been long connected, and which he greatly loved. His frequent letters to his son are now all on gardening, an old passion of his, to which he had returned. His *daily* letters to his grandson at Cambridge are concerned only with the studies and amusements of the latter. His joys are successful boat-races, and his curses—the rabbits, which even treble wires will not keep out. The father passionately fond of gardening, and the son passionately fond of sport, were likely indeed to differ on this point. "I am much concerned about the mangold——" "22nd Dec.!!!

ALICE HOLT. Important! From our own correspondent. The

Peas have made their appearance! These portentous births do not pass without signs and wonders. There was a rain-storm which threatened the loss of half a day to the men, but it cleared off."

"ALICE HOLT,

"13th May.

"DEAR WENTWORTH,

"You heard I believe by telegram of *our* great triumph. T. H. is head of the river, with a good prospect of maintaining itself there. They overlapped 'Third' on the first night, and would have made their bump but that they tried too soon. The two nights make him hopeful. He's in training till Thursday."

On the 6th of August, 1864, Mr. Dilke wrote his last letter to his grandson, who was "staying-up" at Cambridge for the Long Vacation. He was then fairly well, but on the 8th his grandson received a telegram, telling him to come to Alice Holt, which he reached early in the morning of the 9th. Mr. Dilke was then dying, and after speaking with much difficulty a very few never-to-be-forgotten words, he desired that the "Caryll Papers" and the "Seaforth-Mackenzie Papers" should be given to the Nation, and that the Museum authorities should be allowed to select such as they chose from among his Junius books, if it was not the intention of his grandson to work upon this question. All these things have since been done, and of his MS. notes such dispositions have been made as would have been agreeable to him had he known of them. On the 10th he died, and on the 16th he was buried in the family vault at Kensal Green, between his wife and his daughter-in-law. His son has since been buried by his side.

The fullest justice was done to his literary career in the paragraphs and articles of the newspapers mentioning his death. The weekly and monthly journals contained more elaborate biographies; for instance, those in the *Publisher's Circular*, in the *Bookseller* for August 31st, and in the *Journal*

of the *Society of Arts* for September 23rd. *Notes and Queries* spoke as follows:—"We have sustained a great loss, for, among the many able writers who have from time to time contributed to our pages, no one has enriched them with so many valuable papers illustrative of English history and literature as he whose death it is now our painful duty to record. Mr. Dilke was one of the truest hearted men and kindest friends it has ever been our good fortune to know. The distinguishing feature of his character was his singular love of truth, and his sense of its value and importance, even in the minutest points and questions of literary history. What the independence of English literary journalism owes to his spirited exertions, clear judgment, and unflinching honesty of purpose, will, we trust, be told hereafter by an abler pen than that which now announces his deeply lamented death." In 1865 Mr. Thoms wrote in *Notes and Queries* thus, on October 28th:—"None but those who know how thoroughly our lamented friend exhausted every inquiry he took up, can form an idea of the perseverance and ingenuity with which he pursued such researches. He had no pet theory to maintain. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was the end and object of all his inquiries, and in the search after this he was indefatigable." On the 30th September, 1865, Mr. John Bruce, the antiquary, wrote also in *Notes and Queries*, of "Junius'" investigations:—"Not only has the grave closed over Mr. Parkes . . . but, also, over that greater than Mr. Parkes, whose acquaintance with the whole 'Junius' controversy, as with many others of the mysteries of our literature, I never expect to see equalled—I allude to Mr. Dilke. With the calmness which marked his outpourings of knowledge, indefatigably gathered up, by constant inquiry in all directions, he would have set us right in a few minutes as to the true bearings of Mr. Hart's new documents." Mr. Elwin speaks in similar terms in the introduction to his *Pope*, and Mr. Murray of his "great respect for his critical judgment and

his inflexible truth ;" while the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* in their articles on Mr. Elwin's *Pope*, have done similar justice to the work of Mr. Dilke.

These papers have been put together by one who quotes the words of others only because he can find none of his own that would be fitting to record all he owes to the subject of this Memoir.

MR. DILKE'S WRITINGS.

Mr. Dilke's chief contributions in later times to *Notes and Queries* were, as regards Pope and connected subjects, on "Pope and the Pirates," on Pope and Bathurst, on the Carylls, these being in the first series. To the second series, on "Pope's Imitations," on "Additions to Pope," on "Molly Mog," on "Jacobite Honours," on Swift, on Dryden, on editions of the *Dunciad*, on *Bowles v. Roscoe*, on Steele and Swift, on Pope's letters, on Swift and the Scriblerians, on Dr. Andrew Tripe, on the Rape of the Lock, on Sir R. Steele, some of these last running into the third series. Also in the second series, on "Pope at Twickenham," on *Belinda*, and on the Essay on Man; and in the third series, on "The Impertinent."

In the *Athenæum* the first great Pope articles appeared in 1854, on the 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th of July, and on Sept. 9. In 1855, Jan. 13, Jan. 20, and April 14 contain Pope bits by Mr. Dilke, and p. 1420 of this *Athenæum* volume should also be consulted; also *Notes and Queries* of Oct. 13 of the same year, and of 28th June of 1856, and the *Athenæum* of the same date and of Nov. 15, 1856, and *Notes and Queries* of Nov. 1, on the Pope and Blount letters.

In 1857 Pope articles appeared on Jan. 17, May 30, July 18, Sept. 26, Oct. 3, Nov. 21; also "Popiana" (signed D.) in *Notes and Queries* of Nov. 21.

In 1858, in the *Athenæum* of May 8, 15, and 22, on Pope,

and on Swift on July 3 and Sept. 4 (signed V.); in 1859, on Feb. 19; in 1860, on Aug. 4, Sept. 1, 8, and 15, and also on July 28; in 1863, on Oct. 10; and I should add that the writer attacked by Mr. Dilke on this occasion admitted afterwards that he had been wholly wrong.

As regards "Junius":—

In the *Athenæum*, on 22nd July and 29th July, 1848; on 7th July, 1849; on Feb. 2, Feb. 9, Aug. 17, Sept. 7, 14, 21, and 28, and Oct. 12, 1850; on March 22nd, 5th April, 10th May, 17th May, and 24th (these last being on "The Correspondence of Horace Walpole and the Rev. W. Mason"), also July 12 and Nov. 22, 1851.

In 1852, the last two columns of an article of 21st Feb. on Grenville, and also Jan. 17.

In 1853, on Feb. 19, June 11, June 18, and Sept. 17, and in *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 3 and 10.

In 1856, on March 8.

In 1858, on Jan. 9 and July 17 (but see in vol. ii. pp. 78, 234, 268).

In 1859, on July 2.

In 1860, on Feb. 25 and March 17 (but see vol. i. pp. 265, 306, 341, 366, 375, 409).

See also of Mr. Dilke's "Junius" articles in *Notes and Queries*, S. G. on George Stevens, G. D. on David Garrick, C. S. on Collins, P. T. A. on Park, and J. P. on Junius; also, first series, xii. 193; also four articles in the same volume signed L. J.; also M. J. on "Maclean not Junius," "M. M." on Mr. Macaulay and Sir Philip Francis, C. M. L. on Colonel Lee; also 1st s. viii. 8, signed P. A. O.; 1st s. x. 465, S. L.; 1st s. x. 523, N. E. P.; 1st s. xi. 187. Also 2nd s. i. 37, "V. B." on "Vellum-bound Junius;" 2nd s. i. 185, "W. W. J." on "Who was Junius?" 2nd s. ii. 212, W. D. W.; 2nd s. v. 121, 141, 161, and 2nd s. vi. 16, all signed "D. E."

As regards Wilkes:—

In the *Athenæum*, on 3rd Jan. 1852, and following weeks,

and 17th Sept. 1853; in *Notes and Queries*, on 4th July, 1857, with continuations. He had, however, already defended Wilkes at an earlier date, namely, in an article on Hunt's "Fourth Estate," on 20th April, 1850; also 10th Jan. 1852, in the *Athenæum*. Those of 3rd and 10th Jan. 1852, were articles on the history of Lord Mahon, now Earl Stanhope; also Sept. 17, 1853; also in 1857, *Notes and Queries*, a correspondence beginning July 4, and in 1860, on 21st Jan.

As regards Burke:—

Incidentally, in 1851, on Jan. 11 and 18; in 1852, *Notes and Queries*, 28th Feb.

In 1853, on Dec. 3, 10, and 17.

In 1855, on Feb. 17.

In 1858, on Feb. 20.

In 1859, on July 2.

In 1862, on Aug. 2nd, and in *Notes and Queries* of about the same date, in several notes and replies.

On other subjects:—

In 1849 and 1850, on Lingard's History; 22nd June, 1850, on "A Universal Catalogue"—an idea of a catalogue of *all* books known to have been printed, to which he attached great importance, and which he developed with much skill. On the Management of the Literary Fund, on Sept. 8 and 15, 1849, in which he began the series of articles which were destined to extend over more than ten years. In 1850, again on the Literary Fund on the 16th March and the 11th May; also in this year, on the British Museum, on the 26th of January. In 1851 Mr. Dilke reviewed (Jan. 11 and Jan. 18) Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences" in an article in the course of which he made charges against Burke. On the 29th March of this year he reviewed a book called "Personal History of Charles II., from his landing in Scotland in 1650 to his escape from England in 1651." The escapes of Charles II. were a subject on which Mr. Dilke had much knowledge, and considering his opinions as to the Common-

wealth period of English history, it is somewhat curious that the famous Mrs. Jane Lane figured in his own pedigree. The above are all in the *Athenæum*. In *Notes and Queries*, he wrote on "Hugh Speke and the Forged Declaration of the Prince of Orange," a series of notes in which he defended one of the leaders in Monmouth's rebellion against Lord Macaulay, who had called him an "adventurer," and showed that he was, on the contrary, a "venturer," a man of position, who had risked and lost all. He defended this ex-cavalier with the same zeal and success which he showed in the defence of John Wilkes; indeed, the defence of reputations was one of Mr. Dilke's favourite literary amusements. In the *Athenæum* in 1851, especially in April, there were a good many paragraphs of his on Archæology, a subject on which he was most learned, for a man who had not made it an exclusive study. How good a local Hampshire and Sussex archæologist he was, he showed by many communications to the *Athenæum*, especially in 1853. In 1852, Jan. 17, 24, Feb. 14, 21, four articles on Grenville and Rockingham, full of minute knowledge of the politics and men of the last century. Another reputation which Mr. Dilke defended was that of "Peter Pindar," in several paragraphs of this same year. In 1853 several communications relating to the Grenville papers; and April 2 and 9, articles on the Literary Fund.

In 1854 Mr. Dilke wrote a series of articles against patching up the British Museum, and in favour of dividing the collection by subjects.

In 1855, on 23rd June, on the Literary Fund. On April 21st we find Mr. Dilke again at work whitewashing reputations, and, further on, throwing doubt on "autographs" after his wont. On Oct. 6, 13, and 27, a series of articles on George III.

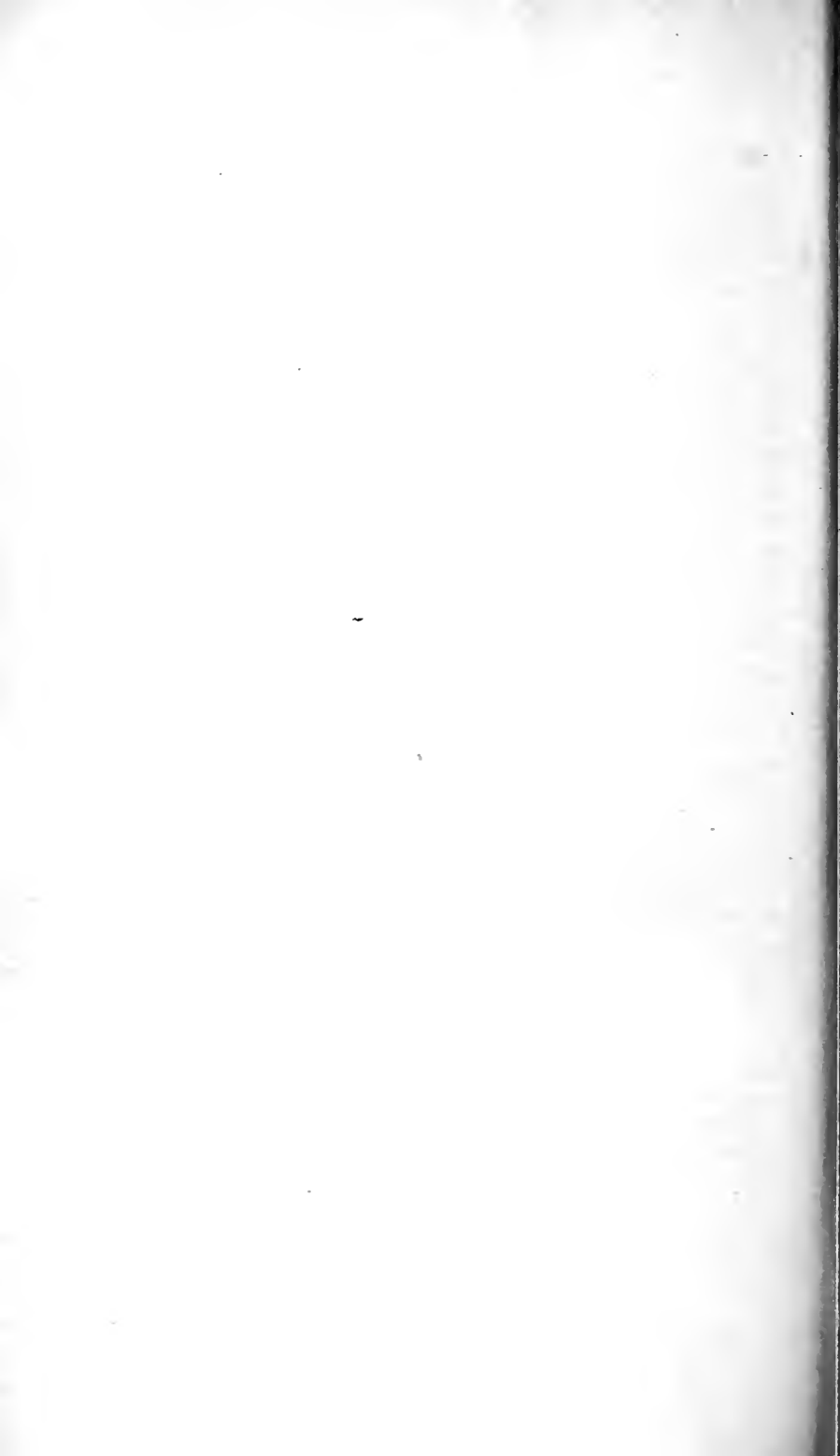
In 1856, on Feb. 16, he is again, in the *Athenæum*, defending a reputation from attack. On 8th March, and again in October, he was writing in the *Athenæum* on Shakespeare; also articles

on May 17th and June 21st. In 1857, the year in which the chief Pope articles appeared, Mr. Dilke communicated to the *Athenæum* articles on Hearne and on Cunningham's Walpole, which showed his profound knowledge of the politics and literature of the last century. Also an article on Petersfield, which showed again his antiquarian knowledge of the south of England. The 7th of March was the date of his article on the Literary Fund, which now became a sort of annual ceremony.

In 1858 a series of Literary Fund articles from his pen appeared on Jan. 23, March 6, March 20, and May 1, which summed up the whole question of the reform of that body. He also wrote in this same year several articles on the literary characters of the last two centuries.

In 1859 he wrote in the *Athenæum* on "Treasure Trove," and on 31st Dec. about "1715;" in 1860, on the Soane Museum, on Smollett, on the Duchess of Marlborough (July 28), and on the Literary Fund on 3rd March. Also in *Notes and Queries*, on 24th Nov., on "The Beggar's Petition" (signed T. B. P.).

In 1861 (his last important contributions to the *Athenæum*), on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on April 6 and 13, and Oct. 5; also on the Literary Fund on Dec. 28. In 1862, on Feb. 15, an obituary notice of one of his oldest friends, Miss Woodfall, daughter of the publisher of "Junius." Also in *Notes and Queries* on 22nd Nov. 1862, about Bolingbroke, besides many other contributions on Centenarianism, on the Commonwealth period, &c.



PAPERS OF A CRITIC.

POPE'S WRITINGS.

From the *Athenæum*, July 8, 1854.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE.

DR. JOHNSON, more than once, wrote an Introduction to a work which he had not read—had not seen,—and his apology was, we think, satisfactory :—"I know what the book *ought* to contain." If it fell short of the promise, that was the fault of the writer of the book, not of the writer of the Introduction. A like apology serves, we suppose, to quiet the consciences of those who write advertisements,—they know, none better, what books *ought* to contain. May not the principle be extended? May not the critic review a book before it is published? His office assumes a knowledge of what a book *ought* to contain. Why should he wait the issue—wait, as he too frequently does, the disappointment of publication? If the principle were once admitted, what a delightful dream-world we should live in! The advertisement and the review, how pleasantly they would harmonize! What a change!—everybody in good humour—writers, booksellers, critics!—The idea dawns on us like a summer day. Pleased with our own fancy, we will put it to the test—for once, at least; and here is a model advertisement, on which to try "a 'prentice hand."—

THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE.

Containing nearly 150 Unpublished Letters.

Edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

Assisted by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

6 vols. 8vo.

* * * This edition will be collated, for the first time, with all the editions which appeared in the Poet's lifetime, including those of Warburton, Warton, and

Roscoe, and the allusions throughout will be explained with greater fulness and accuracy than has yet been attempted. The Letters will include Pope's hitherto unpublished Correspondence with Edward Earl of Oxford, and with Broome, his assistant in the translation of the *Odyssey*; while the Life will contain many new facts of importance, and correct many errors of previous biographers.

Here is a literary treasure-trove! One hundred and fifty of Pope's unpublished Letters, and a Life with many new facts, and many old errors corrected! We linger lovingly over the golden promise. We "take the ghost's word,"—not because we have any absolute faith in ghosts, or in advertisements, but "one hundred and fifty unpublished letters" is a simple fact about which there can be no mistake; and it is impossible for any one to look carefully into any of the many Lives of Pope, from Ayre and Ruffhead and Johnson down to Carruthers, without a conviction that there are new facts which ought to be added, and still more errors which ought to be corrected.

Pope is once again in the ascendant. For a moment a thin filmy shadow passed over his name and fame; but time has restored "all its original brightness," and Pope now stands, where he ever will stand, amongst the foremost men in the annals of his country's literature. We do not intend on this occasion to be minute and critical. So far as Pope's works are concerned, there has been enough of criticism. The announcement that the new edition is to be collated "with all the editions which appeared in the Poet's lifetime, including those of Warburton, Warton, and Roscoe," has no great charm for us. We have no doubt as to the value of collation—no doubt that to a few students and scholars it is pleasant and instructive to trace the germinating bud to its full and perfect development in the flower. Such persons, however, will pursue their studies after their own fashion,—and in a case like this, of modern authorship, a few shillings or a few pounds will bring all editions to their fireside, and the pleasure of minute discovery may occupy a life; for there is scarcely a poem of Pope's that was not subjected to change—scarcely a letter published by Pope that was not positively disguised by alteration. But the one hundred and fifty unpublished letters,—the

many new facts in the life of the Poet,—and the correction of the many errors—this is assuredly most welcome news.

Facts in the life of a great man, especially of a great poet, are the life itself,—his mind, manners, morals grow out of them; and the great and the humble, the wise and the unwise, are all more subject to such external influences than the pride of man is willing to allow. In Pope's case they are of unusual importance, for the antecedents and the surrounding circumstances of his early life were exceptional. What Pope said of literary judgments is equally true of moral judgments:—You who—

—the right course would steer,
Know well each proper character,
* * * *
Religion, country, genius of his age,—
Without *all these* at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Yet, in defiance of Pope's own rule, we have only to turn to a century of Pope's biographers, to find proof that what ought to have been developed has been obscured or passed over; and that what has been preserved in amber is but too frequently the current nonsense of the hour—the babble of ignorance—the falsehood of enemies—the misconstruction of friends.

So far as Johnson's Memoir is concerned this is of little consequence. Johnson did not care for facts:—too indolent for research, it was enough if what he said of Pope were true of human nature,—true as to the motives and feelings that influence men,—and the comment was of universal application. Johnson's speculation on the incidents or assumed incidents in the "Life of Pope" is philosophy teaching by example; and would be instructive had no such man as Pope ever lived,—had the work been a romance, like the "Life of Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Jones," or "The Vicar of Wakefield."

But the abstract and imperishable value of Johnson's Memoir is no apology for another and for every other writer. In the works of common biographers if we have not facts, we have waste paper—worse, rubbish that troubles and perplexes. It is the duty, the especial duty of such persons to test tradition;

to weigh opposing and contradictory authorities ; to feel that their respectability grows out of their responsibility. If this be not felt—if this be not done, and with great care and sound discretion—the very treasures which time opens up to us only encumber our progress.

The first, and perhaps the greatest, difficulty which the biographers of Pope will have to contend with is “the Letters.” Some of our readers will remember the circumstances under which they were first published. Johnson said, and truly, that it was one of the passages in Pope’s life which best deserved inquiry ; but he unfortunately neglected to make the inquiry, for at that time the truth might have been brought to light. Others have followed his example : set up a theory, commented on it, and then left the reader to grope his own way in the dark. Even the elder D’Israeli, who devoted a chapter or two to the special consideration of the subject, has not thrown a single ray of light upon it. The best account is by Mr. Carruthers.

The facts may be thus briefly stated. One of Pope’s early correspondents, Mr. Cromwell, had given Pope’s letters to a Mrs. Thomas, who professed to have, and probably had, a great admiration of the poet. This woman fell into difficulties, sold the letters to Curll, the bookseller, and he published them. Pope was, or affected to be, indignant—professed himself to be miserable—to live in fear of a like indiscretion in other friends or their survivors—wrote to his correspondents to entreat that his letters might be returned to him. Many complied, others did not, and some took copies before they returned the originals ; a precaution strictly conformable to Pope’s own double and doubtful policy. Now comes the mystery. Some unknown person wrote to Curll, and offered him *Memoirs of Pope*—then “a large collection of the letters of Pope ;” and eventually a third party appeared in masquerade costume, a clergyman’s gown with a counsellor’s band, and delivered to Curll, for an agreed price, *printed copies* of Pope’s correspondence from 1704 to 1734. Curll announced the publication—he was instructed to do so—as a *Collection of Letters*, written by and to the late Earl of Halifax, the Earl

of Burlington, and a long list of illustrious persons. Here was a violation of what was then considered the privilege of the Peerage—the publication of a Peer's letters without his consent,—and, at the instance as asserted of Pope, Curll was summoned before the House of Lords. Curll laughed at the Lords, and was dismissed, for no letters by any of the peers named were to be found in the collection. Here was a theme for gossip at the coffee houses. Pope offered a reward of twenty guineas to the initial-obscurities who had carried on the negotiation with Curll, if they would make a discovery of the facts, and of double that amount if they would prove under whose direction they had acted. More food for gossips! Pope's own version of the story, published at the time, was this,—that, alarmed by the indiscretion of Mr. Cromwell, he had collected his letters—that, as several of them served to revive past scenes of friendship, he was induced to preserve them, to add a few notes here and there, and some small pieces in prose and verse, and that to effect this “an amanuensis or two were employed.” The inference which Pope intended is obvious; yet Pope never called on these amanuenses, publicly or privately, to give evidence on the subject; he never even named them. In brief, Curll's strange story was never disproved; and Pope's story, still more strange, was never proved.

Lintot, the bookseller, the son of Bernard, declared to Dr. Johnson that, in his opinion, Pope knew better than anybody else how Curll obtained the copies, and gave reasons which seemed to place the question on evidence rather than on opinion. Johnson certainly agreed with Lintot; and every subsequent inquirer, with the exception of Roscoe, has come to a like conclusion.

Pope forthwith announced that this surreptitious and incorrect edition had placed him under the necessity of publishing a genuine collection of his letters; and the strongest corroborative evidence that the edition by Curll had been prepared under the direction of Pope, has been found in a comparison of some few letters, still in manuscript, with the copies published in the surreptitious and in the genuine

edition. As Mr. Carruthers states : "Pope's edition of those letters, which had been printed by Curll, is the same as Curll's, and this common version differs essentially from the original." In brief, the letters published by Curll, which Pope declared, by advertisement, contained "so many omissions and interpolations" that he could not own them, he himself *re-published*—describing them in the Preface, as letters written "in the openness of friendship—a proof what were his real sentiments as *they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion*, without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them." The omissions and interpolations in Curll's edition were precisely such as Pope desired.

Johnson's conclusions, made in ignorance of facts with which we are acquainted, were shrewd and true ; but do not contain the whole truth. Pope, he conjectures, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do so without imputation of vanity, "contrived an appearance of compulsion." But Pope not only desired to publish, but to *omit* and *interpolate*—to *insert* here and there what Johnson remarked in the letters, "the unclouded effulgence of general benevolence ;" and the extent to which the letters were tampered with has startled subsequent inquirers. But Pope wanted to do more, and, what has never been suspected, to *re-direct* those letters—to construct a correspondence which had no real existence ! to take liberties which he dared not to have taken, had not the letters first appeared in a surreptitious edition—had he not been able to *denounce* omissions and interpolations—for, though Wycherley, and Walsh, and Trumbull, and Edward Blount, and Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and Gay, and many of his early correspondents were dead, others were living, and Pope wanted the letters addressed to comparatively obscure persons,—

Much loved in private, not in public famed,—

to make up a show—not a show of letters, but of familiar correspondents. A little "collating" of these friendly epistles—"warm from the heart"—would make the reader laugh,—if it did not make him sigh. Purposely to add to the confusion

—purposely to secure the publication of what he desired, and yet escape from the consequences of publishing what he knew and what others knew to be false—he left many addresses doubtful—arranged the letters confusedly; and his biographers have, in consequence, stumbled into strange absurdities. Thus the last, and not the worst, following the example of Roscoe, elucidates after this fashion:—

“The Poet’s liberal and tolerant sentiments on the subject of religion, with the praise of Erasmus and his censure of the monks, provoked the holy vandals of his Church. *Their complaints were forwarded to him through the younger Craggs.* * * In defending himself, the Poet says, ‘I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to *our* religion was,’ ” &c., &c.

Think of a suffering Catholic—trembling at the sight of a country justice or a parish constable—writing to an embryo Secretary of State about “*our*” religion, “*our*” Church; and think of “holy” [Catholic] vandals, under the reign of George the First and the Penal Laws, making this same embryo Secretary the confidant of their complainings. To be sure, all this is consistent with other letters which these same biographers assume to have been addressed to Craggs, wherein Pope thanks the young gentleman for his *prayers*! and returns thanks for hints on “*the vanity of human affairs*!”

We have also an *ex-Secretary* of State amongst Pope’s correspondents,—and Miss Aikin observes, that to this *ex-Secretary* to King William, Pope expressed “some distaste at being mixed up in a Whig triumph!” True:—and strange, though it does not appear to have so struck Miss Aikin. Pope was even more emphatic than she was aware of;—he not only mentioned in the original letter that he had been “clapped into a staunch Whig” for his Prologue to “Cato,” but added “sore against my will”;—a brief but expressive phrase which dropped out on publication, and, therefore, *before* the letter was addressed to Sir William Trumbull; who, in truth, never set mortal eyes on it.

So Dr. Johnson, though he had a strong suspicion that the

letters had been tampered with,—though he observes that Pope is seen in the collection connected with contemporary wits, at an advantage, and suggests that Pope may have favoured himself,—yet proceeds to argue as if these letters were fair exponents of feeling, and refers to them in proof of “the gradual abatement” of kindness between Addison and Pope. Gradual abatement! Why, the acquaintance began only in 1712:—and was always, we suspect, literary rather than personal. Pope about that time took his station amongst the wits at Button’s,—was introduced to Addison by Steele,—and, as Pope said, they met *there* almost every day for a twelve-month. It was then and during this daily intercourse that Pope wrote the Prologue to “Cato,” and, as we think, the “Epistle to Addison,” † though he was pleased to affect the magnanimity of having written it at a later period. In the summer of 1714, ‡ Pope and Addison were at open variance,—the cutting satire on Addison was then, or about that time, written,—and the anxious endeavours of Jervas and Steele to bring about a reconciliation worse than failed. Not much time for the growth, development, and “gradual abatement” of friendship. It is quite true that the key-note of Pope’s first *published* letter to Addison was struck so high that it was not in human sympathy to sustain it.—

“I am more joy’d at your return than I should be at that of the sun.”

Strange that no suspicion crossed the mind of Johnson, or of any of the many biographers of Pope, that no such letter ever was, or ever could have been, addressed to Addison. Strange that Miss Aikin, who devoted a whole chapter to this

* Steele’s letter (Corr. of Steele, i. 235) promising to introduce P. to A,—at least so assumed—is dated 20 Jan. 1712. It must have followed the *Spectator*, No. 253—Dec. 20, 1711.

† Qy. See Note on Carr. ii. 256.

‡ It is said, and anecdotes are told which lead to the inference, that they were friends after this, and particulars are given by Ayre and by D’Israeli (Quarrels, i. 255) of a subsequent quarrel—“some years after,” says Ayre. See, also, Roscoe’s Life, pp. 132-7. This latter quarrel is said to have given rise to the Lines on Addison. Ros. Life, 137.

quarrel, was not startled into a doubt by not finding the letter in the possession of Mr. Tickell; to whom Addison's papers had descended from his ancestor, the friend and executor of Addison. Mr. Roscoe—who, however, assumes as a matter of course that the letter was addressed to Addison—sees, and very naturally, great offence in the reported conduct of Addison and Steele; but he assures us that “no interruption appears to have taken place in the friendly intercourse between them.” Indeed! then Pope, instead of being one of the most irritable of mortals as represented, must have been one of the sweetest tempered. According to the published letter, Pope “*offered*” his pen in defence of Addison,—this conditional *offer* the biographers convert into act,—into the past publication of “The Narrative of the Frenzy of J. D.,”—which, we are told, Addison immediately denounced,—informed the publisher of Dennis's pamphlet, and through him Dennis himself, that he “wholly disapproved of” it,—and, further to insult his volunteer defender, employed the pen of their friend Steele as the instrument of offence. Certainly if Addison knew or believed that Pope—the writer of the famous Prologue to his “Cato”—had thus come chivalrously to his defence—whether wisely or unwisely does not signify—his conduct would have been open to just censure. We believe such conduct would have been impossible in Addison.

To go on with this mystery and mystification—is it not strange that no one of all the intelligent men who have written on this subject ever observed, that in another of these letters, professedly addressed to Addison, Pope apologizes—that is the fact—for writing in *The Guardian*?—that he regrets Steele's political violence, who about that time was unusually fierce against—whom? Addison and his Whig friends? No; against the Catholics and the Jacobites—acknowledges that such association had rendered him, Pope, a suspected Whig, and says, “I have quite done with them.” This to Addison!

We shall be content to indicate rather than to develop the double-dealing of Pope in respect to these letters. Pope has suffered and must suffer for it. He dug his garden full of

pitfalls, and his friends are always stumbling into them. Mr. Thackeray, in his genial and pleasant paper in "The Humourists," accuses him of having stolen Gay's delightful letter—giving an account of the lovers struck by lightning—and of despatching a copy to Lady M. Wortley Montagu as if it were his own! It is quite true that a letter signed Gay, and addressed to "Mr. F." has been published in the collection of Pope's letters.—By whom published?—all are agreed by Pope himself. Pope at that time was unwilling to have his name associated with that of Lady Mary—and for that or some other miserable purpose of mystification, he chose that the letter should figure in this masquerade costume. Mr. Thackeray, unfortunately, never paused to consider how Pope's letter of the 6th to Martha Blount could be copied from a letter which only professes to have been written by Gay on the 9th? These dates are genuine or they are not: if genuine, they are conclusive; if not genuine, the obvious inference is, that Pope meant to guard against such possible inference, by affixing a date of the 9th to the letter *he* published as written by Gay. How, again, could a letter not written by Pope nor to Pope have got into Pope's possession—been enshrined in the two mysterious MS. volumes of Pope's letters—got into print through the same piratical agency, and been reproduced in the authorized edition of *Pope's* letters? As to the letter to Lady Mary, it is dated the 1st of September, long after both the other letters.

What, it may be asked, are the facts underlying all this mystery? Why that Pope's early letters are a mere manufacture, dressed up to suit a purpose. No such letter was written by Gay—no such letters were addressed either to Addison, or to Trumbull, or to Craggs. All the friendly sympathy in the celebrated and often-quoted letter, which Warburton tells us was "dictated by the most generous principle of friendship," and which the cold heart of Addison was incapable of appreciating—was just so much theatrical moonshine. In justice to Addison we will give the genuine letter—which was not addressed to Addison at all—and the letter which bears his address in the published collection. Collation

is here as amusing as a pantomime. Note how deftly Harlequin changes his coat,—how the figures arrange themselves in fresh groups,—and how a little “wet” turns a “melancholy” November into July!—

The manufactured and published Letter.

“TO MR. ADDISON.

“*July 20, 1713.*

“I am more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly birds abovementioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.* But indeed your opinion, that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

“I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in

* “This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's ‘Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.’”

these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends ; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other ; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves.

“ I am

“ Your, &c.”

The real and unpublished Letter.

“ BINFIELD, Nov. 19, 1712.

“ DEAR SIR,—I am more joy'd at your return and nearer approach to us, than I could be at that of the sun ; so much as I wish him, this melancholy season ; and though he brings along with him all the pleasures and blessings of nature. But 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was, that jail bird, the *Flying Post*, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the Sun in the fable was upon those bats and beastly birds abovementioned, only by *shining on*, by being honest, and doing good. I am so far from deeming it any misfortune to be impotently slandered, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured, and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude, from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to offer you my poor pen, in any direct reply to such a scoundrel (who, like Hudibras, needs fear no blows, but such as bruise) but only in some little raillery ; in the most contemptuous manner, thrown upon him ; not as in your defence expressly, but as in scorn of him, *en gaité de cœur*. But indeed, your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own at first, had it been my own case. But I felt some warmth at the first motion, which my reason could not suppress here, (as it did when I saw Dennis's book against me, which made me very heartily merry, in two minutes time.) 'Twas well for us, that these sparks' quarrel was to our persons. One does not like your looks ; nor t'other my shape. This can do us no harm. But had these gentlemen disliked our sense, or so, we might have had reason to think so very well

of our understandings, as to become insufferably proud and conceited upon their disapprobation.

“I must not omit here to do justice to Mr. Thomas Southcotte, whose zeal in your concern was most worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of your slanderer that he deserves. I think that, in these days, one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

“We are all very much obliged to you, for the care of our little affair abroad; which I hope you will have an account of; or else we may have great cause to complain of Mr. A.'s, or his correspondent's negligence, since he promis'd my father to write (as he press'd him to do) some time before your journey. He has received the fifth bill; but it seems the interest was agreed at 5*l.* 10*s.* per cent. in the bond; which my father lays his commands upon me to mention, as a thing he doubts not you forgot. I plead this excuse for suffering any consideration so dirty as that of money to have place in a letter of friendship, or in anything betwixt you and me.

“I enclose a few lines, upon the subject you were pleased to propose, only to prove my ready obedience, for 'tis such a bastard, as you'll scarce, I fear, be willing to father; especially since you can make so much handsomer things of your own, whenever you please. Some little circumstances, possibly, may require alteration, which you will easily mend. You see my letters are scribbled with all the carelessness, and inattention imaginable; my style, like my soul, appears in its natural undress before my friend. 'Tis not here I regard the character of a wit. Some people are wits all over, to that degree that they are Fools all over. They are wits in the church, wits in the street, wits at a funeral; nay, the unmanly creatures are wits before women. There is nothing more wrong than to appear always in the Pontificalibus of one's profession, whatever it be. There's no dragging your dignity about with you everywhere; as if an Alderman should con-

stantly wear his chain in his shop. Mr. Roper, because he has the reputation of keeping the best pack of fox-hounds in England, will visit the ladies in a hunting dress; and I have known an author, who, for having once written a tragedy, has never been out of buskins since. He can no more suffer a vulgar phrase in his own mouth, than in a Roman's; and will be as much out of countenance, if he fail of the true accent in his conversation, as an actor would, were he out upon the stage. For my part, there are some things I would be thought, besides a wit; as, a Christian, a friend, a frank companion, and a well-mannered fellow, and so forth; and, in particular, I would be thought, dear sir, your most faithful, and obliged, friend and servant,

“A. P.”

We are sorry for the consequence—sorry at the exposure of such duplicity—sorry for the want of sincerity, honesty and truthfulness of our little hero; but, before the sensitive creature is absolutely condemned, let the reader, as we said at starting, remember his antecedents—“religion, country, genius of his age,”—remember the enforced seclusion of the forest, the confiding candour of youth stifled and silenced in fear and trembling, education stolen in secret, and the prayer of innocent childhood stammered out with the hesitation of a criminal,—remember that, from his birth, he and his parents and all the loving circle of his narrow home, were branded and proscribed—lived, as he himself said, “in some fear” even “of a country justice,”—remember, in brief, all the degrading influences of Penal Laws, and the result will be found general, not exceptional; and the world should learn from Pope and Pope's conduct not to condemn the individual, but the system that made him what he was.

Let the new editors labour diligently to clear away the mystification of the past; and let us, and the public, rejoice over the hundred and fifty new and true letters! We shall be heartily glad to get them. Pope is a part of us and of our greatness. His golden threads are woven into the common fabric of our daily life. Nothing real of such a man can come amiss. Were the letters five hundred and fifty we should have “stomach for them all.”

We must now descend to particulars, and shall pass at once to the stories told for a hundred years, from Ruffhead and Johnson down to Chalmers and Carruthers, about Pope's father's money-box, Pope's early "distress," and Pope's love of money—greediness or avarice.

Pope's father, we are told, was disaffected, he would not trust the Government,* and therefore put his money into a strong-box and lived on the principal. Is this credible? Think of Pope's mild, patient, gentle father—

Stranger to civil and religious rage—

carrying his disaffection so far as to ruin himself and his loved son! Think of a man who had made his money in trade, not knowing how to invest it, except in the Funds! It is quite true that the Penal Laws were severe,—that Catholics were much at the mercy of informers,—were so subject to persecution, penalties and imprisonment that most of them were accustomed, in proportion to their fortune, to keep money lying idle, not because of their disaffection, but that they might have it available towards their escape or their maintenance, if forced to fly from their homes or their country. Even Pope, whose genius was a protection, felt the galling chain:—"It is not for me," he said, "to talk of it [England] with tears in my eyes. I can never think that place my country where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own." It is equally true that from the operation of these same laws the Catholics had more difficulties than other people to find safe investments for their money; for Catholics were not merely compelled to pay double taxes, but were forbidden to buy real property, or to take a mortgage or other security on real property; and were thus driven almost of necessity to lend their money on bond, invest it in foreign securities, and, as we believe, to speculate, out of proportion to their numbers

* Pope's father did, I think, "trust the government"—that is, did invest in one or other of the public funds. See Pope's letter to his father (Supp. Vol. p. 150), "I have sold 500^{lb.} at 100^{lb.} w^{ch} [is bad] luck, since it might have been sold yesterday and to day at 101 and a half."

or their wealth, in Mississippi schemes and South Sea schemes, and other bubbles of the day. Yet because Pope had money so invested,—so invested, as believed, at the friendly suggestion of Mr. Secretary Craggs, and after the example of half the nation,—Mr. Chalmers infers that Pope was avaricious,* and tells us, that “he endeavoured to accumulate wealth by risking his money on all kinds of securities.” Thus, the father is condemned for ignorance and disaffection because he did not profitably invest his money, and the son for his greed because he did or tried to do so; while both acted under the penalties of laws which are put altogether out of consideration!

Johnson not only assumes the truth of this story about the money-box, but pushes it to its legitimate consequence, the early poverty of the son,—takes a casual observation of the son’s, that he had at one time wanted money to buy as many copies of the classics as he required or desired, as an exceptional position, as if every young man had not wanted money to indulge his tastes, whether virtuous or vicious,—and concludes with a rejoicing that the subscription to Homer relieved him from the “pecuniary distress” against which he had struggled. Is not this mere exaggeration? Pope’s father was not an estated gentleman—not a man of fortune—not a man accustomed to the luxuries or perhaps the elegancies of life; he could and did

—live on little, with a cheerful heart,

—had saved sufficient, as he believed, for his own life and the lives of his children, for whom he made early provision, according to his means. The letter we have just published shows that the Popes understood well enough all about “interest,” and could calculate it to a half per cent. In June 1713, the very moment of time to which Johnson refers Pope’s “pecuniary distress,” Pope thus wrote to a friend, though the passage does not appear in any of the published letters:—

* Before we charge him with being avaricious some one should tell us what is his estate, &c. See *Grub Street Journal*, in *Savage’s Collecⁿ. Essays*, p. 4.

"I have a kindness to beg of you. That you would please to engage either your son or some other correspondent you can depend upon at Paris, to take the trouble of looking himself 'into the books' of the Hôtel de Ville, to be satisfied if our name be there inserted for 3,030 livres at 10 per cent. life-rent on Sir Rich. Cantillion's life, to begin Midsummer 1705. And again in my father's name for my life, for 5,520 livres at 10 per cent., to begin July, 1707."

In 1713-14 Pope's father became alarmed at the state of the French finances, and some proposed changes, and the son wrote again and anxiously about certain other French securities in which his father had invested money. Long before this, Pope's father had money out on bond in England,—and the bond was not cancelled for nearly twenty years.

It is possible, and indeed not improbable, that at or about this time the Popes suffered some loss, or that the payment of the interest of their French investments was deferred. Pope himself said, on the death of his father,—“he has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal.” But Pope's father, as we have shown, had secured to his son an annuity registered at the Hôtel de Ville—had invested money for his benefit in other French securities—had lent money on interest on the bonds of more than one Englishman—and by will, dated the 9th of February, 1710, after some other bequests, he left to “his dear son and only heir,” all the rest of his property, real and personal, “but more especially his yearly rent-charge upon Mr. Chapman's estate, the manor of Ruston, in the county of York, and his lands and tenements at Binfield, in the county of Berks, and Windsham [Windlesham], in the county of Surrey.”* Pope's fortune may have required careful management; but with his independent spirit, he was surely far above “pecuniary distress.” But Pope was writing to a gentleman of “large acres,” to whom any fortune which the retired tradesman might have left would have appeared “narrow;”

* Pope also, when he died in 1744, held a bond for £200, given in 1714. See Carr. Life, 2nd edit. p. 456.

and Pope himself, be it remembered, was now become the habitual associate of such men, and was therefore, probably, made to feel what neither he himself nor his father had felt before. We will only further observe, as curious, that at the very time when Johnson speaks of Pope's "pecuniary distress," Pope was writing to inquire about the French investments: and when, according to the report of others, he was revelling in the Homer subscriptions, had just bought his villa, and was busy in building, adorning, and entertaining "illustrious friends" with "polished hospitality," we hear from Pope himself—in an easy gossiping way—the first whisper about narrow fortune.

Johnson and others throughout argue under the misapprehension that Pope's whole dependence was on "public approbation." Pope was in no such position;—we mean no disrespect to those who are or have been, for the class includes many of whom a nation has reason to be proud. But, thanks to his father, Pope's fortune was enough to place him above dependence.* No matter what was the amount of his patrimony,

* We find also in Hearne a reference to the fortune of the elder Pope, which agrees with our conjectures. Hearne evidently wrote on the authority of Berkshire Catholics, with whom he was acquainted and at whose houses he visited:—

"1718, Dec. 17. Mr. Robert Eyston tells me, that sir Robert Throgmorton is a man of about 5000 lbs. per annum at least. This sir Robert Throgmorton, who hath one seat at Bucklands, near Farindon, Berks, is a Roman catholic, and a very worthy man. He hath more than once sent for me to come over to him at Bucklands. The person told him, that I could not ride. 'I will send (says he) a coach and six for him.' But he can ride no way, says the person: he always walks. 'Why the duce is in it, (says sir Robert;) so all antiquaries use to do. I have known several, and they have all walked, Antony Wood not excepted. They are men that love to make remarks, and they prefer walking to riding upon that account.' Mr. Eyston mentioned Mr. Pope, the translator of Homer, as a man of about 30 years of age, and of about three or four hundred lbs. per an. left by his father, of Binfield, Berks."

Three or four hundred a year was a handsome fortune for a retired tradesman to leave to his son one hundred and fifty years ago. The elder Mr. Pope also left a widow, and had already given a fortune to his daughter on her marriage. That Mrs. Rackett was Mr. Pope's daughter by a former marriage has been conjectured, but never proved. It is a fact, however, capable of proof: enough at present if we refer to the account of Mrs. Pope's death, obviously written by Pope and published at the time in the *Grub Street Journal*, to which he was an acknowledged contributor, but overlooked by all the biographers,—where it is said "she lived with her son (*her only child*) from the time of his birth to her death."—*Athenæum*, 1857.

his spirit was independent, and he resolved, from the first, to limit his desires to his means ; as he told Lord Halifax when offered patronage and a pension—"All the difference I see between an easy fortune and a small one," is between living "agreeably in the town or contentedly in the country." No doubt the splendid subscription to his *Homer* enabled him to live, as he desired, "agreeably" in "the country," and where he pleased, at Twickenham ; it enabled him "to buy books ;" to indulge a refined taste ; to surround himself with objects curious or beautiful ; to cultivate his garden, and fit up his grotto without anxious consideration of cost ; to indulge in a hundred little luxuries almost needful to his delicate health and delicate body ; to entertain, without ostentation, but with that easy elegance which all cultivated men naturally desire, the choice friends with whom his genius had surrounded him ; and, what to Pope was the greatest luxury of all, to aid and help those friends he loved. Pope greedy of money ! Why Johnson admits that he gave away an eighth part of his income ; and where is the man, making no ostentatious profession of benevolence—subscribing to no charities, as they are called, or few—standing in no responsible position before the world, which indeed he rather scorned than courted, of whom the same can be said ? Pope, we suspect, with all his magnificent subscriptions, did not leave behind him so much as he had received from his father. His pleasure was in scattering, not in hoarding, and that on others rather than on himself. He was generous to the Blounts ; and because one proof has accidentally become known, it has been winged with scandal ;—he was generous to his half-sister,—generous to her sons,—generous to Dodsley, then struggling into business,—nobly generous to Savage ; for though the weakness and the vice of Savage compelled Pope to break off personal intercourse, he never deserted him. These facts were known to his biographers ; and we could add a bead-roll of like noble actions, but that it would be beside our purpose and our limits. Pope, indeed, was generous to all who approached him ; and though his bodily weakness and sufferings made him a troublesome visitor, especially to servants,—though one of Lord Oxford's said that,

"in the dreadful winter of forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night," yet this same servant declared, "that in a house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages." What more could be told of the habitual liberality of a man who never possessed more than a few hundreds a year? It startled persons accustomed to the munificence of the noble and the wealthy.

The exact amount of Pope's income is not known. Johnson says eight hundred a year; and that "the estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase." We doubt the "doubtless." Few men underrate their income; and Pope said incidentally to Spence, when speaking of another,* "The man will never be contented, he has already twice as much as I, for I am told he has a good thousand pounds a year." Mrs. Rackett, Pope's half-sister, said of him, "'Tis most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother." Martha Blount confirmed this: "He never had any love for money; and though he was not extravagant in anything, he always delighted, when he had any sum to spare, to make use of it in giving, lending, building, and gardening, for these were the ways in which he disposed of all the overplus of his income." Pope himself said, "I never save anything; unless I meet with such a pressing case, as is absolute demand upon me. Then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As for instance, had such a thing happened this year, I would not have built my two summer houses."

Pope was never rich—never poor, for no man is poor who is independent. He had active and liberal friends in both parties, and might have profited by their generous intentions. Oxford, when Minister, hinted at a place, the state of his health, and the convenience of keeping a coach. A "place" Pope could not have held without renouncing his religion,—not, therefore, without giving "pain to his parents," which he said, "I would

* Swift, after staying with Pope for four months in 1727, thus wrote to invite him to Ireland—"Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you are?"—Letter of Oct. 30, 1727.

not have given to either of them, for all the places he could have bestowed on me,"—and he proved the truth of the assertion by his whole devoted life; and consoled himself with "liberty, without a coach." Pope, indeed, doubted whether he had much talent for active life. "Contemplative life," he said, "is not only my scene, but it is my habit too."

Halifax, also, as we have mentioned, offered him a pension, and assured him that "nothing should be demanded in return." Johnson's comment on this, as observed by Roscoe, is harsh and supercilious, and unjust to both parties. His personal and beloved friend Craggs also offered him a pension,—a pension too, out of the secret-service money, and which, therefore, would not have been known while Craggs, at least, continued in office. Pope declined, adding, however, hearty thanks,—and, in proof that he was not unwilling to receive favours from a friend, told him that if he ever wanted a hundred, or even five hundred, pounds, he would apply to him personally;—but Pope never did and never meant to apply. Swift more than once was active in recommending Pope for a pension. Pope was sensible of the kindness, but earnestly remonstrated—"I was once before," he wrote, "displeased with you for complaining to Mr. — of my not having a pension. I am so again. * * I have given proof in the course of my life, from the time that I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs even to this time, when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole, that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money,—and, therefore, never would have accepted it."

As to the purchase of an annuity of five hundred a year out of the subscriptions to Homer, Ruffhead, we suppose, alludes to the same story. Pope, he tells us, regretted the "undistinguished choice of friends *in his youth*," and in illustration says, "in those times" Arbuthnot asked him "what makes you so frequent with John of Bucks? He knows you have got money by Homer, and he wants to cheat you out of it." This suspicion, adds the biographer, was, "in the opinion of some, thought to have been warranted, by his persuading the poet to buy an annuity of him when, in the general opinion, there was

not the least probability that he could survive his youth." Perhaps not,—yet still he might have survived Buckingham, for Buckingham was about forty years old when Pope was born; and under such circumstances that Buckingham should have speculated on benefits to result from survivorship is somewhat improbable. It is true, as Johnson supposed, that Pope had too much discretion to squander away his subscription-money; certain that he did endeavour to sink it in an annuity; certain that he himself calculated on "some advantage" from the state of his health. Thus he wrote from Binfield, and therefore early in 1716, about the time of the publication of the second volume of *Homer*:—

"I have a little affair of business to add to this letter. You would oblige me if you knew any secure estate on which I might purchase an annuity for life of about 500*l*. I believe my unfortunate state of health might, in this one case, be of some advantage to me. The kind interest which I know you always take in my fortunes gives me reason to think such an inquiry will be no trouble to you."

The disposable money soon rose to a thousand; and on 22nd August, 1717, he had more than double that sum at his command, and thus wrote to the same friend:—

"The question I lately begged you to ask concerning any person who would be willing to take a thousand pound to give an annuity for life, is what I may extend further, to 2,000*l*. in proportion; and what I shall look upon as a most particular favour. It is possible some that would not care to take up a smaller sum might engage for a more considerable one, so that I could undertake for either one, two, or between two and three thousand pounds, as they might have inclination."

It is possible, of course, that "John of Bucks" may have had some of this money; but here we see Pope straining every resource to increase the available amount; and yet, towards the close of 1717, he could not collect together one half the sum required to purchase an annuity of 500*l*. a year:

and Buckingham died (1720) before the subscription was opened for the 'Odyssey.' We conclude, therefore, that this story about the 500*l*.^{*} a year, secured on the estate of the Duke, is either a fiction or an exaggeration, or Pope must have inherited from his father a much larger fortune than we have supposed—a fortune that removed him far indeed from "the pecuniary distress" to which Johnson refers. Both stories cannot, we think, be true. Yet both would not include the whole of his fortune—for we know that he had money in French securities,[†] and on the bonds of more than one Englishman, and we have no reason to doubt that he still held the "yearly rent-charge upon Mr. Chapman's estate," and the "lands and tenements at Windsham;" and as his biographers tell us that, tempted by his avaricious greediness, he was nearly ruined in the South Sea scheme, Pope must have had a good round available sum remaining over and above all his investments! Pope himself, indeed, as we have shown, speaks more modestly of his fortune about that time; and as to the South Sea affair, he himself acknowledged that he lost by it—was one of those who lost "*half* of what they *imagined they had gained*."

Johnson, not content with starting Pope as a beggar, mounts him on horseback in middle age, and tells us that he talked too much "of his money." Johnson fortunately adds, what may help to an interpretation—"in his letters and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, some hints of his opulence are always to be found." Why it were as reasonable to prefer a like charge against other men, because in their letters they make mention of their wives and children. To Pope, whose whole life was but prolonged suffering, his garden, his grotto, his quincunx, and his vines,

^{*} Cunningham (Johnson's Lives, iii. 31) corrects Johnson, and says it was £200 a year, and that the deed was once in possession of Sir John Hawkins, *Qy*. The Duke at all—*Qy*. The Duchess, of whom he bought an annuity in 1728. See (MS.) Letter to Bathurst, 7 Nov.

[†] Still held 1 June, 1719. "I rec^d yours with y^e enclosed Bill on L^d Molyneux for 400 livres, but * * the sum is too small to be worth much trouble, and therefore if you would remit both this and y^e year of y^e Life-rent together, by a Bill," &c. Supp. Vol. 123.

were wife and children—everything. Only a twelvemonth before he died he thus wrote—"I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be much more confined"—yet so little thought had he "of his money" or money's worth, that he was then dying and knew it, and knew that on his death garden and house and quincunxes and vines would all pass away to strangers.

Next to this delight in his "possessions," says Johnson, Pope loved to commemorate "the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted." Here, as before, the usual balancing of the sentence neutralizes the censure; for Pope, he adds, "never set genius to sale; he never flattered those he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem"—and he dedicated his great work the '*Iliad*,' not to a man of high rank, but to a literary fellow-labourer—to Congreve. So far indeed was Pope from seeking Lords for his acquaintance, that those he did know sought him; and those who sought him were amongst the most distinguished and intellectual men of his age. Was he to refuse such associates—was he to refuse such testimony to his worth—such worshippers of his genius—because they were men of distinguished rank and high position? To Pope, more than to any other man, literature is indebted for its independent position:—he found it servile and base, and he made it free. We must not, in our conscious independence, forget what was its position when Pope first appeared—in the days 'of Dryden and dedications—Dryden the man of high family, and Pope the little tradesman's son,—contemporaries in one sense, yet separated to an immeasurable distance when judged by their literary position. Pope's dedications were to his personal friends,—for kindness and courtesies received, not for favours humbly sought and condescendingly given,—expressions of feeling to individuals, not to a class,—for against the class, it has been urged, he was somewhat eager and ostentatious in expressing his "scorn." Pope loved the great in intellect before the great in rank,—his bosom friends were Gay and Swift, and Arbuthnot and Bolingbroke, and other the

master spirits of the age. He was never weary of service to such men when opportunity offered, or in expression of his love and admiration at all times. While yet a boy he sought to gratify the cravings of his young ambition by a sight—a sight only—of John Dryden:—he thought it “a great satisfaction” at sixteen “to converse” with Wycherley. He loved those who were great in rank only in proportion to their genius and their worth; and whatever Johnson may have said to the contrary, Burlington, and Bolingbroke, and Cobham were more distinguished and distinguishable than the amiable Bathurst, whom Johnson admits to have been worthy the honour of the dedication; in which he now lives.

Here then are, doubtless, some of the “many errors of previous biographers” which the labours of Messrs. Croker and Cunningham will correct. We may notice others next week.

[*Second Article.*]

THE publication of Spence's ‘Anecdotes’ has enabled subsequent biographers to correct some of the errors into which Johnson fell—fell even though he had the use of Spence's manuscripts. Thus we now know that Deane was not the priest in the Forest to whom Pope was indebted for a few months' instruction, but his *bond fide* schoolmaster, with whom he resided in Marylebone and subsequently at Hyde Park Corner. It was while with Deane that Pope, though a mere child, frequented the theatre, and wrote or compiled the drama which his schoolfellows performed with the assistance of the gardener.

Johnson observes that, “of a youth so successfully employed and so conspicuously improved, a minute account may be naturally desired;”—yet Johnson tells us nothing about Deane, who was remarkable not only in connexion with Pope, but, in a small way, for his own fate and fortune. Subsequent biographers are equally silent, until we arrive at Mr. Carruthers, who reminds us, from Ayre, that Deane was “a Catholic con-

vert." Converts, Catholic or Protestant, are not so rare as to excite interest or attention; but from a few words of Ayre's, not quoted by Mr. Carruthers, the reader would learn that Deane* had been a Fellow of University College, Oxford; and on turning to the '*Athenæ Oxonienses*,' that this obscure master of Pope was an old historical acquaintance; the "creature and convert," as Wood calls him, of Obadiah Walker, and one of those Fellows of University College, deprived—declared "non-socius"—after the Revolution. All circumstances tend to show that Deane was a weak, vain man, but certainly honest. Curious that his first appearance, so far as we know, was in a reply to Pope's friend Atterbury; and that thirty years after, when the one was struggling on in the depths of poverty and the other had risen to be a bishop, they were fighting side by side in favour of the House of Stuart. Wood says, Deane was "a good tutor in the College"—Pope, that he was a bad tutor out of it, for he nearly forgot under him what he had learnt before; and all the acquisition he made was "to be able to construe a little of Tully's Offices." Deane's great zeal outran his little discretion; his weak head was intent on controversy and revolutionary projects rather than on the dull duties of a schoolmaster. Deane was often in prison, and Wood says, that in 1691 he stood in the pillory under the name of Thomas Franks. He was for years a pensioner on the Catholic party, and on his scholars. About 1727, Deane is mentioned in an unpublished letter of Pope's,—and still we find him in prison.

"The subject of the letter which miscarry'd, was Mr. Dean, my old master, who had writ me one whereby I perceiv'd his head happy in the highest self-opinion, whatever became of his Body. And hereupon writ you a dissertation proving it better for him to remain a Prisoner than to have his liberty. I show'd that self-conceit is the same with respect to the Philosopher, as a good Conscience to a Religious Man, a

* There is in the *Collectanea Curiosa*, i. 287, a copy of the Dispensation granted by James in May, 1686, to Walker, Boyse, Thomas Deane, and J. Bernard, to absent themselves from church, &c.

Perpetual Feast, &c. But to be serious, I've told Mr. Webb that I will contribute with Lord Dormer and you in what manner you shall agree to think most effectual for his relief. My own judgement indeed is, that giving him a small yearly pension among us and others, even where he is, would keep him out of harms-way; which writing and publishing of Books may bring him into. And that I find to be the project that bites him. He was all his life a Dupe to some project or other."

A newspaper, which ought to be well informed on the subject, has just aroused public attention by the announcement that—"a choice literary treasure has turned up, and is now in Mr. Wilson Croker's hands," an unpublished character in verse, by Pope, of Marlborough, intended for insertion in the *Moral Essays*—a companion portrait, no doubt, to *Atossa*. The fact is of interest in itself, and of interest in so far as it will compel the new Editors to be a little more intelligible than their predecessors in respect to the asserted bribe of a thousand pounds, given by the Duchess for suppression. The public, however, must wait the publication of the new edition, equally for the "character" and the explanation. Meanwhile, we have "a choice literary treasure" of our own,—and may as well publish it before we take leave of Pope's school-boy life.

Pope has himself told us that he "lisp'd in numbers." We have, indeed, one poem—the *Ode to Solitude*—which Pope said in a letter to Cromwell was written when he was not twelve years old. Dodsley, however, who was intimate with and indebted to Pope, mentioned that he had seen several pieces of an earlier date,—and it is possible that the following may have been one of them, although according to the literal interpretation of the words of the poet prefixed, it must rank the second of his known works. The copy before us is in that beautiful print hand, with copying which Pope all his life occasionally amused himself—

A PARAPHRASE ON THOMAS A KEMPIS ; L. 3, C. 2.

Done by the Author at 12 years old.

SPEAK, Gracious Lord, oh speak ; thy Servant hears :

For I'm thy Servant, and I'll still be so :

Speak words of Comfort in my willing Ears ;

And since my Tongue is in thy praises slow,

And since that thine all Rhetorick exceeds ;

Speak thou in words, but let me speak in deeds !

Nor speak alone, but give me grace to hear

What thy celestial Sweetness does impart ;

Let it not stop when entred at the Ear

But sink, and take deep rooting in my heart.

As the parch'd Earth drinks Rain (but grace afford)

With such a Gust will I receive thy word.

Nor with the Israelites shall I desire

Thy heav'nly word by Moses to receive,

Lest I should die : but Thou who didst inspire

Moses himself, speak thou, that I may live.

Rather with Samuel I beseech with tears

Speak, gracious Lord, oh speak ; thy Servant hears.

Moses indeed may say the words, but Thou

Must give the Spirit, and the Life inspire ;

Our Love to thee his fervent Breath may blow,

But 'tis thyself alone can give the fire :

Thou without them may'st speak and profit too ;

But without thee, what could the Prophets do ?

They preach the Doctrine, but thou mak'st us do 't ;

They teach the misteries thou dost open lay ;

The trees they water, but thou giv'st the fruit ;

They to Salvation show the arduous way,

But none but you can give us Strength to walk ;

You give the Practise, they but give the Talk.

Let them be Silent then ; and thou alone

(My God) speak comfort to my ravish'd ears ;

Light of my eyes, my Consolation,

Speak when thou wilt, for still thy Servant hears.

What-ere thou speak'st, let this be understood :

Thy greater Glory, and my greater Good !

Respecting what Pope calls "one of the grand eras of my days"—his removal from the Forest--all the biographers are agreed. Ayre, a contemporary, tells us, that from Windsor Forest Pope "moved to Twickenham for the remainder of his days"—Johnson, that, "having persuaded his father to sell

their estate at Binfield," he purchased "that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother;" and there, in 1717, his father died, "having passed twenty-nine years in privacy." Warton follows Johnson pretty much as a matter of course. Roscoe is a little more circumstantial; and adds, that Pope's mother "was buried at Twickenham, *in the same vault with his father.*" Bowles illustrates with facts and circumstances; but seems to suggest a doubt as to the privacy of the latter years of old Mr. Pope's life, for he tells us, that Pope was now

"surrounded by illustrious friends; possessed of fortune sufficient to enable him to receive with polished hospitality, those whom he selected and loved, in a new and not inelegant mansion of his own design, surrounded by land, on which he might employ his taste and skill in rural decoration, which, next to poetry, was his favorite pursuit. The sunshine of these enjoyments were now for a while suddenly clouded, by the death of his father, 1717, in the seventy-fifth year of his age; who survived the removal from the Forest only two years."

Yet all the authority of all the biographers, strengthened by more than a century of agreement, cannot shake our faith in our own eyes and the parish register. Pope, when he left the Forest, did, as Mr. Bowles says, arise "among the Swans of Thames;" but it was at Chiswick,* not at Twickenham—at "Mawson's New Buildings at Chiswick"—and there he and his father and mother lived quietly and contentedly we doubt not,—and there the father died,—and there, at Chiswick, according to the register, was buried on—

"26th Octo., 1717, Mr. Alexander Pope."

Strange that, in more than one hundred years, not one of all

* Dennis, in his "Remarks" on the Dunciad (1729), p. 20, says, "P. talks of Taylor the water-poet: but * * P. is properly the water-poet who has water language, which he seems to have lived so many years at Chiswick and Twickenham on purpose to learn from his daily transitory masters the scullers."

Pope's biographers should have taken the trouble to test a story which numberless circumstances made improbable. In further proof—of what, indeed, there can be no doubt—we will here give another unpublished extract from one of Pope's letters, dated the 20th of April, 1716:—

“You will think the better of your friend, and judge more truly of that friendship and regard, which must be constant in him, if you consider, he never yet neglected to pay you his acknowledgments from time to time, but when business, hurry and accident prevented. I have had enough of all three, of late, to make me forget anything but you. Imprimis, my father and mother having disposed of their little estate at Binfield, I was concerned to find out some Asylum for their old age; and these cares of settling and furnishing a house have employed me till yesterday, when we fixed at Chiswick, under the wing of my Lord Burlington.”

So the first letter to Digby was, when published by Curll, dated “Chiswick,”—so other letters, subsequently published, are addressed—so the letter of the 22nd of June, 1716, to Edward Blount, was in the original dated from “Mawson's New Buildings in Chiswick;” though the address does not appear to the letter in the quarto: and the beginning of the second paragraph of the Blount letter runs thus:—“Though the change of my scene of life from Windsor Forest to the waterside at *Chiswick*,”—another significant word which dropped out on publication. Here, by the way, we have a proof how errors, originating in accident, are perpetuated by carelessness. This letter was dated the 22nd of June, 1716; and the date was so printed in three or four editions published during Pope's lifetime. It happened, however,—by accident, we suppose,—that in the edition of 1739 the date was changed to 1717; and so it has ever since appeared—in Warburton, in Warton, in Bowles, and in Roscoe—each and every one, however, illustrating with the original note:—“This [letter] was written in the year of the affair at Preston.” After all, Pope's letters ought to have warned the editors against this blunder about his removal from Binfield direct to Twickenham;*

for in one of them, which they have all published, he avowedly gives "the history of my transplantation and settlement;" and thus wrote on the 12th of December, 1718:—"At last, the gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, at *Twickenham*: it is *here* I have passed an entire year of my life."

Now a word or two on an illustrative note to the "*merum sal*"—to what Johnson justly calls "the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions." Ruffhead, following Warburton, tells us that "Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James the Second, whose fortunes he followed into France; and author of the comedy of 'Sir Solomon Single' and of several translations in Dryden's 'Miscellanies') originally proposed the subject to our author." All the biographers agree to this statement—re-echo it in just so many words;—Warton and Bowles and Roscoe, indeed, give it as "*Pope's own account!*" and Mr. Bowles adds, that "the widow of this respectable gentleman lived at West Grinstead many years. She had one daughter. The estate descended to a nephew; he sold it, and afterwards went to Boulogne, where he died." It is scarcely possible, we think, to condense in fewer words a greater number of errors; and yet such careless biographers not only mislead one another, but mislead our historians; for "Mr. Secretary" has a place in history, and Mr. Macaulay tells us—

"This gentleman was known to his contemporaries as a man of fortune and fashion, and as the author of two successful plays; a tragedy, in rhyme, which has been made popular by the action and recitation of Betterton, and a comedy which owes all its value to scenes borrowed from Molière.[†] These pieces have long been forgotten; *but what Caryl could not do for himself has been done for him* by a more powerful genius. Half a line in the 'Rape of the Lock' has made his name immortal."

* There is abundant evidence of this late removal to Twickenham.

† See Pepys, iii. 422.

Yes, indeed, *his name*—nothing more. It is true, that Mr. Secretary was one of “the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease”—one of the twinkling stars in the ‘Miscellanies’—for whose comedy, as he said—before Mr. Macaulay,—

you must thank Molière.

—a comedy in one respect distinguishable amongst its contemporaries; for there was not one line or one word in it which, dying, a good man might wish to blot.

Mr. Secretary, however, though not a man of genius, was of some mark and likelihood; and ought not to have his individuality merged and lost in “a name.” He it was who, on the accession of James the Second, was sent on a sort of embassy to Rome, with some special instructions. Mr. Macaulay says that he acquitted himself of his delicate mission with good sense and good feeling,—Lingard, that he was “too timid for the high Catholic party”; and, therefore, we suppose, was superseded by Castlemaine. On his recall, Caryll was appointed Secretary and Master of Requests to the Queen. In that office he continued until James fled from England, when he retired with him, and became what Kennett calls one of the King’s Ministry—one of the five who were truly the Cabinet. He was subsequently created a Peer, and made Secretary of State; in which office he continued to serve the son, as he had served the father, with zeal, ability and integrity, even into extreme old age. In 1695-6 he was outlawed; and his estate granted to Lord Cutts. As the principal estate was entailed, the forfeiture and grant could only extend to his life interest, and this was repurchased by the family for 6,500*l.*; but a further sum was realized by Cutts from the sale of certain unentailed estates. This we learn from a petition presented to the House of Commons, when the question was under consideration whether the House should not resume the grants of the forfeited estates, and apply the money to the use of the public. “Mr. Secretary,” or “my Lord,” died on the 4th of September, 1711, aged about eighty-six.

It is now obvious that as “Mr. Secretary” left England the very year in which Pope was born, and never returned, Pope

could not have known him personally—and could not have corresponded with him but at the risk of his life. Briefly but conclusively, as the biographers have published letters which passed between Pope and the assumed “Mr. Secretary” long after “Mr. Secretary” was dead, the absurdity of the assumption is manifest.

But Pope himself tells us, the “Verse to Caryll, Muse, is due;” and Spence, a good authority, says that “old Mr. Caryll, of Sussex,” was the party referred to. So he was; and Mr. Caryll, of Sussex, Pope’s correspondent, was old enough to have a son, who was a correspondent of Pope’s—old enough to have grandchildren,—but not quite so old as his own father’s elder brother. Pope’s correspondent here alluded to was a nephew of Mr. Secretary’s—a man, like his uncle, of literary tastes—a Catholic—and here, too, like his uncle, tolerant of difference though strict in his own religious opinions and observances—much looked up to and consulted by the Catholic party. Pope in his early days, and the Pope family, were naturally proud of his countenance and friendship; and their intimacy continued for life. Gay, in ‘Pope’s Welcome from Greece,’ remembers him and his whole family:

I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

Pope’s friend died in 1736; and it was his widow to whom Bowles referred, and who lived at West Grinstead, and died there, at upwards of ninety years of age. The estate passed to and from their grandson.

The extent of Pope’s intimacy and correspondence with the Carylls cannot be even inferred from the published letters. Pope studiously avoided to take rank, before the public, with the Catholics; and when, later in life, he went into open opposition, it was as one of a political, not of a religious, party.

It is, however, a fact, that though Pope did not know “Mr. Secretary,” he wrote an epitaph on him, in recognition of his Catholic zeal and Jacobite sufferings, and, no doubt, still more out of compliment to the nephew. But “paper-sparing Pope”

was sparing in other things as well as paper; and as it was the policy of his life never to appear publicly as deeply sympathizing in the concerns of a Pariah caste, he subsequently made other use of this same epitaph—made the first six lines serve to introduce his Whig friend Trumbull;* and the remainder was re-cast, and appears as a flourish about Bridge-water in ‘The Epistle to Jervas.’ As it is, in newspaper phrase, a “choice literary treasure,” our readers may like to see it:—

EPITAPH ON JOHN LD. CARYL.

A manly Form ; a bold, yet modest mind ;
 Sincere, tho’ prudent ; constant, yet resigned ;
 Honour unchang’d ; a Principle profest ;
 Fix’d to one side, but mod’rate to the rest ;
 An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too ;
 Just to his Prince, and to his Country true :
 All these were join’d in one, yet fail’d to save
 The Wise, the Learn’d, the Virtuons, and the Brave ;
 Lost, like the common Plunder of the Grave !
 Ye Few, whom better Genius does inspire,
 Exalted Souls, inform’d with purer Fire !
 Go now, learn all vast Science can impart ;
 Go fathom Nature, take the Heights of Art !
 Rise higher yet : learn ev’n yourselves to know ;
 Nay, to yourselves alone that knowledge owe.
 Then, when you seem above mankind to soar,
 Look on this marble, and be vain no more !

Johnson’s comments on the epitaph on Trumbull are, under the circumstances, curious:—“To what purpose,” he observes, “is anything told of him whose name is concealed? the virtues and qualities so recounted are scattered at the mercy of fortune *to be appropriated at guess.*” They were, it now appears, an appropriation. Again, Johnson shrewdly observes:—“There are some defects which were not *made necessary by the character in which he was employed.* There is *no opposition between an honest courtier and patriot* ; for an honest courtier

* The Epitaph on Trumbull was first published in Pope’s Works, quarto, 1717, simply as ‘Epitaph.’ It was *republished* in 2nd vol. of his Works, 4to, as ‘*On Sir William Trumbull.*’

“It is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal an epitaph.” P. to Cromwell, 17 May, 1710.

must be a patriot." Johnson, we think, would have admitted, that though there was nothing in the character or employment of Trumbull to justify the distinction, it might be excused with reference to the outlawed "Mr. Secretary."

Now, a word or two on the Loves of Pope. If we are to believe the biographers, this tender, delicate, sickly, suffering man, shaken by every wind like an aspen, was in love—and in downright wicked earnest—with half-a-dozen women at the same time, or in hurried succession:—the "Unfortunate Lady," ending so terribly and tragically—

The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown—

her stately and turbaned "majesty," Lady Mary, and others,—some of whom are not yet known to us; for Mr. Thackeray hints mysteriously about a certain "Lady M." with whom Pope was, or affected to be, in love in 1705; and to whom he wrote greater nonsense than usual,—which, as he was just seventeen, we think, if he wrote love letters at all, is probable.

Pope no doubt wrote to all these and to other ladies after the foolish fashion of his age—an age sincere neither in its vices nor its virtues—and as Pope could write better than other men, so no doubt he super-added extravagancies surpassing the extravagancies of others, in proof of his genius; but Pope had no more mischief in his heart than the dullest of his contemporaries. He was, indeed, so little conscious of offence in that style of writing, which so offends our more decent age, that some of the very passages which have given rise to this censure—that, for example, in his first letter to Lady Mary, on which Bowles so indignantly comments—were not in the genuine letters, but inserted by Pope as piquant paragraphs, when he had resolved to publish. In our opinion, the home-affections of Pope's life were security against moral offences of the nature charged. He who would not give pain to his parents for all the places in the gift of Oxford would not have given pain to his virtuous mother for all the "love-darting eyes"—all the "variegated tulips" of the world.—

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.

Pope may have been, as he himself well said, for a moment of time—

The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive—

but it could have been for a moment only. To have touched the *heart* of Pope, the woman must have come within the range of his domestic loves—into the sunshine of his happy home, and been respected by his mother, from whom Pope had no separate existence.

We have evidence, however, in the case of 'The Unfortunate Lady,' how ingeniously Pope and his biographers can contrive to build up a passionate and terrible love-scene. All we *know* is that Pope wrote a noble 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady;' and all we are told by the biographers, no matter how circumstantially, is merely conjectural, made up from hints in the Elegy, fanciful interpretations of passages in Pope's letters, assumption of dates, changes of persons, and traditional or original nonsense. Ayre told us, more than a hundred years ago—

"This young lady, who was of quality, had a very large fortune, and was in the eye of our discerning poet, a great beauty, was left under the guardianship of an uncle who gave her an education suitable to her title, for Mr. Pope declares she had titles, and she was thought a fit match for the greatest peer, but very young she contracted an acquaintance and afterwards some degree of intimacy with a young gentleman, who is only imagined, and having settled her affections there, refus'd a match propos'd to her by her uncle; spies being set upon her it was not long before her correspondence with her lover of lower degree was discover'd, which when tax'd with by her uncle, she had too much truth and honour to deny. The uncle finding that she could not, nor would strive to withdraw her regard from him, after a little time forc'd her abroad, where she was receiv'd with all due respect to her quality, but kept up from the sight or speech of any body but the creatures of

this severe guardian, so that it was impossible for her lover even to deliver a letter that might ever come to her hand. Several were receiv'd from him with promise to get them privately deliver'd to her, but those were all sent to England and only serv'd to make them more cautious who had her in care. She languish'd here a considerable time, went through a great deal of sickness and sorrow, wept and sigh'd continually, at last wearied out and despairing quite, the unfortunate lady—as Mr. Pope justly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword; she was found dead upon the ground, but warm. The severity of the laws of the place where she was in, denied her christian burial, and she was buried without solemnity, or even any to wait on her to her grave, except some young people of the neighbourhood, who saw her put into common ground, and strew'd her grave with flowers."

Ruffhead followed Ayre,* and Johnson followed Ruffhead, acknowledging that he could add nothing to the story, though he had made "fruitless inquiry," as to the lady's "name and adventures." Warton, too, made "many and wide inquiries;" and either Warton or Bowles, or some other of the curious, gathered up, what diligent seekers ever find, many treasures of tradition. Roscoe came later into the field, and therefore, as became him, was sagacious and critical; saw some things were "impossible" in the statements of others—which notwithstanding turn out to be true—and made statements himself which others may rank with the impossibles. But not to waste space in an elaborate development of these several speculations, we will briefly condense into a paragraph the general conclusions to be deduced from the biographers and elucidators, though we are not sure that they will be considered either clear or conclusive. Thus, from one we learn that the "unfortunate Lady" was hideously deformed, and in love with Pope—from another that she was beautiful as an angel, and in love with the Duke of Berry—virtuous says one, mistress to

* Ayre's account is substantially from the Poem, and a like license of interpretation may have suggested "Welsted's lie"—who told "that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he had never heard of."

the Duke of Buckingham says another, his relation says a third—she led a wandering vagabond life says A—she retired to a monastery says B—this is confirmed by C, who tells us that she was forced into it by a cruel guardian; but is contradicted by D, who maintains that she retired there voluntarily—stabbed herself in a foreign country, according to the old version—hanged herself, according to the new.

Many of the corroborating circumstances adduced are equally curious. Thus, the Editors are agreed that the ‘Elegy’ was one of Pope’s early writings,—and Bowles affixes the date about 1709 or 1710 (Vol. 1, p. xxxii.) and proves it, we suppose, (Vol. 7, p. 264) by evidence that the “beckoning ghost” of 1709 or 10 was alive “in the flesh” in May 1712, and just gone on a visit to her aunt! Pope himself is brought in to support some of these strange stories. His name appears to the following note:—

“See the Duke of Buckingham’s verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope’s Letters to several ladies. She *seems to be* the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.—*Pope*.”*

Why Pope could have spoken positively to the fact had it been one, and need not have made the reference had he wished to conceal it. But Pope loved mystery and mystification.

Buckingham, as we have shown, was nearly forty years old when Pope was born—he described himself soon after they became acquainted, in a poem prefixed to Pope’s works, as “too dully serious” even for “the Muses’ sport;” and his Duchess, the third wife, or her amanuensis, confirms this—says that he was in her time, and therefore in Pope’s time, full of shame and regrets at the “libertinism” of his youth, and was “often found on his knees at prayers:”—in brief, unless Pope was in love with his grandmother, or one of her contemporaries, “the unfortunate lady” could not have been out of her bib and tucker when the Duke took to repentance, prayer, and a third wife.

* On Warburton and others affixing ‘Pope’ to certain notes, see Roscoe’s Life, p. 117.

What a field for speculation and research is here opened to the new Editors. Fortunately, all the later biographers have taken Pope's hint—have referred to the “letters to several ladies”—and are therefore agreed that “the unfortunate” was the “Mrs. W——” of the letters, and that “Mrs. W——” was Mrs. “Winsbury or Wainsbury.” Now lest this unanimity should mislead, we will venture to say, not, as must be evident, that all the stories of the biographers cannot be true, but that by singular ill fortune they are all untrue.

The earliest reference to “Mrs. W——” we, at the moment, remember is in a paragraph in the letter of June 18, 1711, which, like so many others of interest, dropped out on publication.

“If you please, in your next, let me know what effect your conference with Sir W. G. had in reference to the Lady's business (unless you have already done it to her). I shall be glad to inform her, to whom every little prospect of ease is a great relief, in these circumstances. I am certain a letter from yourself or Lady would be a much greater consolation to her than your humility will suffer either of you to imagine. To relieve the injured (if you will pardon a poetical expression in prose) is no less than to take the work of God himself off his hands, and an easing Providence of its care—'tis the noblest act that human nature is capable of, is in a particular manner your talent, and may you receive a reward for it in Heaven, for this whole world has not wherewithall to repay it.”*

In other dropped paragraphs, in subsequent letters, Pope speaks of “the disagreeing pair,” from which we learn that “Mrs. W——” was married; and, in a very intelligible Postscript, he adds:—

“I am just informed that the tyrant is determined instantly to remove his Dâter from the Lady. I wish to God it could be put off by Sir W. G.'s mediation, for I am heartily afraid 't will prove of very ill consequence to her”—

from which we learn that she had a daughter.

* See MS. 25 June, 1711 (Quarto, i. 75). See also 19 July, 1711, for “a certain deer,” &c. (Quarto, i. 80).

In his letter of the 18th of June, as above quoted, Pope had suggested that his correspondent or his Lady should write to "Mrs. W.,"—and from another, of the 2nd of August, we learn not only that his correspondent had done so, but had, also, written to the husband. Pope says—

"I delivered the inclosed to the Lady. She seem'd not to approve of Mrs. N.'s writing to the gentleman; since, if sense of honour and a true knowledge of the case, which you have already given him, are too weak to move him, 'tis to be thought nothing else ever will. I cannot but join with you in a high concern for a Person of so much merit, as I'm daily more and more convinced, by her conversation, that she is, whose ill Fate it has been to be cast as a pearl before Swine;—and he who put so valuable a present into so ill hands shall (I own to you) never have my good opinion, tho' he had that of all the world besides. God grant he may never be my Friend! and guard all my friends from such a Guardian."*

This Mrs. N. was a Mrs. Nelson, a Catholic lady much looked up to by Pope's friends, but whom Pope did not like, and with whom he was soon after at open variance. This Lady ought to have figured in the published correspondence; for she was, in truth, the "Mr.—" of July 19, 1711, who had assured him that he "had said nothing which a Catholic need to disown." Pope, perhaps, thought that a Lady would not carry sufficient authority with the public, or, as in the case of Lady Mary, he did not choose to have his name associated with Mrs. Nelson's.

In a published letter of the 23rd of May, 1712, Pope's correspondent writes: "I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W——. I hope she is now with her Aunt."—On the 28th Pope replies:—

"It is not only the disposition I always have of conversing

* See another reference to Mr. and Mrs. W—, as I think, March 1713, MS., and qy. as to Sappho and the lady at Hammersmith in MS. p. 72, written before 1713. Carruthers, 2nd edit., Appendix, prints one of her letters.

with you that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair should be frustrated by the short stay she makes there."

As this letter has been published, we need not quote further.

Mrs. Nelson must now come prominently before the reader, for she took an active part in the cause of "Mrs. W——," and the following is an extract from a letter of hers, dated the 8th of August, 1712:—

"I hope Mrs. W.'s affairs are in a better posture since her brother has been with her. I find she is perfectly satisfied with her visit, with the expressions of affection he made her, and his resolution to employ all means in his power for her ease and satisfaction. She fears only the number and artifices of her Enemies; but when Mr. Gage returns from Sherburne; * * you will have another important occasion to exert your friendship and goodness by giving him some further light into those misfortunes he is so well disposed to redress, and which he declares were the only reason of his coming over so soon."

These few facts are sufficient—because they are facts—to enable us to solve a mystery which for more than a century has perplexed the biographers,—to enable us not only to say who "Mrs. W——" was, but who she was not:—she was not Mrs. Winsbury, nor Mrs. Wainsbury, nor "The Unfortunate Lady,"—if that fortunate unfortunate and immortal ever had a veritable flesh-and-blood existence. We have here in immediate connexion with "Mrs. W——" a host of friends and relations,—a husband—a daughter—a brother—a guardian—Sir W. G.—Lady A.—and Mr. Gage. Why the very names thus brought into juxtaposition will tell the whole story to any intelligent person conversant with the family histories of Surrey and Sussex. Here it is in brief.

The "Mrs. W——" of Pope's letters was Mrs. Weston. She was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph Gage (son of Sir Thomas, of Firle), who inherited Sherborne Castle in right of

his mother, and ultimately the large property of the Penruds, in right of his wife. She was sister to Thomas, who succeeded as eighth Baronet and was first Viscount, and to Joseph, mentioned by Pope in the Epistle to Bathurst—

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three million stunted modest Gage,—

an allusion to his enormous gains, subsequently lost, by speculations in the Mississippi scheme; when, as reported, he offered to buy the crown of Poland and the island of Sardinia, and to attach the latter to the former as a kitchen-garden—a man whose whole life was a romance, and who ended his career as a grandee of Spain of the first class! Her father died in 1700, and left Sir W. Goring, of Burton, in Sussex, executor and “guardian” of his children. Her aunt, Catherine Gage, became the second wife of Walter Lord Aston. Mrs. Elizabeth, the lady in question, married John Weston, of Sutton, in the county of Surrey.* They lived unhappily, were soon separated, had only one child, or only one who survived, a daughter Melior, who died unmarried in June 1782, aged 79.

Here we have the whole of the characters of the tragedy, comedy, history, or whatever name it should be called by, made out by Pope himself and the heralds:—“Mrs. W.—” (Mrs. Weston)—her husband (John Weston)—her daughter (Melior)—her guardian and Sir W. G. (Sir Wm. Goring)—her aunt Lady A. (Catherine Gage Lady Aston)—her brother (Thomas or Joseph). Mr. Gage, who in August, 1712, was expected from Sherborne, and whose “only reason for *coming over* so soon” was to redress the lady’s wrongs, was probably Joseph—“modest Gage.”

Years after Pope’s indignation was still fierce against Mr. Weston, as appears from the following to Martha Blount, dated the 13th of September, 1717, quoted by Mr. Carruthers from the MS. at Mapledurham.—

* In the Return of Popish Recusants, &c. (1 Geo. I.) is John Weston, of Sutton Place, Surrey, £359 15s. 11d.; John Weston, of Sutton Place, Surrey, £939 8s. 1d.

"I * galloped to Staines * * and lay at my brother's, near Bagshot, that night. * * I arrived at Mr. Doncastle's on Tuesday morning, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Mr. Weston, who dined that day at my brother's."

Hence it appears, we think, that the Rackets sided with the gentleman against the lady, and this will explain a passage in one of the published letters of the 28th of May, 1712, where, speaking of "Mrs. W—," Pope says:—

"The unfortunate, of all people, are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so: whereas, if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and to humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot, therefore, excuse *some near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow*: all I shall say to you of 'em, at present, is that *they have not been my relations these two months.*"

Out of these plain prose materials the reader who loves to indulge his imagination may, if he so pleases, try to build up the Poem. If he does not succeed to his entire satisfaction—if he does not recognize the lady, though some features will be striking enough—let him console himself that her own blood relations did not know her in Pope's fanciful portrait, if it were a portrait—that her most intimate friends, those who had been consulted and called on for advice through all her troubles, asked Pope innocently, who is your "Unfortunate"? It will not, we fear, help them over the difficulty if we add, that "Mrs. W—" lived in her husband's house at Sutton, like any ordinary mortal, years after the "*visionary sword*" and the "*bleeding bosom gored*" had sent the "unfortunate" to "the pitying sky;"—that by no "foreign hands" her "dying eyes were closed"—by no "foreign hands" her "decent limbs composed;"—she died as we have stated, and was buried at

Trinity Church, Guildford, as the following extract from the parish Register will certify:—

“Elizabeth, wife of John Weston, of Sutton, Esq., buried the 18th of October, 1724.”

Had Pope's friends—or Mrs. Weston's friends—lived until Pope's letters were published, there would have been fewer inquiries about “the unfortunate.” The biographers infer from Pope's silence in 1717, that he was anxious that the secret should not be known. If so, and if the portrait had any resemblance beyond that shadowy outline which awakens a vague recollection as of “a history, now quite out of my head,” it must then have become known. Let us trace the history as developed in the letters.

In the piratical editions we have a letter called ‘Pope's answer’ to the Hon. J. C., dated the 28th of May, 1712. In *another* part of the same edition we have, amongst what are called ‘Letters to several Ladies,’ one without name or date. On the publication of the *authorized* quarto these widely separated letters had come together, and by the *addition* of a postscript to the one, the reader learned that the other had been enclosed in it—was addressed to “Mrs. W—,” and written “in the lofty style agreeable to her spirit.” To make assurance doubly sure, the first of these letters was described in the Table of Contents as “Concerning an *Unfortunate Lady*”—and the second, mystically, “To the same Lady”—which is made plain in Cooper's edition, also authorized by Pope, where it is described as “To An *Unfortunate Lady*.” After this could the Hon. J. C. (Mr. Caryll), *to whom the one letter was addressed and the other enclosed*, have had a doubt? Would he have asked “*Who* is the unfortunate?”

Warton observes, that “the true cause of the excellence of this Elegy is, that the occasion of it was real; * * that the most artful fiction must give way to truth, for this lady was beloved of Pope.” This opposition of the real and the fictitious in poetry was a theory then growing into a fashion, and, as we believe, founded on error. But, assuming it to be true, why

might not the lady have been beloved by Pope, without *the circumstances* of the poem being matter of fact? Our own conclusions are, that Pope, as we have shown, took great interest in "the unfortunate" "Mrs. W."; and, as will appear, suffered not a little from the slanderous tongues of the gossips. Pope probably wrote the poem when his feelings were excited, —1711 or 1712,—imagined possible consequences founded on vague words—took Buckingham's poem as a model (whoever carefully and critically compares these poems will find evidence of this)—and worked out, after his own poetic nature, his own poetic idea. Mrs. Weston served as lay figure for the poet's fancy portrait:—traces of her features are visible, nothing more. The exquisite pathos and general truthfulness of the poem led to questions from friends and acquaintances, "Who is the lady?" The poet loved the excitement and the mystery, and was silent. In the same humour, long after Mrs. Weston was dead, and when all to whom the truth or the untruth was known were dead, he endeavoured to keep alive the excitement—to give reality to the poetic vision, without asserting anything. These, however, are but speculations, which we shall leave to the judgment of the new Editors.

We are afraid this minute criticism may have been a little wearisome; but all will excuse it who are curious in literary history—who remember that for more than a century this question has been agitated, and that critic after critic has been forced to acknowledge that he could not unravel—could not penetrate—the mystery.

Before we take a final leave of the "unfortunate lady," we shall show, by a passage or two from other unpublished letters, or by passages dropped out of published letters, that Pope had been too emphatic—too much in earnest—about "Mrs. W.'s" affairs to escape without censure and some scars. The result may be inferred from the following:—

"Some other calumnies I might think of more importance which have been dispersed in a neighbouring family I have been always a true friend to. I find they show a coldness without inquiring first of myself concerning what they have

heard of an old acquaintance from a new one. I shall fairly let them fall, and suffer 'em to continue deceived for their credulity. When flattery and lying are joined, and carried as far as they will go, I drop my arms of defence, which are of another kind, and of no use against such unlawful weapons. A plain man encounters them at a great disadvantage, as the poor naked Indians did our guns and fire-arms. '*Virtute meâ me involvo,*' as Horace expresses it. I wrap myself up in the conscience of my integrity, and sleep after it as quietly as I can."

—The conclusion of this letter is under circumstances worth quoting.—

"DEAR SIR,

"I entreat you will ever believe this of me (whatever else may not be allowed me) that I am a Christian and a Catholic, a plain friend, without design or flattery.

"Your most obliged, faithful, and affectionate servant,

"A. P."

The neighbouring family was, we suppose, the Englefields of Whiteknights, as he afterwards complains of their neglect and of Mrs. Englefield's scandal-gossip. In a letter of the 21st of December, 1712, Pope thus continues the subject.—

"I had not mentioned to you or any other what I apprehended of the misinformation of some of my neighbours, but that I could not tell but that something of that nature might be whispered to you as had been to them. More men's reputations, I believe, are whisper'd away than any other way destroyed. But I depend on the justice and the honesty of your nature that you would give me a hearing before you past the verdict. What I'm certain of is that several false tales have been suggested, and I fear many believed by them since they never open'd themselves to me upon the subject. But I shall make a further 'trial,' till when 'twould not be just to give a further account."

The scandal continued to circulate. Mrs. Nelson and Mrs.

Englefield gave it currency; and even "Mrs. W." was prejudiced against him in consequence. He now, "January 8, 1712-13," enters more fully into the subject in a letter still unpublished.—

"I have many things to say to you, many hearty wishes to give you, and yet a great many more which I can never be able to say. This is no compliment, upon the faith of an honest man, who has been much traduced of late; and may, 'tis possible, be yet more so. What I complain'd of to you, I find, was only a little lechery of the tongue in a lady, which must be allowed her sex. * * 'Tis a common practice now for ladies to contract friendships, as the great folks in ancient times enterr'd into leagues. They sacrific'd a poor animal betwixt 'em, and commenced inviolable allies, *ipso facto*. So now they pull some harmless little creature into pieces, and worry his character together very comfortably. Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Englefyld have serv'd me just thus; the former of whom has done me all the ill offices that lay in her way, particularly with Mrs. W. and at Whitekn^{ts}. I have undeniable reasons to know this, which you may hereafter hear; nor should I trouble you with things so wholly my concern but under the sacred seal of friendship, and to give some warning, lest you might too readily credit any thing reported from the bare word of a person of whose veracity and probity I wish I could speak as I can of her poetry and sense. For the rest, I know many good-conditioned people are subject to be deceiv'd by tale-bearers, and I can't be angry at them, tho' they injure me. The same gentleness and open temper which make 'em civil to me, make 'em credulous to any other; and t'would be to no purpose to expostulate with such—'tis a fault of their very nature, which they would relapse into the next week. Every man has a right to give up as much as he pleases of his own character, and I will sacrifice as much of mine as they have injured, to my ease, rather than take inglorious pains of a chattering *éclaircissement* with women (or men) of weak credulity. Ovid, indeed, tells us of a contention there was once betwixt the Muses and the Magpies, but I don't care to moralize the Fable in my own example. You'll find by this

hint that I have some share in a scribbler's vanity, or at least some respect for myself; which if it be ever pardonable to show, it is certainly when others regard us less than we deserve from them. However, I am perfectly contented as long as you and a few such as you entertain no ill opinion of me; who I am confident are above such weak credulity of every tale or whisper against a man who can have no [other] interest in your friendship than the friendship itself."

The following is added as a postscript.—

"After what I have told you, I need not enjoin your silence as to this affair, for I design no more than to be a civil acquaintance at Wh's [Whiteknight's]."

Pope does not appear to have been quite so indifferent about the people at Whiteknights as he affected to be. The following is from another unpublished letter of the 12th of June, 1713 —

"One word, however, of a private trifle. Honest Mr. Eng—d has not shown the least common civility to my father and mother, by sending or inquiring of them from our nearest neighbours, his visitants or any otherwise, these five months. I take the hint as I ought in respect to those who gave me being, and he shall be as much a stranger to me as he desires. I ought to prepare myself by such small trials for those numerous friendships of this sort, which in all probability, I shall meet with in the course of my life. * * The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction is by a vigorous perseverance in everything we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that ensues from it."

We find other references in Pope's letters to Mrs. Weston, even after she was dead; but they would best serve to illustrate other subjects, to which we may or may not refer. We can only take advantage of a lull in the publishing world to indulge in speculations on advertisements.

[Third Article.]

JOHNSON considers the epitaph on "Mrs. Corbet" as the best epitaph written by Pope. The subject of it, he observes, "is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities, yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life. * * Of such a character, which the dull overlook and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the Verses?" This lamentation, be it observed, is purely critical; founded on the opinion that the name of the party commemorated should always appear in the epitaph. Does the name appear at all? Of a woman celebrated by Pope, and whose character, as here drawn, was admired by Johnson, the public would naturally desire to know something, yet from Ayre to Carruthers we have not one word of information from editors and biographers. This unbroken silence leads fairly to the inference that they knew nothing,—that they could not even identify the lady. We, therefore, shall venture to ask whether it was written on a Mrs. Corbet at all? We doubt it, and will give our reasons, leaving the new Editors to decide. Our inquiry will, at any rate, help to develop the character of Pope, and, in essential things, greatly to his honour.

We have already noticed and proved the change of dates and address, the studied want of order in Pope's published letters, and the consequent perplexity and confusion of his editors. We have now to notice a letter dated "September 2, 1732," addressed to "Mr. C—," which Warton assumes to have been written to Mr. Caryll, a gentleman at other times figuring in the correspondence as "the Hon. J. C., Esq." This Roscoe says "is impossible," because "it is probable" that it relates to "the Unfortunate Lady," and Mr. Caryll

“was a stranger to her history.” We do not see the force of this logic, or how the improbable becomes the impossible. Be that as it may, it turns out, as is frequently the case when men are confident, that the impossible is not only possible, but certain; and that the probable is not only improbable, but untrue. The “Table of Contents” told Mr. Roscoe that the letter was “Expostulatory on the Hardships done an *Unhappy* Lady,” not an “*Unfortunate* Lady,”—a distinction preserved throughout the “Table,” and poor as it may be, sufficient, we fear, to quiet many a morbid conscience.

From the letter heretofore referred to, wherein Pope makes mention of “the holy vandals,” as usual passages of interest dropped out on publication, and amongst them the following.—

“I am infinitely obliged for your bringing me acquainted with Mrs. Cope, from whom I heard more wit and sense in two hours than almost all the sex ever spoke in their whole lives. She is indeed that way a relation of Mr. Caryll’s, and that’s all I shall say of the lady.”

This Mrs. Cope was one of Gay’s “dozens” and “cousins.” Her husband, as we believe, was an officer in the army, who received his commission and served under Marlborough about 1707. In one respect the situation of Mrs. Cope and Mrs. Weston differed essentially—the one was rich and the other poor. It agreed only in this,—they both lived unhappily with their husbands, and that awakened Pope’s sympathy. There will appear, however, so many points of seeming agreement between the real sufferings of the “Unhappy Lady” and the poetical sufferings of the “Unfortunate Lady,” that we think it well to forewarn the reader that the Poem was published in 1717, many years before Mrs. Cope died.

In an unpublished letter, written about 1715 or 16, as we conjecture, Pope thus wrote :—

“Meeting with the gentleman who has been to wait on you in relation to Mrs. Cope’s affair, I find that her husband is very suddenly to go back to his command; and that her relief

will be almost impracticable if not attempted before. The Board of Officers will not meddle in a family concern, and people of skill in these matters assure me that the only method is to procure a writ from the Chancery, *Ne exeat regno*, which may be had for a trifle, and will so far distress him as to oblige him to find bail, and bring him to some composition, not to be hind'ed from going abroad. If once he is over, you'll be obliged to a prosecution of more trouble and time, or he will not allow her a groat (as he has declared). I cannot but lay before you this case, which is of the last importance to the poor lady; and, indeed, must affect any charitable man."

We presume that Pope meant by "going back to his command," returning to his regiment. It is a curious accident—but an accident certainly—that in the letter wherein Caryl asks Pope, "Who was the *Unfortunate Lady* you address a copy of verses to?" he thus continues:—

"Now I have named such a person, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have complied with her desires, though I think a second voyage to such a rascal is the most preposterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* It is harder to find than the man Diogenes looked for with a candle and lantern at noonday."

This letter is dated July, 1717; and the "desires" of the unhappy lady was for an advance of 50*l.* to enable her to proceed to Port-Mahon,—where, we infer from the mention of "a second voyage," she had probably been before.

The issue, we fear, justified the prediction. No doubt the official connections of the new Editors will enable them to throw some light on our conjecture. We can only add, that the nineteenth article of the charges preferred, in 1719-20, against Kane, Lieut.-Governor of Minorca—chiefly relating to insults offered to the Catholic religion, during the preceding four or five years—runs thus,—

"That Captain Cope, married at London to an English

woman, is suffered in the regiment, although he has newly contracted a second marriage with Eulalia Morell, which the Vicar-General has declared null and void."

—This looks very like the "rascal" we are in search of.

Mrs. Cope had returned to England in the autumn of 1720, and soon after retired to France.

Pope never ceased to take an interest in this "unhappy lady." He was ever chivalrous in defence of women, and sided with them in all quarrels between husbands and wives. Pope thought, and perhaps justly, that the forms and conventionalities of society were "severe to all, but most to womankind"—

Made fools by honour, and made fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place :
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
 Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
 Or bound in formal or in real chains ;
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.

The subsequent history of Mrs. Cope might be written from the references to her in Pope's unpublished, or in paragraphs dropped out of his published, letters. She appears to have lived for a time at Bar-sur-Aube in great poverty, maintained by an allowance from Pope and Caryll, with occasional contributions from benevolent persons whom Pope interested in her behalf,—for Pope was not only liberal himself, but an active and energetic friend. He thus wrote to Caryll on "January 19, 1725-6."—

"Talking of one sufferer puts me in mind of another whom I remember you told me you were willing to assist, whenever she was settled abroad. I had, three days since, a long letter from poor Mrs. Cope, from Bar-sur-Aube en Champagne, where she tells me she has stayed several months, in hopes of her brother's coming there (as he gave her assurance), to live together ; but she knows no more of him yet than the first

day she arrived, nor hears when or how he can assist her; insomuch that the little money I sent her half a year since was actually all gone then, and she really wanted bread when I remitted her a little more this Xmas. I wish I could serve her farther, but really cannot wholly supply her, being out of pocket of every farthing I sent her this last twelvemonth. I wish you could remit her something, for I believe she never needed it more than at this juncture."

Well might the poor lady say she hears not "when or how" her brother can assist her:—for the brother to whom she refers had, as Pope tells us, lost his property during the Mississippi madness.

We shall continue the history from another unpublished letter of Pope's, dated May 10, 1727.—

"I received, last post, a letter from Mrs. Cope, by which I find her miseries are increased by a cancer in her breast, Surely she is now, every day, a greater object of charity than other people. I must hope you will add something to her relief; since really that (which she tells me is almost all her subsistence), the little I yearly send her, cannot suffice, nor can I, in my own narrow fortune (you must needs be so sensible), increase it. Mr. Robert Arbuthnott, out of friendship to me and his own natural generosity of mind, has been kinder to her than anybody; nor is it in my power to make him any return, which renders me uneasy. Letters to her must be directed to him. *Banquier à Paris* is sufficient; and he'll faithfully convey to her anything you think fit [to send] in the best manner."

If the reader remembers the beautiful epitaph "on Mrs. Corbet," this last paragraph will have suggested the terrible issue. Mrs. Cope underwent an operation described as "one of the most terrible ever made," and as borne with great fortitude, but died in consequence on the 12th of May, 1728. In a letter, written by her brother, in which he gives an account of her death, he says,—"Nobody ever could suffer more than

she did for ten months before her death, and no one ever bore sufferings with more patience or was better prepared to die."

Under these circumstances—considering the long acquaintance Pope had with this lady; his respect for her and for her "wit and sense"; his sympathy with her in her sorrows and her sufferings; his generous and noble conduct towards her, to the last hour of her life—we think it probable that she, Mrs. Cope, is entitled to the honour of the epitaph. The question, so far as the mere name is concerned, may be of little consequence; but the character of any one in whom Pope took so deep an interest is part and parcel of his own life; and the outline sketch we have given of Mrs. Cope and her sad sufferings would lose nothing of its value, even if the new Editors could show that Mrs. Corbet had a right to the honours of the past century.

It must have been manifest to the attentive reader that Pope was not altogether satisfied with his friend Caryll's conduct towards this poor relation. He, indeed, said so in a remonstrance, which does him honour;—in the letter, which has been, in part, published, addressed not, as usual, to "the Hon. J. C.," but to "Mr. C——," and with the date altered to 1732—the letter described in the "Table of Contents" as "Expostulatory on the Hardship done an Unhappy Lady."* We acknowledge the virtue of the man in having written that letter—a letter worthy of his true heart and of the true service done to the "unhappy lady." But the propriety of publication is a different question. There was another unhappy lady who had claims for consideration—especial claims at that time, for, though an old and a life-long friend, who had served him in all the offices of active friendship, as he had a hundred times acknowledged, she was but a young widow. If Pope believed that the poor disguise we have noticed was sufficient for concealment,—that neither the widow of Caryll—nor his children—nor his friends, relations, nor the public—could discover by whom the wrong had been done against which he had expostu-

* In proof of the *suggestiveness* of these small alterations and indications, De Quincey, in his article on Pope in *Enc. Brit.*, comes to the conclusion that this letter related to the Unfortunate Lady. See *Enc. Brit.*

lated, then the letter itself sinks into one of those foolish flourishings—the “unclouded effulgence of general benevolence”—which offend by their obvious purpose of self-glorification. It was not. It is impossible to believe that what *we* can read, interpret and understand, was not intelligible to living hearts and loving memories. Pope, therefore, is open to just censure for having published that letter without accompanying it with another, wherein he acknowledged his error and fully acquitted his friend. We shall print this now—it is never too late to do justice. The following passage is all that concerns Caryll in the “expostulatory.” The first paragraph only has been published, and this with slight alterations and the omission of the lady’s name.—

“TWICKENHAM, Feb. 3^d, 1728-9.

“I assure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me to be plain and unreserved upon this head, upon which I wrote actually a letter to you long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by long acquaintance or the mere merit of good will. I vow to God I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is, what you guess:—I could not much esteem your conduct to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. Cope; and I have often hinted it to yourself. The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it, for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise; I will acquit you, as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause [of complaint], for the unhappy lady gives me now no further pain; she is no longer an object either of yours or of my compassion; and the hardships done her, by whomsoever, are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in’t but the persons concern’d in occasioning them. As to my small assistance, I never dreamt of repayment; so the true sorrow you express for my being a *looser* is misplaced. Indeed, I was a little shockt at one circumstance, that some of your Sussex acquaintance declared that you remitted me ten *p^d* a year for her (which you know was not true; but I don’t impute this report to you).

The only thing I am now concern'd at is, that (for want of some abler or richer friend to her) I myself stand engaged to Abbé Southcotte for 20*l.* toward his charges for surgeons and necessaries in her last illness; which is all I think myself a looser by, because it does her no good."

An explanation was immediately given;—to which Pope replied:—

"TWITNAM, *Feb.* 18.

"I assure you once more, it is an ease to my mind and a contentment to receive your letter. Nor was I so defective as to you it might seem in not beginning in this matter. I had actually written and directed to you a long letter upon the whole; but was prevented merely by another's judgment, which judgment, too, was meant in respect and tenderness for you. I wish to God I had been (according to my own nature) the person active in this; and I give you with reluctance the merit herein of doing a friend's part. As to the lady now dead, I have had the most positive assurances from one that could not be mistaken (unless wilfully so) that she had no such assistance as what you now tell me from your hands of 20*l.* a year. That was the sum I sent her myself constantly (upon an assurance that nobody else did so much, or near so much, ever since her brother's misfortune in the Mississippi). You will, therefore, be so just as to acquit me of any hard suspicion of your conduct that was my own or chargeable upon me, since it was upon assurances and positive informations that I thought you unkind; and Abbé S. yet makes a demand upon me for her last necessities, which I am sure implies *no other* defray'd them."

We will not say that Pope's informant had "wilfully" stated what was untrue,—but certainly Pope was misinformed. Enough for our present purpose, that Caryll offered proofs personally, and that Pope acknowledged they were satisfactory:—

"May 30, 1729.

"I am first to give you very sincere thanks for your kind visit, and double thanks for its being so well *timed*, to remove

in the best manner the little shadow of misconstruction between us. I assure you I had, and have thought, and shall think often, of your estimable proceeding in this affair. How many men of less sense and less friendship had taken quite another turn than I see by pleasing experience you can be capable of. I protest I never twice in my life have found my own sincerity succeed so well, and I beg your pardon for doubting; but I was not without some doubt of it herein. I am now glad you question'd, glad I disguis'd nothing; glad we were both in the right, nay, not sorry if I was a little otherwise; since it has occasioned the knowledge of that dependence which I ought and am to have on your friendship and temper. I hope this will find you and your whole family in that perfect health I wish them; in perfect harmony and all other happiness I am sure it will; whatsoever you can give yourselves by *Virtue* you will; let but *Fortune* do her part in the rest. * * Forgot you never can be, esteem'd you ever will be, and loved and wish'd well you ever must be, by, dear sir, your affectionate, obliged friend and servant."

It is impossible to record the fact of Pope's generosity to this "unhappy lady," unrecorded and unknown for more than a century after his death, without forgiveness—hearty forgiveness—for a thousand little tricky deceptions; the result, as we must believe, of a weak and diseased body, a supersensitive and morbid temperament, acted on by unjust laws, and, "far worse to bear," unjust prejudice.

There are numberless other questions of interest which we must leave to be elucidated by the new Editors. But we cannot pass in silence over Pope's relations with the Blounts. We must be content, however, briefly to indicate and suggest.

Pope was early acquainted with the Blounts, and took, as usual with him, a deep interest in their affairs. The daughters, like himself, had a fortune which required careful management. Some interesting passages in the letter (addressed, when published, to Edward Blount) of March 20, 1715-16, as usual, dropped out on publication. We have inserted them in italics—

"This brings into my mind one or other of those I love

best; and among them the widow and fatherless, late of *Mapledurham*. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of other's misfortunes, or a more generous recognition as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear may be render'd as supportable to them as it is in the power of any friend to make it. *They are beforehand with us in being out of house and home by their brother's marriage; and I wish they have not some cause already to look upon Mapledurham with such sort of melancholy as we may upon our own seats when we lose them.*"

Had this letter appeared as written, the biographers could not all, with the exception of Mr. Carruthers, have assumed that his correspondent Blount was the brother of the Misses Blount. Pope was strangely prejudiced against the brother, because on his marriage he had required that his mother and sisters should leave Mapledurham. Pope, indeed, was so affectionately devoted to his own mother, that such conduct must have appeared to him strange and unfeeling; but he ought to have judged others by the usage of the world, and remembered the circumstances—by which Pope himself was never tried, though we doubt not he would have borne the test.

More slanderous nonsense was never written than on the connexion and relation of Pope and the Misses Blount; and it is but a poor apology to say it was written in ignorance of all those facts on which a just judgment could be formed. Talk contemptuously of the gossip of old women! Why it is pure reason and pure logic compared to the gossip of Lisle Bowles. Here are a few specimens of his philosophy and its application.—

"The most extraordinary circumstance relating to this Epistle in Verse [Epistle to Mrs. Blount], and which evinces the grossness of the times, or the licentiousness of the man, was the conclusion of it, now suppressed,—so coarse and indecent that it almost *surpasses belief that it could have been sent to any woman* (much less one for whom he professed esteem) *if the lines in his own handwriting were not extant.*"

That "lines" are extant in Pope's handwriting is no proof that they were sent to Miss Blount; indeed Bowles is of opinion that they were *not*, but "*kept for the consilia secretiora of Cromwell and his other friends of like character.*" If so, the "most extraordinary circumstance" would turn out to be no circumstance at all; and the proof of the licentiousness of the man—and of the woman in a still higher degree—is that Pope sent to Miss Blount the copy of a poem from which, before sending it, he struck out all that was indecent! Mr. Bowles further tells us—

"That a friendly but *indefinite* connexion, a strange mixture of *passion, gallantry, licentiousness*, and kindness, had long taken place between himself and the Miss Blounts." (p. lxix.)

By the "*indefinite* connexion" Bowles must mean undefined—unknown—yet he instantly pronounces it to have been "a strange mixture of *passion, gallantry, licentiousness* and kindness."—

"The most direct addresses to Martha were not conceived till after the coolness of Lady Mary, and the death of the brother in 1726. Pope, however, was in this respect a politician, and he carefully, to the family, at least, avoided any expressions in his letters that might be construed into a direct avowal; and when his warmth sometimes betrayed him, he generally contrived to make *old Mrs. Blount and her other daughter* parties, so that what was said might appear only the dictates of general kindness." (p. lxx.)

"Many facts tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature 'so pure and innocent' as his panegyrist, Ruffhead, would make us believe. But whatever there might be of *criminality in the connexion*, it did not take place till the 'hey-day' of youth was over; that is, *after the death of her brother (1726).*" (cxxviii.)

"On the death of their brother, his intimate friend and correspondent, he seems to speak more openly his undisguised sentiments to Martha, who from this time became his confidant,

having admitted a connexion which subjected her to some ridicule, but which ended only with his life."

It is not possible after this to mistake Bowles's opinion:—let us then examine his evidence.

He finds his proof of the "direct addresses to Martha" in the fact, that there is *no* "direct avowal"—*no* direct addresses in the letters—the only evidence within his reach—where all that is said appears to be "only the dictates of general kindness," and applies as much to the one sister as to the other, and to the mother as to either! But there was one fatal moment—when "the hey-day of youth was over"—when they were released from moral restraint by the death of her brother (1726) and then the "criminality of the connexion" was no longer concealed. What an answer to this libellous nonsense—what a comment on the immoral consequences which Bowles says followed the death of the brother—when we add, that the brother did *not* die in 1726—did not die for thirteen years after—not till 1739! Mr. Bowles had made a mistake! had confounded Pope's correspondent, Edward Blount, of Devonshire, with Michael Blount, of Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire!

Though Bowles could not believe in the purity and innocence of the connexion so emphatically asserted by Ruffhead, who was but the mouth-piece of Warburton, he could and did believe all that was said against Martha Blount—even to the absurd stories about her indifference to and neglect of Pope in his last illness—although he knew that Warburton was excited against her by personal quarrels; that all he said in her favour was extorted by truth from an unwilling witness, and all that was said against her was coloured by his passion and his prejudice.

Martha Blount was not only pure and good, but somewhat over-scrupulous in the observance of what were *then* considered the proprieties—a sound-hearted, well-informed, religious woman. Her connexion with Pope was of the character described by those who knew them intimately, most "innocent and pure,"—she had, as Pope said, the

gay conscience of a life well spent—

Roscoe well observes, that the intimacy which subsisted between Martha Blount and Pope—

“was nothing more than a sincere and affectionate friendship, begun in early youth and continuing with a mutual increase of esteem and attachment through life. Of all the friends of Pope she was incomparably the dearest to him. In moments of affliction, she was the first person that occurred to his thoughts, and her happiness was to him a continual object of the most earnest solicitude. She adopted all his connexions and friendships; and was esteemed and treated by all his noble and accomplished visitors and correspondents, as a person of unimpeachable honour, reputable family, and eminent good sense. * * Even after the death of Pope she maintained an intercourse with persons of the highest character, rank, and fashion. * * And it was not till our own days that an attempt has been made to defame the memory of an elegant and accomplished woman, who passed through life honoured and respected, and who was distinguished by the invariable esteem and friendship of a man, who in spite of her detractors, has rendered her name as immortal as his own.”

Here Mr. Roscoe has stumbled—the scandal was old, and only revived by Bowles. It is not worth re-reviving, even for the purpose of refuting. Our readers, however, may be pleased to hear a word or two from Pope himself on the subject. Enough at present, and by way of introduction, to say that Pope had long objected to the conduct of Teresa—not her conduct to himself, but to others, and to her mother and sister: and when he emphatically urged on Martha that she should “settle,” it was not with reference to himself or his feelings, but her own happiness. Her health, he said, required more quiet than she could ever find “in such a family.” The only difference to him, as he told her, was, that if she settled while he yet lived, it would make him happy to know she was in peace, if after his death, it “could make you only so.” Could there be a wish less sensual than that which considered the happiness of another after his death?

The new Editors will, perhaps, throw some light on this subject—tell us what truth there was in the stories about Zephyllinda and Alexis, Teresa Blount and James Moore Smythe. That Smythe and Pope hated each other is known wherever the ‘Dunciad’ is known. That there was no jealousy between them *we* believe:—that the “Advertisement” was a consequence, not a cause, of quarrel is obvious:—the story told of the five-line plagiarism proves an intimacy, more or less, after June, 1723; and the denouncing it a quarrel before the close of 1727. The new Editors will, probably, explain why these five lines, from “the Verses on Mrs. Patty,” were subsequently transferred to ‘The Characters of Women’; and whether their position in that poem has or has not a significance and a meaning. Is there anything in the following inconsequential postscript to one of Pope’s unpublished letters to help them to a conjecture?—

“The Verses on Mrs. Patty had not been printed; but that one Puppy of our sex took ’em to himself as Author, and another Simpleton of her sex pretended they were address’d to herself. I never thought of showing ’em to anybody but her; nor she (it seems) being better content to merit praises, and good wishes, than to boast of ’em. But, indeed, they are such, as I am not ashamed of, as I’m sure they are very true and very warm.”

If neither Pope nor Martha Blount showed these Verses, the Puppy and the Simpleton must be sought for within a very narrow and a very home circle. We, however, have no great confidence in Pope’s assertions; and no more in his scandal-gossip than in other people’s.

Enough for us, at present, to say that there were scandalous reports in circulation about Pope and Martha Blount even so early as 1723–1725; and that Pope traced them, or believed that he had, to her family; and thus wrote to her godfather on the subject. This interesting but painful letter has never been published entire—

" 25 Dec. 1725.

" I wish I had nothing to trouble me more [than ill-natured criticism]. An honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-liv'd vermin, that die of shooting their own stings. Falsehood is Folly (says Homer) and Liars and Calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world. In the next, 'tis Charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the Devil's Vicegerents upon Earth, who is the father of lies, and I fear has a right to dispose of his children. I've had an occasion to make these reflections of late much juster than from anything that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person; who I'm sure shares your friendship no less than I do.* † [You too are brought into the story so falsely that I think it but just to appeal against the injustice to yourself singly, as a full and worthy Judge and Evidence too! A very confident asseveration has been made, which has spread over the Town, that your God-daughter, Miss Patty, and I lived 2 or 3 years since in a manner that was reported to you as giving scandal to many; that upon your writing to me upon it, I consulted with her, and sent you an excusive, alleviating answer; but did after that, privately, and of myself, write to you a full confession; how much I myself disapprov'd the way of life, and owning the prejudice done her, charging it on herself, and declaring that I wish'd to break off what I acted against my conscience, &c.; and that she, being at the same time spoken to by a Lady of y^r acquaintance, at your instigation, did absolutely deny to alter any part of her conduct, were it ever so disreputable or exceptionable. Upon this villainous lying tale, it is further added by the same hand, that I brought her acquainted with a noble Lord, and into an intimacy with some others, merely to get quit of her myself, being mov'd in consciousness by what you and I had conferr'd together, and playing this base part to get off. You will bless yourself at so

* Edit. 1735, ii. 159.

† Unpublished.

vile a wickedness, who very well (I dare say) remember the truth of what then past, and the satisfaction you exprest I gave you (and Mrs. Caryll also exprest the same thing to her kinswoman) upon that head. God knows ! upon what motives any one should malign a sincere and virtuous friendship. I wish those very people had never led her into anything more liable to objection, or more dangerous to a good mind, than I hope my conversation or kindness are. She has in reality had less of it these two years past than ever since I knew her ; and truly when she has it, 'tis almost wholly a Preachment, which I think necessary, against the ill consequences of another sort of company, which they by their good will would always keep ; and she, in compliance and for quiet sake keeps more than you or I could wish. * * God is my witness I am as much a friend to her soul as to her person ; the good qualities of the former made me her friend.] No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself."

It is impossible, we think, to read this letter without feeling the force of that solemn declaration, " God is my witness I am as much a friend to her soul as to her person,"—and without a conviction that the connexion between Pope and Martha Blount was "pure and innocent." It is evident that gossiping slander had been long current—that it had been inquired into by those who had a right to be satisfied, and who were satisfied. That they had given no countenance to its revival is clear from what follows :—

" TWITTENHAM, Jan. 19, 1725-6.

"I had much sooner acknowledg'd a Letter so worthy of you as your last, in which you show so just and honourable a regard to Truth (which ought to be above all friends, if the old saying be good *Amicus Plato sed magis amica Veritas*) and at the same time to your friends also. I never doubted the entire falsity of what was said relating to you any more than of what related to myself. I am as confident of your honour as of my own. Let Lies perish and be confounded, and the authors of 'em, if not forgiven be despised. So we men say, but I am afraid women cannot ; and your injur'd kinswoman is made too

uneasy by these sinister practices, which especially from one's own Family are terrible."

There are still "many new facts" to be added to the life of Pope,—“many errors” of the biographers to be corrected,—and still more questions that ought to be and must be discussed now or hereafter by us or by others.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON 'MRS. CORBET.'

From the *Athenæum*.

WE have received three communications on the subject of the Epitaph on 'Mrs. Corbet.' As the writers substantially agree in their representations, we shall print the one which comes from a Lady who, from her relationship to the family, speaks with a sort of authority. She thus writes:—

“LONGNOR, NEAR SHREWSBURY, *July 25, 1854.*

“After reading in the *Athenæum* of the 22nd inst., the remarks there made on the Life of Pope, and the well-known and beautiful Epitaph written by him, I wish to state that in the Corbett family the belief has always existed that that Epitaph was written on Elizabeth, the only daughter of Sir Uvedale and Lady Mildred Corbett, and grand-daughter of Sir Richard Corbett, who was a friend of William Lord Russell. A portrait of this lady, by Le Garde, is at Longnor Hall, in Shropshire—which is still the residence of that branch of the Corbetts—and the Epitaph is on her monument in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, prefaced by the following lines:—

“ ‘In Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett, who departed this Life at Paris, March 1st, 1724, after a long and painfull sickness. She was a Daughter of Sir Uvedale Corbett, of Longnor, in the County of Salop. Bart., by the Right Hon. the Lady Mildred Cecill, who ordered this Monument to be erected.

Here rests a woman, &c. &c.’

—Tradition remains in the family that Miss Corbett's long and painful sickness was caused by cancer, so that probably

her sufferings were as well known to her friends as those of Mrs. Cope, and it is singular that the death of both ladies took place in Paris. Lady Mildred (at that time remarried to Sir Charles Hotham), who erected the monument to her daughter's memory, died herself January the 18th, 1726-7, which gives an earlier date to the Epitaph than the Death of Mrs. Cope. These particulars are all given in the second volume of the 'English Baronetage,' London, 1741, under the head of 'Corbett of Leighton.' I hope that this may prove a satisfactory answer to your inquiry 'whether there was a Mrs. Corbet at all?'

"I remain, &c.

"FAVORETTA HAMILTON, née CORBETT."

Our Correspondent cannot, of course, suppose that we meant literally to ask whether there was *a* Mrs. Corbet—*any* Mrs. Corbet then alive. There may have been many. The question was, whether there was a "Mrs. Corbet who died of a cancer in the breast," known to Pope, and on whom he wrote his epitaph? The inscription on the monument, in St. Margaret's Church, does not so inform us; as neither "Pope" nor "cancer" are there mentioned; indeed the words "who departed this life after a long and painful *sickness*" seem to us to describe any mortal disease rather than cancer. But why this suppression of the fact on the monument, if it were a fact, when it was given for universal circulation in the immortal types of the poet? Our Correspondent says, there is a tradition in the family that Mrs. Corbet's long sickness was caused by cancer. No doubt of it;—there is more than a tradition in favour of that opinion, and that it was "*cancer in the breast*"—the inscription in the poet's verses, which has stood unquestioned for a century. Further, says our Correspondent, Mrs. Corbet's sufferings were, probably, "as well known to her friends as those of Mrs. Cope." Here, again, we agree; but submit that the question is, were *her sufferings as well known to Pope*? Can our Correspondent, or any other Correspondent, give us proof that Pope was in intimate and close friendship with Mrs. Corbet:—or with the Corbet family at the time the

epitaph was written? We have shown how long he had known—how much he admired—and how deeply interested he was in the fate and fortune of Mrs. Cope, “who died of a cancer in the breast.” We have shown, too, that Pope was not unwilling, on occasions, to make an epitaph do double duty. Hence the doubts—hence the difficulties. Can our Correspondent, or any other, tell us *when Pope's lines were inscribed on the monument?* Our Correspondent quotes the inscription correctly; but the following, not quoted, is significant, and wants explanation.—

“Here lieth also inter'd the body of the Right Hon. the Lady Mildred Hotham, daughter of James Cecill, late Earl of Salisbury, who died January 18, 1726-7. She was first married to Sir Uvedale Corbet, Bart. Her second husband was Sir Charles Hotham, of the county of York, Bart.

“This monument was finished by her son, Sir Richard Corbet, Bart.”

What is the meaning of this word *finished*? The reader will no doubt have observed, that the inscription to Mrs. Corbet is complete in itself,—and just as complete without as with Pope's verses. It is possible, therefore, that the verses were subsequently added by her brother, Sir Richard, when he “finished” the monument.

If it can be shown that these verses were inscribed on the monument before May 1728, when Mrs. Cope died, it will establish the claims of Mrs. Corbet as against Mrs. Cope; if it cannot, we shall still suspect that, as in the case of Trumbull, they were an “appropriation.” Either way, as we said last week, the sketch of the life and sufferings of Mrs. Cope—of Pope's respect and regard for her—and of his own noble conduct—will lose no jot of its interest or value.

From the *Athenæum*, April 14, 1855.

Lives of the most Eminent English Poets. By Samuel Johnson ; with Notes by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Vol. III. Murray.

The Bristol Bibliographer. Bristol, Kerslake.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, we should have been content to announce the completion of this edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' with an acknowledgment that the last volume fully justifies the promise of the first, and our commendation. As, however, Mr. Cunningham has in his Notes more than once referred to the articles on Pope which appeared some time since in the *Athenæum* [Nos. 1393—1395],—and as he is announced as assistant editor of the long-promised edition of Pope's works,—it may be well to offer a few words of explanation where he appears to have mistaken our meaning.

Mr. Cunningham considers our argument and evidence respecting "the Unfortunate Lady" as "*an ingenious attempt to identify the Unfortunate Lady with a Mrs. Weston*"!—not successful, *because* "the verses in which she is said to be lamented as dead were actually published seven years before her death."

Now, if the reader will be pleased to refer to the *Athenæum* [No. 1394], he will see how far the facts justify Mr. Cunningham's statement and comment. He will there find that the biographers of Pope, after a century of research, had come to the conclusion that "the Unfortunate Lady" was a Mrs. Winsbury, or Wainsbury,—"*the Mrs. W. of Pope's letters*:"—that Pope himself had ingeniously contrived to help them to the conclusion. We undertook to prove, and did prove, that the "Mrs. W. of Pope's letters" was neither "Mrs. Winsbury, nor Mrs. Wainsbury, nor '*the Unfortunate Lady*,'"—but a Mrs. Weston, of Sutton ; and that Mrs. Weston lived "*years after*" the "*visionary sword*" and "*bleeding-bosom gored*" had sent "*the Unfortunate*" to "*the pitying sky*"!

Whether this was an "*attempt to identify 'the Unfortunate*

Lady' " with Mrs. Weston, we shall leave to the judgment of the reader.

As to the state of the Fenton MSS. of the books of Homer which Fenton translated for Pope, we have on record some strange contradictions, all the more startling when it is known that these MSS. are daily open to inspection in the British Museum. Johnson says, "they have very few alterations by the hand of Pope." Mr. Cunningham tells us, "the first and fourth are crowded with Pope's alterations." Now we happen to have before us a letter, by George Steevens, a very careful observer, addressed to Dr. Johnson, on this very subject, and he confirms Johnson's statement—indeed, makes the fact the ground for inference and argument :—

" HAMPSTEAD HEATH, Oct. 27th, 1780.

" DEAR SIR,

" You have taken notice of a disproportion between the prices paid by Pope to Fenton and his coadjutor. I was once told (by Spence or Dr. Ridley) that Pope complained he had more trouble in the revisal of a single book translated by Broome than with all that were executed by Fenton. Three of Fenton's books, in his own handwriting, are preserved in the Museum, and countenance, on one part, the observation of Pope ; for I do not think that in any one of these he made many more than a dozen corrections. He changed, however, the two first lines of the first book, which originally stood thus :—

The man for wisdom fam'd, O Muse ! relate,
Through woes and wanderings long pursued by fate.

Broome's MSS. are not in the Museum ; but, if the complaint was just, his assistance proved less valuable to Pope than Fenton's. To the weary translator of thirty-six books of Homer a laborious revision of eight more was as unwelcome as it might be expected. Excuse the hurry in which this is written, and do me the honour to believe me your ever faithful, obliged and obedient,

" G. STEEVENS."

The date of the year is doubtful ; but, from the tone of the

letter, we incline to the opinion that Steevens wrote it after a perusal of the life of Broome in manuscript.

Mr. Cunningham accepts as true and repeats the story that Pope received a large sum of money, 1,000*l.*, from the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character he had drawn of her under the name of Atossa. We utterly disbelieve it. Mr. Cunningham refers to the well-known passage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Marchmont in proof.—

“Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles that follow the ‘*Essay on Man*.’ I am sorry for it, because, if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it, after he had received the favour you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted.”

By no possible ingenuity can we deduce from this paragraph proof that Pope ever received a thousand pounds, or a thousand pence, or a single sixpence from the Duchess; “the favour” may mean anything or nothing—a courtesy, a compliment, a civility of any sort; and the fact that he did insert the character of ‘Atossa,’* while the Duchess was living is proof to the contrary,—for no man, out of Bedlam, would have thus idly put it in the power of that clever and unscrupulous woman utterly to ruin his character, which on such points was absolutely without stain and without suspicion. But to this letter when found was appended in pencil “1,000*l.*,” and the Editor of the Marchmont Papers conjectures that the pencil note was in the handwriting of his father, Mr. George Rose, and that the father meant thereby to intimate that a thousand pounds was “the favour” to which Bolingbroke referred. What! and is this conjectural interpretation by one person of what may have been meant by another, who could know nothing of the facts, to shake our faith in the character of a man who never asked, never sought, never accepted favours, who more than once declined them—even a pension for life from the Crown?

* “*I have got the book*,” says Bolingbroke to Marchmont.

Respecting the epitaph "On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breast," Mr. Cunningham states that it "was first printed in D. Lewis's *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1730," which we doubt; and he describes what was said on this subject in the *Athenæum* as an attempt "to show that it was really written on a Mrs. Cope." We have no objection to this report of what we said,—although we certainly intended rather to throw out a speculative possibility or probability for the consideration of Mr. Cunningham or Mr. Croker than dogmatically to assert anything. We hoped to put the new Editors on their guard against certain mystifications in the early life and writings of Pope, which have misled all former editors, from Warburton himself to Mr. Carruthers. We proved that the early correspondence of Pope was not to be relied on; that the letters which were published by Pope, and have for more than a century appeared as addressed to Trumbull, Addison, Craggs, and others, were not one-half of them so addressed; that the famous letter to Addison of the 20th of July, 1713, "dictated," we were told, "by the most generous principle of friendship," and which has given rise to so much comment, was a mere manufacture; that the epitaph which figures in his works and professes to have been written on King William's Secretary of State, Sir W. Trumbull, *was written on King James's Secretary of State John Lord Caryl!*—Seeing these things and numberless others of a like character, we thought it not improbable that the epitaph in question was really written on Pope's friend, Mrs. Cope, who did die of a cancer in her breast under circumstances that, as we showed, roused all that was noble and generous in Pope's nature and awakened his deepest sympathy, rather than on a Mrs. Corbet, with whom it is not known that he had the slightest acquaintance; whose name, or the name of whose family, is not, we believe, mentioned in all his voluminous correspondence; and whose epitaph states only that she died "after a long and painful sickness."

Now comes a critic in the mocking costume of a 'Bristol Bibliographer.' We are sorry for the simple bookseller; still more sorry to see that the "perverse widow"—the apology for this intermeddling—is treated as one of his "commodities,"

whom he is resolved to turn to profitable uses,—sorry to see one with whom we had so many pleasant associations made as familiar as Doll Common, or as “Alexander Mackenzie, my coachman,” who so long served a celebrated quack as a text on which to write advertisements. Our reply, however, so far as the comment on the Pope articles is concerned, will be very brief, for there is not one word urged against our speculation which is not taken from our own pages; but the following note, all we shall notice, goes beyond argument:—

“I have not heard that the *autograph* of the Epitaph on John Lord Caryl has been exhibited, of which a copy is printed in the *Athenæum*, July 15, '54, p. 876.”

—What is there strange in this? How should a bookseller at Bristol know whether an autograph had or had not been exhibited in London? More than a dozen persons, and those most interested in the subject, *have* seen the “autograph.” The Bibliographer himself shall see it if he will give us a few hours’ notice, any time before the 23rd of this month or after the 1st of August.

From the *Athenæum*, Nov. 15, 1856.

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. With Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. 2 vols. Edinburgh, James Nichol.

WHEN, by the laudation of the Critics, as set forth in advertisements, our attention was especially directed to the series of our Poets now publishing at Edinburgh, we thought it our duty to look carefully over the work, and we gave the results in a notice of the edition of Collins [*ante*, p. 8].

This edition of Pope is of like character—good paper, fair typography; two handsome volumes—and there an end of commendation. On ‘The Dissertation’ we shall not hazard an opinion: it may be a flight beyond us—“caviare to the

general"; but the 'Memoir and Notes' come within the range even of "the general." Here there can be no differences of opinion; because the questions are not matters of opinion, but of fact.

Mr. Gilfillan has a high respect for Mr. Carruthers, and Mr. Carruthers has told us that "it is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that more authentic information, regarding the literary and personal history of Pope, has transpired within the last three or four years, than had accumulated during the previous century." Of this accumulation not a whisper has reached Mr. Gilfillan. In his Memoir, published be it remembered in 1856, we have the old story over again,—down even to the father with his strong box, in which he stowed away his money, and lived on the principal. There, too, incredible as it may appear, Pope leaves Binfield in 1715, and retires to Twickenham "along with his parents," in defiance of facts and parish registers, which prove that they retired to Chiswick, where his father died, and was buried on the 26th of October, 1717. There, too, 'The Rape of the Lock' introduces us, once again, to the venerable "secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James the Second, whose fortunes he followed into France,"—followed into France, as our readers know, the very year that Pope was born; who never again set foot in England; who was outlawed in 1695; and with whom, therefore, it would have been treason even to hold a correspondence. With Mr. Gilfillan, 'The Fourth Pastoral' was "*produced* on occasion of the death of a Mrs. Tempest—a favourite of Mr. Walsh, the poet's friend;" in contradiction to Walsh's own letter, published with Pope's letters for more than a century, wherein Walsh says, "Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that *of mine on Mrs. Tempest's* death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, *as if it were to the memory* of the same lady;" and accordingly Pope, on publication, prefixed 'To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest'*—a lady whom, it is reasonably certain, Pope had

* Or rather, on first publication in Lintot's Mis., Pope inscribed it 'To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady'—subsequently 'To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.' Mrs. Tempest was killed in the great storm, 26 Nov. 1703.

never seen, and who died long before the Pastoral was written.

Of course, with Mr. Gilfillan 'The Unfortunate Lady' is still "said to have been a Mrs. Wainsbury"; the quarrel with Wycherley is explained by calling the author of 'The Plain Dealer,' which Dryden said was the finest satire ever presented on the English stage, "old, *stupid*, and excessively vain"; and, following the arithmetical fancies of Roscoe—copied, however, second-hand from Carruthers, with some original blundering—we are told that Pope became acquainted with *Michael* Blount, of "Maple Durham, near Reading," in 1707; whereas both Roscoe and Carruthers use the figures to prove that Pope in that year became acquainted with the Misses Blount. Blount, of Mapledurham, in 1707, was *Lister* Blount, the father of those ladies. As to Michael, their brother, he was at that time a schoolboy. It is a fact, however, that would have been significant to Bowles, had it not fortunately escaped his observation, that Pope, though so intimate with the mother and daughters, had very little, if any, acquaintance with Michael Blount. The truth, we suspect to have been, that Michael Blount was not a man of very refined tastes or habits. There is a touching letter from Teresa to her nephew on Michael Blount's death; but no account of him is given by the biographers,—not one single letter published that passed between him and Pope. We hear little of him, and that little is not creditable. In 1725–26, years after he had been married and had a family, he was engaged in a disgraceful night-brawl, in which a Mr. Gower lost his life, and for which Major Oneby was sentenced to death, and would have been executed but that he destroyed himself the night before the appointed day. The parties had been to the theatre—thence to Will's Coffee-house—then to the Castle Tavern in Drury Lane, where they remained, drinking and gambling, with a pepper-box instead of a dice-box, until two or three in the morning, when Gower was killed and Blount very seriously wounded.

We submit that there ought to be no more repetition of the idle reports, suspicions, and questionings of the hour, unless

some proof can be offered of their truth,—for, no matter how delicately recorded and tenderly discussed by the biographers, they are sure to receive from the hurried and uninformed public a hard and positive construction. Thus, the absurd story, for which there is not even a shadow of authority, that Pope took a bribe of 1,000*l.* to suppress the character of Atossa becomes under the manipulation of Mr. Gilfillan something like a fact. Thus he writes :—

“It is said—*we fear too truly*—that these lines being shown to her Grace [of Marlborough] * * she recognised in them her own likeness, and bribed Pope with a thousand pounds to suppress it. He did so religiously—as long as she was alive—and then published it !”

When the character of Atossa was first published was not likely to be known to Mr. Gilfillan. The answer to *his* statement is,—the Duchess outlived Pope.

Such stories ought not even to be put on record without a deliberate marshalling of authorities, and then no biographer of common sense would march through Coventry with one half of these old libels. So of that older libel, that Pope satirized the Duke of Chandos, “a man who had befriended him and lent him money.” Pope, says Mr. Gilfillan, denied the charge ; which is true ; and as neither the Duke nor any other man ever offered to prove it, the malicious untruth ought to have been dropped a century since. But Pope not only denied the charge of borrowing, but of befriending ; he distinctly stated that he had never seen the Duke but twice, and had never received any present, further than the subscription for Homer, from him or from any great man whatever. This indignant denial was natural, but not required. A charge of borrowing money from the Duke or from any man—like the charge of taking a bribe from the Duchess—was a mere absurdity to all to whom Pope, his fortunes, and his character were known. Pope was a lender, not a borrower. A giver and not a receiver. A free giver, too, though somewhat over-careful in small personal matters—“paper-sparing,”

as Swift described him. Mr. Gilfillan, however, notwithstanding Pope's denial, has some doubts on the subject, which we recommend to the courteous consideration of literary men.—

“Pope denied the charge, although *it is very possible*, both from his own temperament, and *from the frequent occurrence of similar cases of baseness in literary life, that it may have been true.*”

The unhesitating manner with which Mr. Gilfillan pronounces judgment on questions of extremest doubt and delicacy—where the well-informed whisper with bated breath—will be duly admired. For Pope's errors or his vices, when proved, let Pope be condemned; and he had enough to keep the dullest of mortals in countenance. Of all the current and contemporary slander which cannot be proved, let him be acquitted. Why are we to go on eternally weighing and balancing? If those whom his genius and his satire had made his enemies could not substantiate their own charges, why are they now to be doubtfully discussed? Take, in illustration, the attachment between Pope and Martha Blount. Mr. Gilfillan thus settles this “delicate question” after his own off-hand fashion.—

“Bowles [he tells us] has *strongly and plausibly* urged that it was not of the purest or most creditable order. Others have contended that it did not go further than the manners of the age sanctioned; and they say, ‘a much greater licence in conversation and in epistolary correspondence was permitted between the sexes than in our decorous age!’ We are not careful to try and settle such a delicate question,—only we are inclined to suspect, that when common decency quits the *words* of male and female parties in their mutual communications, it is a very simple charity that can suppose it to adhere to their *actions.*”

Mr. Gilfillan evidently rejoices that he has no “simple charity” to mislead his judgment; he tries all things and all men by one standard—himself, the illustration of the nineteenth century. Under his general law all are condemned

from Chaucer to Shakspeare, including the Fathers of our Church and the translators of our Bible. That we do Mr. Gilfillan no injustice may be made apparent in a sentence, where, after recording the death of Pope, he thus continues :—

“ His favourite, Martha Blount, behaved, according to some accounts, with disgusting unconcern on the occasion. So true it is, ‘ there is no friendship among the wicked.’ ”

This is very base ; and yet, as the reader will observe, it rests on “ some accounts ” circulated by somebody whom Mr. Gilfillan neither knows, nor concerns himself to know ; and this of a woman who lived honoured by the friendship of the virtuous and the good of all classes, represented by Lord Lyttelton, Judge Fortescue, the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Gerard, Lady Cobham, the brilliant daughter of Arbuthnot, and a dozen others who might be named. Even Warburton, much as he disliked and much as he misrepresented her, declared through his mouth-piece, Ruffhead, that her connexion with Pope was pure and innocent. The somebody, however, of Mr. Gilfillan was no doubt Bowles, whose “ strong and plausible ” was founded on an absurd mistake. “ Whatever there might be of *criminality in the connexion*,” he observes, “ it did not take place till the ‘ hey-day ’ of youth was over,—that is, *after the death of her brother* (1726),—when he was thirty-eight, and she thirty-six.” It was the death of the brother, it appears, which released them from all moral restraint : up to that time Bowles himself admits there had been no criminality. The answer is as conclusive against Bowles as other answers of fact have been to Mr. Gilfillan. The brother was living for years after 1726,—he did not die till 1739. Mr. Bowles found all the temptations to this immorality in his own blundering,—in having mistaken Blount of Devonshire for Blount of Mapledurham !

We take leave of Mr. Gilfillan ; but the character of his Memoir suggests to us the necessity there is for a reconsideration of all that has hitherto been received without question—as to the early acquaintance and intercourse between

Pope and the Misses Blount. Mr. Carruthers is, we believe, the only living literary man who has had access to the Mapledurham MSS., and he acknowledges himself to be largely indebted to the present representative of the family for information. All, therefore, that Mr. Carruthers says is spoken seemingly with authority; what he repeats from others is seemingly confirmed, and even his silence becomes significant. Under these circumstances, it is hazardous to question anything he has stated relating to the Blounts; yet we feel that there is a great deal of assumption even in his narrative—that he falls too easily into the humour of his predecessors—and talks too confidently about Pope dallying with the sisters, of the supremacy and then the deposing of Teresa. It appears to us that if ever Teresa was installed, she was certainly deposed before the letter was written to her [Carr. i. 49], during Martha's illness. In that earnest letter there is not a trace of flirtation or flattery. He speaks of Martha as one to whom he was sincerely attached—as brother to sister; not a word passes the bounds of virtuous friendship. But tender and affectionate as that letter is, the tenderness is for Martha, the compliments to Teresa.

To admit, then, of the dallying, the supremacy, and the deposing, there must have been a long intimacy before that letter was written—before 1714 or 1715. So there was, says Mr. Carruthers: it began in 1707. This, however, is not said on Mapledurham authority, but on that of Roscoe, who arrives at the conclusion after a somewhat curious method. Pope, in a published letter dated “Bath, 1714”—Mr. Carruthers, who appears to have seen the original, does not say that it is so dated, and we doubt—thus writes:—

“BATH, 1714.

“You are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred seventy sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Sylvia

[*Martha* in the original]. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth week of the reign of your most serene Majesty, in whose service I was listed some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be Queen-Regent at that time."

Mr. Carruthers, assuming the date to be correct, follows the example of Roscoe, tests the fancy of the Poet by the touchstone of arithmetic, and *thus* proves that the intimacy began in 1707. If it be right to interpret after this literal fashion, when, we would ask, was Pope out of his "infancy"? Does a man of twenty-six write of himself seven years before as in his infancy? Infancy at nineteen! We suspect that this playful nonsense is not to be tried by mechanic rules; and if there be other circumstances in Mr. Carruthers' volumes that tend to strengthen his conclusion they have escaped our observation. Indeed, in our view, Mr. Carruthers contradicts himself. Thus, in respect to the quarrel with J. Moore, afterwards J. M. Smythe, he tells us that "throughout the year 1713" Moore wrote sentimental fopperies to these ladies, but "his influence was dispersed by the real Alexis, who, notwithstanding the defects of his personal appearance, *soon* rose into favour." Is not the plain meaning of this, that in 1713 Smythe and Pope ran a race for the good opinion of these ladies, that Smythe had the advantage in the start,* but that Pope "soon" passed him and won the race? If so, we have not a word to object; it agrees substantially with our theory and Martha Blount's statement. But what becomes of Pope's intimacy with these ladies in and from 1707? The facts, as they appear to us, are clear enough.

As Catholics, residing within half-a-dozen miles of each other, it is probable that the Popes had, from the time of their residence at Binfield, some general knowledge of, or acquaintance with, the Englefields of Whiteknights, and through the Englefields with their relations the Blounts, who

* iii. 199, that J. M. S. "had stung him both as a lover and a poet * * * had stolen both his mistress and his verses."

resided a few miles further distant. A formal knowledge, however, of the Blounts, father and mother, does not, under circumstances, necessarily imply a knowledge of Teresa and Martha Blount. These ladies, we are told by Mr. Carruthers, were educated at Hammersmith,* and were then, according to the usage of that time amongst Catholic families, sent to Paris, where they remained long enough to acquire "a certain polish and vivacity" peculiar to French manners. Considering the difference in their age—Mr. Bowles says three and Mr. Carruthers two years—if they returned together we should say, as a mere speculative opinion, that they were recalled by the illness or death of their father in 1710. Martha Blount, when questioned after Pope's death, said that it was at the house of her grandfather Englefield that she used first to see Mr. Pope. "I was then," she said, "a very little girl. * * It was after his 'Essay on Criticism' was published." Martha Blount was not speaking "by the card," neither did Spence record by the letter; indeed, in the very next page she is reported to have said "my first acquaintance with him was after he had begun the *Iliad*,"—the prospectus for which was issued in 1713.†

It seems to us very natural that a woman, then probably between fifty and sixty, should speak of herself when under twenty, just returned from a convent, and first entering society, as, at that time, "a young thing—incapable of appreciating such a man or his works—a childish little thing;" and this with reference not so much to her years as her inexperience. Mr. Carruthers, however, putting entire faith in his reduction of fancy to fact, sees in Martha's statement "an amusing touch of feminine weakness and vanity," and assumes that she "post-dates the acquaintance several years." Now, we believe Martha's statement to be substantially correct. After her return from Paris, she met Pope occasionally, and as a chance

* Croker, a good authority, says, *Martha*, and probably her sister, received first rudiments of education at Mrs. Cornwallis's at Hammersmith; afterwards, under Mrs. Maynell and Miss Lyster, in Paris.

† See Kennett's *Anecdotes of Swift*, Nov. 1713. Roscoe, i. 93. But he had begun to translate sometime before, and had shown his translations to particular friends.

visitor at her grandfather's, and there she first learned to appreciate him. This opinion is strengthened by the fact, that, though Mr. Carruthers has hunted over the Mapledurham MSS., as Mr. Chalmers had done before him, the first of Pope's letters which they have been enabled to produce is dated the 25th of May, 1712—is addressed to Martha—begins “Madam,” and accompanied a presentation copy of Lintot's *Miscellany*, which contained the first sketch of ‘The Rape of the Lock.’ There is, indeed, another letter, placed by Mr. Carruthers “among the earliest,” which commences “Dear Madam.” This latter is dated “Chiswick, Tuesday, December 31st,” and Mr. Carruthers has added, between brackets, [1712]—an obvious mistake; 1712 was leap-year, and the 31st of December fell on Wednesday, and not on Tuesday. The true date is 1717.

Again, Pope at that time refers, in his published letters, more than once to Whiteknights and the Englefields: both Cromwell and Wycherley appear to have known the family and visited at the house. Pope writes to Cromwell, “Mr. Englefield always inquires of you, and drinks yours and Mr. Wycherley's health with true country affection.” Yet, in no one of his letters to either is there a mention of the Blounts or of Mapledurham, unless, indeed, we are to consider as special some vague words about two pair of radiant eyes, and his exclamation “what have I to do with Jane Grey as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world?”*—and even so, the date 21st December, 1711, would help to bear out our conjecture and Martha's statement.

Thus far our inferences rest on known and published letters; but we may add, that our private authorities agree with them. The Blounts, Englefields, and Carylls were all related and in the closest intimacy. Martha Blount was the god-daughter of the Carylls. Pope was acquainted with the Englefields and Carylls as early, at least, as 1709,—he resided in the immediate neighbourhood of the one and was in con-

* In proof that they are vague words, there is no Miss Teresa.

stant correspondence with the other : what then so certain as that Pope's letters to Caryll would be full of information about his friends and relations—about his god-daughter or her family, if Pope had met her, even casually, at Whiteknights?—yet neither her name, nor the name of her family, once occurs until July, 1711,—and then the notice is merely incidental—Pope is glad that some venison intended for him has fallen into so good hands as “Mrs. Englefield and Mrs. Blount,” a fact of which he had been informed by his correspondent. Whole letters are filled with talk about the Englefields, but there is not one mention of the Blounts from which we could infer intimacy or personal acquaintance until the “15th of December,” 1713, as we believe. Then he wrote, I came by Reading that I might have an opportunity of seeing “my old acquaintance at the place above mentioned and at Whiteknights,” and Reading may stand for Mapledurham.* Afterwards, it is probable that Pope was attracted in that direction a little more frequently by the French “polish and vivacity” of the young ladies,—and then, according to Pope's nature, he became deeply interested, not in Teresa or Martha, but in the mother and daughters—“the widow and the fatherless,” as he calls them—when they were under the necessity, on Michael Blount's contemplated marriage, of leaving Mapledurham, and living as best they might on a small fortune.

These opinions run counter to received authorities, contradict dates and facts in the published correspondence ; but Mr. Carruthers is a man of good sense, who desires to get at the truth if possible, and will do his best to test and try them and determine what they are worth.

* Where he certainly had been, as he says, “Mrs. Blount told me at Mapledurham.”

POPE'S FATHER—HIS FIRST WIFE—AND POPE'S HALF-SISTER,
MRS. RACKETT.

From the *Athenæum*, May 30, 1857.

WE stated incidentally a short time since that Mrs. Rackett, though called sister-in-law by Pope in his will, was his half-sister—the daughter of his father by a first wife, and not, as assumed by his biographers, the daughter of his mother by a first husband. We adduced, as sufficient for our immediate purpose, the account published at the time of Pope's mother's death, and we believe written by Pope himself, wherein he is described as “her only child.”

As our attention is again called to the subject we shall offer evidence—conclusive in itself—and suggest a few circumstances, which, with due diligence on the part of biographers, may possibly help them to further information.

A bookseller's catalogue is we know by experience a ticklish subject. We hope, however, that Mr. Hotten is a modest man,—not emulous of the fame of Edmund Curll—not so easily to be made a tool of. In this faith we shall notice a small contribution made to the biography of Alexander Pope in the *Adversaria* attached to his Catalogue just published. Trifling as it may appear, it is worth something.

A correspondent of Mr. Hotten's has found in the Manchester Free Library an old London Directory* of 1677, and therein appears

“Alexand. Pope, Broad street.”

* “A collection of the names of the merchants living in and about the city of London; very usefull and necessary. Carefully collected for the benefit of all dealers that shall have occasion with any of them; directing them at the first sight of their name, to the place of their abode. LONDON, printed for *Sam. Lee*, and are to be sold at his shop in *Lumbard-street*, near *Pope's-head-Alley*; and *Dan. Major* at the *Flying Horse* in *Fleetstreet*. 1677.” Very small octavo.

I have now (October, 1857) seen this Directory. The copy appears at one time to have belonged to Hearne the Antiquary. From a note therein, supposed to be in the handwriting of Hearne, the gentleman who showed it to me, the librarian, I presume, seemed to be of opinion, that Hearne had the intention of

Strange that while the biographers of Pope were agreed that his father was a merchant or trader in the City of London, and were wasting pages in speculation and discussion as to where he resided, not one of them thought of referring to a Directory. We trust they will be the wiser for Mr. Hotten's hint; for if, as asserted, the elder Pope was in business when the son was born, a later Directory might determine the poet's birthplace, and thus set another of the vexed questions at rest. Here, however, we have him resident in Broad Street in 1677, and the strong presumption therefore is that he was a freeman of one or other of the City Companies.* Have the Registers been searched? They might tell us what he was,—another question not decided to our satisfaction.

Mr. Hotten's correspondent admits that "the identity of Alexander Pope is, of course, conjectural, but the conjecture is a probable one." That identification we are enabled to offer, and at the same time to determine another vexed question of some interest. Part of Broad Street is in the parish of St. Bennet-Fink, and the Register records:—

"1679, 12 Augst. Buried, Magdalen, the wife of Allixander Pope."

Here, then, we have, for the first time, evidence that the elder Pope resided in Broad Street in 1677–1679; and there died and was buried, in 1679, "Magdalen," the wife of Alexander Pope the Elder. There can be no doubt that this Magdalen Pope was the wife of the poet's father, and the mother of Magdalen Rackett, who, as we have shown, and shall hereafter

issuing a new edition—that was, I think, about 1720—and hence he inferred that there had been no edition in that long interval. But on reflection, it strikes me as probable that the MS. note really appeared with the original publication of 1677, and that Hearne, finding it wanting, copied it. This, however, is merely an after thought, and only to be determined on reperusal. I found other names that I thought worth noting:—George Marwood, Lawr. Pount. Lane; James Pope, Abchurch Lane; Alexander Pope, Broad Street; Joseph Pope, Redriffs; John Turner, Suffolk Lane.

* A man may be free of a company without being free of the City. There is the oath of a freeman and the oath of a liveryman. See Luttrell's Diary, i. 226, 231.

prove, on the evidence of the poet himself, was the daughter of Pope's father by a first wife: and thus the question of relationship between Mrs. Rackett and Pope will be decided after a century of discussion, and against the recorded judgment of the biographers. We learn also from a comparison of this Register with the inscription on the monument at Twickenham that Pope's father was about or above forty when he married his second wife. Pope believed that his mother was two years older than his father; but that was a mistake, for from the Register of her baptism at Worsborough, June 18, 1642, which follows, within seven months, the baptism of an elder sister, she appears to have been ninety-one instead of ninety-three at the time of her death. Mrs. Rackett was, it now appears, at least nine years older than Pope.

The fact being established that Magdalen Rackett was the daughter of Pope's father, it materially bears on the question as to the amount of his property; for as he left her and her husband but 6*l.* each for mourning, it must be inferred that he had given her or her husband her entire fortune before he made his will.

It is curious how little we hear of the Racketts, although Mrs. Rackett was personally known to Spence and probably to Warburton.* We, indeed, cannot but believe that some facts might be learnt by research in that direction. Charles Rackett, who married Magdalen Pope, must have been a man of some property, and of respectable position. He resided at Hall Grove, near Bagshot. In the "History of Surrey," † we have an account of "Windlesham, with Bagshot," from which we learn that there is a manor of Foster à Windlesham within the manor. We are also told—at least so we understand the somewhat obscure passage—that, in the seventeenth century, Field or Alfield sold a moiety of the manor to Mr. Montague, who sold it to 'Mr. Ragette.' Further, that in 1694, a court was held in the names of Jas Field, lord of one moiety, and of John Hart and Edw^d Greentree, lords of the other moiety,—

* We have not found any trace of the Rackett family after Pope's decease. In the poet's Correspondence, &c., allusion is made to a Chancery suit in which Mrs. Rackett was engaged, &c. Carr. i. 327.

† i. 460.

from which we infer that the property was then held in trust for Charles Rackett. In describing the present state of Windlesham, the writer says, besides Bagshot Park, there are several elegant seats and ornamental villas, "the most conspicuous of which are Hall Grove," &c.

Pope was at Hall Grove when Mr. Weston—husband of the mysterious "Mrs. W." of his letters—announced his intention of dining there. Pope, with a chivalry which had drawn some scandal upon him, had not only quarrelled with Mr. Weston about his conduct towards his wife, but with the Racketts for countenancing him; and it is probable that Weston's letter was given to him, in proof that the Racketts had no foreknowledge of Weston's visit. By strange accident this letter has been preserved.—

"Sep. ye 9th, 1717.

"Sr,

"Our Ladys doe Designe to waight on you and Mrs. Raket tomorrow att Dinner, if not Inconvenient to you, we all Desire that you would make noe Strangers of us In which you will Adde much to the Obligations of

"Your Real friend,

"JOHN WESTON.

"Pray All our Respects to Mrs. Raket and my Cosin Manuke."

Pope alludes to this visit of Weston's in one of his published letters; but what with mutilations, additions, and the obtrusion of "Moses B——," the reference is unintelligible. We are, however, indebted to Mr. Carruthers (vol. i. p. 47) for an extract from the original letter addressed to Martha Blount, and dated the 13th of September. Weston's letter is dated the 9th of September, which was Monday, and Pope wrote—

"I * * galloped to Staines; kept Miss Griffin from Church all the Sunday, and lay at my brother's near Bagshot that night [Sunday night]. * * I arrived at Mr. Doncastle's by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say

the horned face) of Mr. Weston, who dined that day at my brother's."

No doubt these country gentlemen rose early, dined early, and therefore Pope started early to avoid the meeting.

We infer from Pope's letters to Fortescue and other circumstances that Charles Rackett was engaged in some lawsuit which was not concluded when he died. Administration was granted to his Widow Magdalen, on the 7th of November, 1728, in which he is described as late of Windlesham. In 1749, administration for goods left unadministered to by Magdalen was granted to Henry Rackett, the son.

We presume that Mrs. Rackett had property of her own, or property settled to her own use, probably received from her father;* for we find from MS. accounts in our possession relating to the estate of a Catholic Lady Carrington,† that 55*l.* a year, as interest on 1,100*l.*, is regularly charged as paid to Mrs. Rackett from October, 1723, to June, 1730; and in her Will, dated so long after as 1746, Magdalen Rackett refers to money due to her and received on, or arising from, the estate of Lady Carrington. In 1731 Pope was anxious about one of his nephews, and thus wrote to his friend Caryll—we quote from unpublished letters:—

"6 Dec. 1730.

"One of my troubles is about a nephew of mine, a very honest, reasonable and religious young man, who having nothing (or very little more than nothing) to depend on but his practice as an attorney, and just come to be qualified in it by fourteen years' application, is deprived all at once of the means of his subsistence by the late Act of Parliament disqualifying any from practising as such without taking the oaths. After having tried all methods to find favour by personal interest made to the Judges, I am convinced no way is left him to live, unless I can procure some nobleman to employ

* I have also an account of the debts due by Lord Petre when he died, in March, 1713, and amongst them is "On Mortgage," Mrs Rackett 2000*l.* Of course there is no proof that it is Pope's sister.

† See what I believe to be Child the banker's account with Lady Carrington up to 1730, amongst the Pope Papers.

him as a steward, or keeper of his Courts on some part of their estates. My own acquaintance (as you know) has happened not to run much in a Catholic channel; and of all the rest I despair. I know if 'tis possible for you to help me you will. Mr. Fortescue now a great man and the Prince's Attorney-General assured me there can nothing else be done, and suggested to me the thought if he could be employed in this capacity, by the L^d Petre, offering me to speak to Sir Rob^t Abdey for him with whom he has a particular intimacy. I naturally thought of applying to you on my part, and could such a thing be brought about, I should be very happy. The young man's character is every way unexceptionable as well as his capacity or (I believe you know) I would not propose the nearest relation I had to this or any other worthy family, or through your mediation."

Caryll and Sir Robert Abdey were, we believe, two of Lord Petre's executors, who had control over the estate during the minority of his son.* Caryll replied, and Pope thus thanked him:—

"6 Feb. 1730-1.

"I thank you for your kind promise in relation to my nephew in case of any future opportunity in Lord Petre's family, and I doubted not your long-experienced friendship would have assisted me, in him, had the occasion presented. Mr. Pigot, you know, has lost his son, which I am concerned for, but he told me there was no way for our poor conscientious Papists to take but to pass for clerks to some Protestants, and get into business thereby laying hold of their cloaks, as they used to try to get to Heaven by laying hold of a Franciscan's habit. * * I'll now answer all your Quæries as they lie. * * *My sister Racket was my own father's daughter by a former wife.* * * I'm taken up very unpleasantly in a law suit of my sister's, which carries me too often to London, which neither agrees with my health nor my humour."

* This is not correct. By Eyre's letter, without date (say 1713), it appears that Sir Edw^d. Southwell and J. C. were left trustees and guardians to the children, and Lady Petre executrix. I suspect from Lady Petre's letter, 31 Jan. 1715-16, that Sir Robert Abdey and J. C., Junr., were trustees, perhaps under the marriage settlement.

The last reference we remember to this nephew is in another unpublished letter to Caryll.—

“TWITTENHAM, 31 Jan. 1733.

“I formerly mentioned to you a nephew of mine,* bred an Attorney, but by nature and Grace both, an honest man, which even that education hath not overcome. I am told there is a reform in the D. of N——k's stewards or bailiffs; and if you [have] any means to recommend him to keep Courts, &c., as one of our Religion, perhaps they might use him. I'm told L^d. Stafford has a particular influence there; but I have little or no acquaintance either with y^e son (as he is) of my friend Mr. Stafford or the Daughter (as the Duchess is) of my particular friend, Ned Blunt. Yet, perhaps his being my nephew would not be a circumstance to either to reject him, if they were applied to, which I have more modesty than to do.”

Magdalen Rackett died in 1747 or 1748. Her Will is dated the 16th of May, 1746, and was proved, with three codicils, 1748. She is therein described as widow, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, in the county of Middlesex. The executors are, Henry Rackett, George Rackett, and George Wilmot. So far as our memory and notes made long since can be relied on, she bequeaths to her eldest son, Michael, an annuity of 50*l.* per annum, secured on certain messuages and tenements at Windlesham—leaves small sums—by codicil, we think, 200*l.* and 300*l.* each—to her sons Bernard, Henry and John,—and bequeaths the whole of the residue to her son Robert, assigning as her reason for this preference, that she had not done so much for him as for her other children, on whom she had already spent considerable sums in settling them in life.

* Oct. 6, 1729, he says, in letter to Lord Oxford (MS.), &c., “Lord Duplin who has lately much obliged me in a piece of service to a nephew of mine.”

On Nov. 16, 1730, Pope wrote to Lord Oxford (MS.), that a nephew after nine or ten years' service under an attorney, is just coming to practice: all is frustrated by a late opinion of the judges—an attempt to enforce an Act of last session but one, who will not admit without oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Judge Price, however, is friendly disposed, and he asks Lord Oxford to aid if possible. It appears that Lord Oxford recommended the nephew to Baron C., but it could not be done.

Certain legacies she directs "to be paid out of my late brother's personal estate at the death of Mrs. Martha Blount;" and she mentions money belonging to her secured upon the estate of Lady Carrington. She bequeaths some pictures to her "good friend William Mannock," if her son Robert be willing to part with them.* This was probably Spence's informant, "Mr. Mannick,"—the "cosin Manuke" of Weston. By a codicil dated the 30th of June, 1746, she bequeaths, in the event of the death of her son Robert, the residue to George Lamont,† of Green Street, Leicester Fields, Doctor of Physic, and to John Byfield, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, organ-builder, in trust for the issue of Robert; and in another document, she mentions Alexander, the son, and Charles, the eldest son of her son Bernard. She twice mentions her white parchment Account-Book, and names George Wilmot as the executor who is to have possession of it.

Amongst deaths announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1780, is that of "Robert Rackett, Esq., the last surviving nephew of Alexander Pope." In his Will he is described as of Devonshire Street, Queen Square, gentleman. It is dated the 20th of October, 1775, with a codicil dated the 15th of October, 1778, and was proved the 29th of December, 1779. He therein sets forth the Will of his brother, Henry Rackett, of East Street, near Red Lyon Square; from which it appears that Henry had left personal property to the value of about 4,000*l.* to his brother Robert, subject to the payment of an annuity of 80*l.* a year to his own widow, Mary Rackett, and of 500*l.* due to her under their marriage settlement. Robert directs his executors to fulfil the trusts of his brother's Will. He gives all the furniture, &c., in his house to his servant, Mrs. M'Carty, and, by codicil, an annuity of 20*l.*,—100 guineas

* Pope bequeathed to Mrs. Rackett "the family pictures of my father, mother, and aunts."

† A Dr. Lamont, the same I presume, was twice called before the House of Commons in 1751 to report on the state of health of Murray, committed by the House to Newgate. See Walpole, *Hist. of Geo.* II., i. 49, 85.

George Lamont, a Doctor of Medicine, of Aberdeen, of 11 July, 1727: was admitted a Licentiate of the Coll. of Phy., London, 25 June, 1751. *Members Roll of Coll. of Phy.* ii., 154.

to each of his executors,—and all the residue to his executors in trust for his grand-nephews, Robert Rackett and George Rackett, sons of his late nephew Alexander ; and in default to his nephew Charles Rackett, of the city of Chester, or his children, if any living. The witnesses to the will sign as “ clerks to Mr. Robert Rackett.”

It appears from this Will that the last of the sons of Magdalen Rackett died in 1779 ; and the probabilities are, that at that time she had a grandson living at Chester, and two great-grandchildren, Robert and George, probably youths, also living. We have set forth the names of executors and others, because it may help the curious to further information :—even the white parchment Account-Book, with its possible revelations, may yet be in unhonoured existence.

From *Notes and Queries* (1857).

ALEXANDER POPE, BROAD STREET.

It is stated in the *Illustrated News* that the fact lately, as I supposed, first made public that “ Pope’s father was a merchant in Broad Street, in 1677, has been a *patent fact for many years*,” and that Mr. Bolton Corney has the volume “ containing the fact.” That Mr. Bolton Corney had the volume was already known to the readers of *Notes and Queries*, from that gentleman’s own mention of the circumstance and reference to the work ; and we now know that there is another copy in the Free Library at Manchester ; and that both, and probably other copies, have been in somebody’s possession these 180 years ; but until Mr. Hotten’s correspondent drew attention to the circumstance, it was not known to me that therein was recorded, amongst the residents in the City, “ Alexand. Pope, Broad Street.” But even if known, this was a fact of no significance or interest until the said Alexander Pope of Broad Street was identified as the father of the poet. There were other Alexander Popes living at or about that time—one a tailor at Stepney. This identification was first shown in the *Athenæum* by, amongst other evidence, a copy from

St. Bennet-Fink, of the burial register of *Magdalen Pope, the first wife of the poet's father*. I, however, who love to trace such discoveries to their source, am curious to know when this "patent fact" was first made public. It was certainly not known to Mr. Carruthers, the last of Pope's biographers; it was not known, at least I must believe so, to Mr. Cunningham, for, fond as he is of recording all such matters, there is no mention of it in his 'Handbook' under the head of Broad Street. In further proof that books may be in possession, and books examined, and yet facts of interest overlooked, I will mention that Mr. Cunningham gives an account of celebrated persons married, christened, and buried at St. Bennet-Fink, and yet makes no mention of Magdalen Pope. It is not likely, under these circumstances, that the "patent fact" about Pope's father's residence in Broad Street was known to him at the time that he compiled his "Handbook."—D.

From *Notes and Queries*, November 21, 1857,

POPIANA.

A Patent Fact.—From MR. BOLTON CORNEY's letter it might be inferred that I (2nd S. iii. 462) had done him and his "friend, Mr. Peter Cunningham," some injustice. Mr. CORNEY, however, admits that he is not acquainted with all the circumstances—that he has not read the *Illustrated News* on which I commented. Allow me, therefore, to state the facts.

A correspondent of Mr. Hotten's, Mr. Edward Edwards as it now appears, announced, in the "Adversaria" attached to Mr. Hotten's Catalogue, that in an old *London Directory* of 1677 appeared the name of "Alexand. Pope, Broad Street." The fact was in itself barren, as Mr. Hotten's correspondent admitted, except so far as it suggested the probability that this A. P. might have been the poet's father. The *Athenæum* immediately offered proof that Mr. Edwards's conjecture was something more than a probability; confirmed it, indeed, by

showing that, while resident in Broad Street, Pope's father lost his first wife Magdalen, the mother of Magdalen Rackett, who, as the parish register certifies, was there buried in 1679;—another first proof—proof that Mrs. Rackett was Mr. Pope's daughter by a first wife, and not, as assumed by the biographers, Mrs. Pope's daughter by a first husband.

A writer in the *Illustrated News* asserted that Mr. Edwards's discovery was no discovery at all; that the fact had "*been a patent fact for many years*;" and that MR. CORNEY possessed the volume "containing the fact." Of course MR. CORNEY's possession of the volume was no proof that the fact was known even to MR. CORNEY, still less that it had been "*patent for many years*." The volume—and we now know that there are at least three copies in existence—must have been in the possession of some one for a hundred and eighty years. Yet the fact that an "Alexand. Pope" ever resided in "Broad Street" was not known even to the last and best of Pope's biographers, Mr. Carruthers; neither was it known to MR. CORNEY that this A. P. was the poet's father, as appears from his own letter. MR. CORNEY, indeed, says he was "quite satisfied that the merchant of Broad Street was the father of the poet." But this was no proof; indeed, such certainties are merely temperamental; and the "quite satisfied" of MR. CORNEY and the "probable" of Mr. Edwards are of precisely the same value. But MR. CORNEY tells us farther that the simple record suggested many "queries." Very likely; and the first would be, naturally and necessarily, whether the A. P. of the *Directory* was the poet's father; and until that was decided, the record could bear no other query worth a moment's consideration. However, this is quite certain from MR. CORNEY's own letter: whatever the number of queries suggested, MR. CORNEY did not solve one of them; and therefore, so far as MR. CORNEY is concerned, the record remained as barren as it had been for the one hundred and eighty preceding years. But MR. CORNEY would lead us to infer that the *Directory* may have been more fruitful under Mr. Cunningham's tillage; that he, Mr. Cunningham, may have known more than he told the public; and that the no-notice in his

Handbook of the elder Pope amongst the former residents in Broad Street, to which I referred, and the no-notice of the burial of Magdalen Pope, are not proofs to the contrary. This assumed knowledge and silence is of course to be explained by the fact, that Mr. Cunningham was engaged as "assistant" to Mr. Croker in preparing a new edition of Pope's Works. Now, I doubt whether Mr. Cunningham was so engaged when the *Handbook* was published. Be that as it may, I cannot believe that Mr. Cunningham, or any other man, would conceal his own knowledge that the knowledge of another might appear with the greater lustre; and certainly cannot believe, on a mere conjectural speculation, that he suppressed these facts in 1854, when he actually edited, annotated, and published Johnson's *Life of Pope*. But assume all or any of these improbabilities,—all this self-devotion and self-sacrifice,—what end, I ask MR. CORNEY, could be answered by suppressing, in 1854, facts which, in 1857, were declared to have been "patent many years"—that is, known for many years to at least all intelligent persons.

It was the habitual depreciation in the *Illustrated London News* of all discoveries in relation to Pope made by others, and the trumpeting about the discoveries of Mr. Croker and Mr. Cunningham, which induced me to bring this "patent" fact to the test. In these Pope inquiries the shrewdest and the most diligent are but guessing and groping their way, and we should welcome the smallest contribution of fact, even a name from an old Directory, knowing and seeing proof in the instance before us how pregnant it may be. I was weary of hearing of such patent facts. It was not very long before that the *Athenæum* adduced proofs that the biographers were all wrong about Pope's removal from Binfield to Twickenham, and of the death and burial of the elder Pope at Twickenham,—established, for the first time, that the Popes removed from Binfield to Chiswick, lived there, and that the father died, and was there buried in October, 1717. This, we were told in the same journal, was a patent fact, or at least a fact known to all who had examined the Homer MSS. in the British Museum, although it did happen that every one of the biographers, from

Ruffhead to Carruthers, had quoted from those Manuscripts, and all without discovering it. This patent objection, however, was soon and satisfactorily disposed of. The *Illustrated News* subsequently published, and for the first time, as believed, "a highly interesting and characteristic" letter from Bolingbroke to Pope, which letter the *Athenæum* showed, as in duty bound, was a forgery, and which, as subsequently appeared, had been copied, by some unknown person, from that rare and recondite work Dodsley's *Annual Register*. The reply settled the patent. "Is it possible," said the *Illustrated News*, "a censor so authoritative *can be ignorant of, or can have forgotten, the death of the poet's father at Twickenham in 1717?*"

MR. CORNEY says that it is not for him to explain "how far the fact in question has become *patent*." Certainly not; but until MR. CORNEY or some other person shall have shown that the fact brought forward by Mr. Edwards had been published before—that there was at least a *possibility* of its having become patent—my question will not have been answered. Concede all that MR. CORNEY asks, and he only proves that the fact was latent, not patent.—D.

From the *Athenæum*, July 18, 1857.

POPE AND HIS AUNT-GODMOTHER, CHRISTIANA COOPER.

A CONTEMPORARY is of opinion that we have heard "perhaps too much of late" about Pope's mother.* Unfortunately, we live without the charmed circle, and have not heard anything. Weary of the "too much" about the mother, our contemporary proceeds to tell us something about the grandmother. "Pope's grandmother," he says, was Mrs. Cooper, "the far-famed miniature-painter's widow." Goodman Dull might here

* The late Mr. Peter Cunningham was the author of the notice in the *Illustrated News*.

indulge in a joke. We, however, shall be content to correct a misprint, and to read *godmother* for “grandmother.”

That Samuel Cooper's wife was the sister of Pope's mother has long been asserted and believed on the authority of Vertue's MSS. If, however, it were a fact, it remained barren. No one of the biographers, or memoir writers, thought to test it, or to make it fruitful, by hunting in the direction we some time since suggested. Research has at last begun, and the *Athenæum* has had the satisfaction, from time to time, to publish the results. The circumstances of the father—the simple proof of his residence and death and burial at Chiswick in 1717—must materially influence and colour any account hereafter to be written of the early life of the poet—to what extent those best know who are best informed. The fact that Mrs. Rackett was the daughter of Pope's father by a first wife—determined after a century of discussion, and against the opinions of the biographers, by reference, also, to a parish register;—the position and fortune of the Racketts—of father, sons, and grandchildren—are all circumstances worthy of consideration; and the Will of his aunt-godmother—the widow of Samuel Cooper, a man of European celebrity—which we are now about to publish—with its bequest to Pope the father—to her sister, Pope's mother—to Pope himself—and to so many aunts and cousins, never before heard of, is full of interest. Instead of a solitary isolated childhood, this Will alone seems to carry us back to days when a large, loving family were crowding around the hospitable table of Aunt Cooper, in her pleasant suburban retreat—the child Pope crowing or laughing, with his sweet musical voice, as aunts and cousins smothered him with kisses.

Almost the only relation mentioned by the biographers, is a dim shadowy Mr. Pottinger, who smiled at the fine pedigree which “his cousin the poet” had made out for himself. It is curious that amongst the numberless nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends, mentioned in Mrs. Cooper's will, there is not one of the name of Pottinger—though there are many branches of the fruitful tree of the Turners, through which the Pottingers might claim kindred. Pottinger also mentioned their maiden

aunt, a "great genealogist"—this may have been the "old aunt" who, as Pope said, taught him his letters—the aunt Elizabeth or aunt Mary of the Will.

Samuel Cooper* died in 1672, and bequeathed all his property—the real property consisting principally of houses and lands in or about Coventry—to his wife, and appointed her sole executrix. It is a fact just worth noting that one of the witnesses to his Will was Thomasin Turner—probably his mother-in-law or sister-in-law—the grandmother or aunt of the Poet—dead, we may conclude, before Christiana Cooper made her Will.

Christiana Cooper survived her husband more than twenty years. Her Will is dated 16 May, 1693, and was proved on the 8 August, 1693. We shall give it entire—there is scarcely a word in it that is not either of interest or full of suggestion.—

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Christiana Cooper, of the parish of St. Giles in the Feilds, in the countye of Middlesex, widdow, being sick and weake in bodye, but of sound and perfecte mind and memory, thanks be to God for the same, doe make and ordaine this my last Will and Testament, hereby revokeing all former wills by me at any time heretofore made. And, first, I bequeathe my soule to Almighty God, hoping to be saved by the merritts of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my bodye to the earth, to be decently buried in the parish church of St. Pancras, in the saide county of Middlesex, as neare my deare husband as may be. And whereas I am possessed of or interested in one messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in the parish of St. Leonardes, in Pouchmaker's Court, in the precincte of St. Martin's-le-Grand, in the city of London, for the remainder of a terme of fifty yeares, and of and in foure messuages or

* S. C.'s will is dated 1 May, 1672. He is therein described as of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The witnesses are—

WM. GAWIN.
EDWARD BOSTOCK FULLER.
THOMASIN TURNER.
LEWIS PROTHEROE.

The will was proved 22 May, 1672.

tennements scituate in or neare Mitcham Green, in Mitcham, in the countye of Surrey, and a parcell of ground to the said messuages adjoyning for the remainder of a terme for ninetie nine years, of and in one other tennement scituate in the parish of St. Leonard and precinct of St. Martin's-le-Grand aforesaide, adjoyning to the first above-mentioned messuage or tennement, for the remainder of a terme of fortye yeares, assigned unto me by Charles Morgan, of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the countie of Middlesex, grocer, by indenture, bearing date the twentieth day of February, in the five-and-twentieth yeare of the raigne of his late Majestie King Charles the Second, as in and by the saide recited indenture relation thereunto being had may more fully appeare. And whereas, alsoe, Edward Gresham, of Lymsheld, in the county of Surrey, Esquire, and Richard Campion, of Newton, in the countye of Southampton, gentlemen, by their bond or writing obligatory became bound unto me in the penall summe of foure hundred pounds, conditioned for the true payment of two hundred and eight pounds, with interest, within fifteene dayes next after the death of Sir Marmaduke Gresham, of Tilsey, in the said countye of Surrey, Barronett, as by the same obligation or writing obligatorie, relation being thereunto alsoe had, may more fully appeare. And whereas I am likewise possessed of a further personall estate, consisting in monies, goods, and chattels, I give and dispose thereof in manner following (viz.):—Imprimis, I give and bequeathe unto my sister, Alice Mawhood, the summe of five pounds—to my sister, Elizabeth Turner, one of my broad pieces of gold, and the use of all my bookes, pictures, medalls sett in gold and others, for the terme of her natural life—to my sister, Mary Turner, ten pounds—to my sister Pope my necklace of pearle, and a grinding-stone and muller, and my mother's picture in limning—to my sister Mace five pounds,—to my sister, Jane Smith, one hundred pounds, to be paid out of the summe of two hundred pounds before mentioned, to be payable within fifteene days next after the death of Sir Marmaduke Gresham, in case my said sister shall be living at the time of the decease of the saide Sir Marmaduke, and the saide monies shall be recovered and got in by my executor, item, I give unto my saide sister Smith my

best suite of damaske, conteyning three table-clothes and one dozen of napkins—to my brother Pope a broad piece of gold—to my brother Mace a broad piece of gold—to my brother Calvert a broad piece of gold—to my brother Smith a broad piece of gold—to my nephew, Samuell Mawhood, a broad piece of gold—to my nephew William Mawhood five pounds—to my nephew John Mawhood five pounds—to my nephew Richard Mawhood five pounds—to my nephew George Mawhood five pounds—to my nephew Charles Mawhood five pounds—to my nephew Thomas Mawhood five pounds, to my neece Frances Broughton five pounds—to my nephew and godson Alexander Pope my painted china dish with a silver foote and a dish to sett it in, and after my sister Elizabeth Turner's decease, I give him all my bookes, pictures and meddalls sett in gold or otherwise—to my nephew Bartholomew Calvert five pounds—to my nephew and godson James Calvert five pounds—to my neece Jane Mawhood, daughter of Samuell Mawhood, five pounds—to my nephew Charles Mace five pounds—to my nephew Francis Durant junior five pounds, to be paid him when he shall attaine his age of one and twentye yeares—to my cozen Mr. Edward Bostock Fuller and his wife five pounds apeece—to my cousen Mr. John Hoskins and his wife fifty pounds apeece, and to and amongst their children fifty pounds.—Item. I give to my saide cozen John Hoskins my husband's picture in crayons with all my saide husband's pictures in limning which I shall have by me at the time of my decease, and also Sir Peter Lilly's picture in oyle, and to my cosin Hoskins, his wife, my large lookinge-glass and dressing-box quilted with silke—to Madam Claveram one of my brode pieces of gold—to my Lady Ingleby a silver carving-spoone and a long silver forke—to Madam Elliston one of my broade pieces of gold and my velvitt hood—to Mrs. Higginson one of my broade pieces—to my godson Richard Higginson a silver cup and spoone—to Mrs. Medcalfe one of my broade pieces—to Mrs. Moone one of my broade pieces—to Madam Hastings a French pistoll—and to her daughters my silver box and counters and bras counters, my Spanish imbroidered purse and my best greene silke carpet and two bookes for the Holy Weeke—to Madame Calfe my greate china bason and bottle—to Madam Newport the next

large china bason, and two of a less size, and a broad china dish, and my sett of French ware in the chimney in my chamber, being seaven peeces—to Mr. William Gowen * five pounds—to Doctor Andrew Popham five pounds—to Mr. Benjamin Aprice five pounds—to Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, widdow, five pounds—to Mrs. Anne Brugis five pounds—to Mrs. Hammer three pounds—to Mr. Edward Wyvell forty shillings—to my cozen Katherine Price five pounds.—Item. I give and bequeath unto my servant Ursula Lasselles, if she shall live with me at the time of my decease, twentye pounds in money, togeather with all my wearing linnen and clothes, and all my table linnen (except the suite of damaske before given to my sister Smith), and all my hoods, scarfs, laced-tippetts, all my sheetes, pillows, towells, my feather bed, two bolsters, three pillowlers (two little one greate), four blanketts, two Indian quilts, a fire-stove, fender, fire shovell, forke and tongs, a cane-chaire with armes, three brass candlesticks, one paire of brass snuffers, four stone fruit dishes, a walnut-tree table and three trunks, and my Spanish peece of gold and silver drinking-cup and spoone, and my walnutt-tree chest of drawers. And my mind and will is that my executor, hereafter named, shall pay the respective legacies before mentioned, for which noe time is already appointed, as soone after my decease as moneys shall arise and come unto his hands out of my estate except onely the three severall legacies and summes of fifty pounds given to my cousen Hoskins and wife and children, which I will shall be payd unto them by my exeentor when and soe soone as he shall receive the severall debts due to me from Mr. Staley, Mr. Crofts and Mr. Arther, and not before. All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, of what kind soever, as well the said messuages as also all other my goods, chattels, bonds, mortgages and readie moneys, I wholly give and bequeath unto my nephew Samuell Mawhood, citizen and fishmonger of London, whom I make, constitute and appoint sole exeentor of this my last will and testament, he paying the legacies above mentioned. And I desire that my funerall expences and the charge of a monument to be erected over my grave may not exceede in the whole the summe of fifty pounds.

* Administration granted Jan., 1684, to effects of Gawen Turner.

In witness whereof I, the said Christiana Cooper, have hereunto sett my hand and seale, the sixteenth day of May in the yeare of our Lord Christ, one thousand six hundred ninetie and three.

“CHR. COOPER.

“Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testatrix above mentioned for, and as her last will and testament, in the presence of us,

“ROGER HIGGINSON.

“MARY RUDD.

“JOSEPH STRATTON, SCR.”

An Edmund Bostock Fuller was one of the witnesses to the Will of Samuel Cooper, in 1672; and a Henry Bostock* was one of the executors of Robert Rackett in 1775. We have also a Wm. Gawen amongst the legatees, and a Wm. Gawen or Gowen was a witness to Cooper's will. The John Hoskins was probably the painter, son of Cooper's uncle, by whom Cooper had been instructed in his art. The Directories and the Registers of the Fishmongers' Company will, no doubt, help the curious to some further information about the favoured nephew Mawhood.

It is impossible to read this will without speculating on the influences which circumstances, till now unknown, may have had on the plastic mind and imagination of the dreaming boy. Relationship alone to so eminent an artist—one so honoured by the world and so beloved by his family; the ever-present portrait of his grandmother, painted probably by Cooper himself; the special bequest of the treasured relics of his studious life and labours, the “grinding-stone and muller,” probably made Pope a painter quite as early as nature developed the poet. It is certain that he was a painter long before he went to Jervas. It appears from an unpublished paragraph in a letter to his friend Caryll, thanking him for a present of oysters received just before Lent in 1710-11, that Pope had

* In list of judgments entered in King's Bench against J. Caryll is one, “Middlesex. Henry Bostock (Mercer), 240*l.*, paid off by myself, J. C.”

presented Mrs. Caryll with a picture of the Madonna and Child of his own "limning."—

"You have taken care I should not have this at least to complain of by the kind present you sent me, without which, had I kept Lent here, I must have submitted to the common fate of my brethren, and have starved. Yet I should, I think, have been the first poet that ever starved for the sake of religion. Now, as your lady is pleased to say of my present, that St. Luke himself never drew such a Madonna, so I may say of yours, that the Prince of the Apostles himself, though he was a fisherman all his life, never eat so good oysters. And as she tells me that I did a thing I never thought of and excelled a saint, I may tell you you have done a thing you was not aware of and reclaimed a sinner; for you'll be the cause that I shall obey a precept of the Church and fast this Lent, which I have not done many years before, which (with my hearty thanks,) is all I can say on this subject, for I find upon scratching my head three times that 'tis not so hard to get pearls out of oysters as wit."

Is there not something which tends to confirm all the wondrous tales of Pope's precocity, in the fact, that though Mrs. Cooper had other nephews—and so far as property was concerned, favoured nephews—yet she selected this child of only five years of age, as legatee in remainder of her "books."

We are naturally curious to know what became of the treasures left to John Hoskins — "all my said husband's pictures in limning"—and his "picture in crayons"? It is not improbable that the inquiry may be answered. "My mother's picture," bequeathed to Mrs. Pope, probably passed, under the general words of Pope's Will to his half-sister, Mrs. Rackett,—“I also give her *the family pictures of my father, mother and aunts*, and the diamond ring my mother wore, and her golden watch.” (D.)

From the *Athenæum*, June 28, 1856.

MR. CARRUTHERS AND THE POPE MANUSCRIPTS AT MAPLE-DURHAM.

A NEW edition of Mr. Carruther's 'Life and Poems of Pope' is said to be in preparation. I am glad of it. The Poems are a neat and cheap edition, and the Life a pleasant biography; both somewhat the worse for many hideous woodcuts. Here, however, commendation must end. The Life has been made pleasant at great cost; no less than four octavo volumes of Letters having been cut up and studded like little stars over the narrative, by way of adornment. To this, in a mere popular narrative, I should not object; but Mr. Carruthers has adopted the letters for facts, argument, and quotation, without consideration as to authenticity or dates,—most important questions as bearing on the feelings of the man. Here, however, Mr. Carruthers is only open to such censure as applies to all previous biographers; but Mr. Carruthers had some special facilities which others had not,—and to that extent, at least, his obligations are personal and special.

I know of but two of Pope's many annotators—the late Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Carruthers—who have been permitted to examine the Maple-Durham Manuscripts. In respect, therefore, to those Manuscripts, it became a point of honour to speak by the card,—to weigh every word,—to quote with literal accuracy; yet, strange as it must appear, the quotations of Mr. Carruthers do not always agree with the assertions of Mr. Chalmers, and Mr. Carruthers himself makes assertions the natural inference from which must be, that if he has seen those Manuscripts he certainly has not examined them.

Thus, in respect to the well-known 'Verses addressed to Martha Blount on her Birthday,' Mr. Carruthers tell us:—

"The original copy of the verses is preserved at Maple-Durham, addressed to Martha, and entitled, 'Written June 15, on your Birthday, 1723.'"

That verses were addressed to Martha on her birthday, 1723, has long been known; and all, therefore, that we learn from this examination of the original manuscript is simply that these known facts are specifically noted thereon. In further proof, however, as might be supposed, of personal examination, Mr. Carruthers directs attention, in a note, to certain variations. The last lines, he said, stood "originally thus in the manuscript," and he quotes four lines, as the reader will infer, from the original manuscript. As the poem consists of but twenty lines, it would be fair to assume that, *with the exception of these four lines*, the printed copy agrees exactly with the original manuscript preserved at Maple-Durham.

It is a fact, however, that these same four lines, with the exact same five words of introduction,—“originally thus in the manuscript,”—have appeared in every important edition of Pope's works, from Warburton's, in 1751, down to Roscoe's, in 1847; and why Warburton affected to speak on the authority of the manuscript, and to quote from it, I know not, seeing that the poem, as originally *published*, contained those same four lines, and that it had been published in Pope's lifetime, and more than a quarter of a century before Warburton's edition appeared. Warburton, indeed, may have seen *a* manuscript copy of the verses, for there were many; but, considering the antagonistic position in which he stood towards Martha Blount some time before Pope died, it is not likely, I think, that he had seen "*the* original manuscript." It is more strange that Mr. Carruthers follows Warburton so exactly that he affixes the reference to the 15th line instead of the 17th, thus leading the reader to infer—as Warburton had done—that the four lines quoted stood originally for the *six* concluding lines,—which is a mistake.

The earliest copy of the "Verses," so far as I know, was sent to the unknown lady to whom Pope addressed the Letters, published by Dodsley, in 1769. In the letter which accompanied them, Pope thus wrote :

"I was the other day forming a wish for a lady's happiness upon her birthday; and thinking of the great climax of felicity

I could raise, step by step, to end in this—a Friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy. * * Mrs. H— made me promise her a copy ; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed and sent her by you."

Then follow the verses inscribed—

"To a Lady on her Birthday,
1723."

These verses—"the whole copy"—consisted of only *fourteen* lines, and conclude with the four lines, slightly varied, quoted by Warburton as from the original manuscript. As, however, this copy was not published until 1769, Warburton may not, though Mr. Carruthers must, or ought to, have known of its existence.

The next time we meet with these Verses is in a blank leaf at the end of a volume presented by Pope to Mrs. Newsham in 1725. According to the Stowe Catalogue, in which they are printed, they are there entitled—

"A WISH, to Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday, June 15th."

Next year—1726—these Verses were published by Lintot in Pope's 'Miscellany Poems,' as—

"THE WISH. Sent to Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday, June 15th."

They appear also in an edition of the same work, with 1727 on the title page.

There can be no reasonable doubt that these several copies—manuscript, and printed, and contemporary—are copies of the original Verses sent to Martha Blount. With very slight variations, they agree :—all consist of fourteen lines, and conclude with the four lines preserved by Mr. Carruthers in his century-old note. All, therefore, that we have gained by Mr. Carruthers's examination of the Maple-Durham Manuscripts is the inference—unavoidable—that there are *no other* variations between the manuscript and the printed copy than are to

be found in those last four lines. Strange this ;—strange that Mr. Carruthers was not startled into examination and explanation by observing that the original—so far as we are informed, and as I believe—consisted of fourteen lines, whereas the copy printed by Mr. Carruthers extends to twenty lines.

It appears that the very year after Lintot had published Pope's 'Miscellany Poems,' Motte—1727—published "the last volume" of Swift and Pope's 'Miscellanies;' and in the latter we find the 'Verses to M. B.' with considerable variations. Not only are the four concluding lines altered, as noticed by the commentators from Warburton to Carruthers, but the following six lines are introduced after the fourth line :—

Not as the World its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolics, an Old-Age of Cards ;
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend ;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Four lines substituted, and six added, to a Poem of only fourteen—a Poem which the reader naturally assumes to have been struck off in the heat of the moment—improvised on occasion of a birthday—seem to me such a departure from the "original" as to deserve a comment.

But these six lines are of especial interest, for the appropriation of them was the professed ground of Pope's quarrel with James Moore Smith. In the little dramatic note prefixed to the Dunciad—1729—a gentleman is made to accuse Pope of having stolen them from 'The Rival Modes.' This, of course, was only to prepare the way for Pope's crushing rejoinder, which concludes with references to Bethel, Bolingbroke, and "*the lady to whom the said Verses were originally addressed*, * * who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play." No one reading this note in the Dunciad, 1729, and having read the Verses "To M. B.," sent "on her Birthday," in Motte's 'Miscellanies,' 1727, could doubt that Martha Blount was "the lady" referred to,

and that the Verses were part of those "addressed" to her in 1723. Yet such is not the fact, as proved by two contemporary manuscripts and by a copy printed and published in 1726. That the Verses were Pope's will not be questioned,—Mr. Smith never denied it, and seemingly gave them as a quotation in his play; but, so far as appears, this insertion of them in the "Verses" addressed to M. B., and their publication in Motte's 'Miscellany,' was a deliberate attempt to establish the fact by false evidence. I cannot but believe that Pope had some misgivings on this subject,—for he did not republish the Verses in the collected edition of his Poems in 1735; and the Moore Smith Verses were omitted from the Dunciad in 1736, and struck out of the "Verses to M. B." when published by Dodsley in 1738.

We have not yet got at a complete history of the Verses published by Mr. Carruthers, and in pursuit of it we must hunt in another direction.

In 1776, a work was published, called 'Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope,'—a work of some interest in relation to the man, though not perhaps of much as concerns the Poet. This work has been attributed to George Steevens, a name of authority in such matters; and, in the Preface, we are told that "many of the Letters and Poems were transcribed with accuracy from the originals in the collections of the late Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke." In this work appears a poem "To Mrs. Martha Blount on her Birthday, 1724. By Mr. Pope." It is obvious that this inscription—with its "by Mr. Pope"—was not written by Pope. By whomsoever written, it is an error. The evidence is clear and conclusive that 'The Wish,' if I may so call it, was written in 1723; and Pope, in a letter to Martha Blount, beginning "This is a day of wishes," refers distinctly to those Verses as written on her preceding birthday:—

"Were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat *in prose* what I told you *last year in rhyme* (so sincere is my poetry)."

—Pope, therefore, did not send Verses to Martha Blount on

her birthday in 1724; and it is in the highest degree improbable, from internal evidence, that these particular Verses were addressed to her or to any other person. They are melancholy reflections, arising out of personal feeling, consequent on the self-murder of Mordaunt,* the brother of his friend the Earl of Peterborough, who shot himself on the 7th of May, 1724.

As these Verses have not even been published by Mr. Carruthers, they may, as a curiosity, be welcome.—

If added days of life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some pensive notion more;
Is this a birth-day? ah! 'tis sadly clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
If there's no hope with kind, tho' fainter ray,
To gild the evening of our future day;
If every page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story—Mordaunt! thou didst well.†

That these Verses were written by Pope there can be no doubt; that they were written in 1724 is more than probable; and Pope, in a letter addressed to Gay, says they were written on his own birthday, which seems natural. The letter to Gay is, indeed, an obvious manufacture; but manufacture or not makes no difference to my argument, for it was published in 1735, and thus concludes:—

Adieu! This is my birthday, and this is my reflection upon it,—
If added days of Life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro';
Some Joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day?—'Tis, alas, too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

The first publication after the 'Letters' was 'The Works of Alexander Pope,' by Dodsley, in 1738, and therein the Verses to Martha Blount are reproduced from Motte's 'Miscellanies;'

* Qy. Harry the nephew of Peterborough.

† The first six lines are in the Verses to M. B., &c.

except that, in place of the six lines introduced and quoted above—the Moore Smith lines,—we have six other lines substituted; and these, with slight variations, are taken from the Verses suggested by the death of Mordaunt—the very six lines published in 1735, and republished in 1737, and on both occasions said to have been written on his own birthday.

This, then, is the curious history of these twenty lines, which Mr. Carruthers, with his century-old unacknowledged note from Warburton and his reference to “the original copy of the Verses,” preserved at Maple-Durham, would lead the public to believe are now published, with the exception of the last four lines, *as originally written*. M. C. A. (C. W. D.) *

*

POPE'S VERSES TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

INVERNESS, *June 30.*

In reply to “M. C. A.” I beg to offer a few words of explanation. His suggestions I shall gladly avail myself of,—for Mr. Bohn having purchased from Messrs. Ingram & Co. the copyright of my edition of Pope, it would be unpardonable to allow it to go to press without revision. It is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that more authentic information regarding the personal and literary history of Pope has transpired within the last three or four years than had accumulated during the previous century. In fact, Pope, like Johnson, is now better known to posterity than he was to his contemporaries,—and Twickenham more than rivals Bolt Court in interest and popularity. First, with respect to the charge of having, like all the previous editors, adopted Pope's letters “without consideration as to authenticity and dates.” I would remark that the edition in question was only an edition of the Poetical Works. Had I undertaken to edit the correspondence a more minute investigation would have been required and demanded. But at that time no suspicion existed as to the authenticity of Pope's letters. That he altered, omitted, added, and compounded actual letters and parts of letters for publication was known from the existing originals addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the Miss Blounts. I was able to give some fresh illustration of this from the Maple-Durham MSS.,—but it was not until the writer in the *Athenæum*, July, 1854, communicated the results of a critical examination of the large unpublished Caryl Correspondence that Pope's Fabrication of letters, so called, and his false ascription of others, became known. That discovery, well supported by proofs, constitutes an era in the Pope history, and furnishes a key to many seeming mysteries and contradictions. But it is scarcely fair to judge the editors of Pope by this new and certain light,—to measure them by a standard which was unknown or unrecognised when they wrote. The poet loved to sport with the curiosity and credulity of the public. He was as potent and mischievous as Puck in leading his followers

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar.

His editors were, perhaps, too careless as well as too confiding; but they cer-

tainly had an excuse which is no longer available. For myself, I had no higher aim than to condense, for a popular edition of Pope, the information scattered over large and expensive works. The voluminous correspondence offered choice morsels of description and sentiment, and felicities of expression not excelled by the poetry, and these I unhesitatingly transplanted "by way of adornment," as "M. C. A." says—and such adornments are both rich and rare—to the narrative. But meeting with many discrepancies in Bowles and Roscoe, I was forced into what may be called original inquiry. In order to clear up the confusion as to the Blount pedigree, which had occasioned serious errors in all the memoirs of Pope, I obtained access to the Maple-Durham MSS., and there among the letters I found a copy of the verses addressed to Martha Blount on her birth-day. I took a note of the fact, but being then intent on the biographical inquiry, I omitted to compare the manuscript of the poem with the printed version, believing that Warburton had done it correctly. Warburton was probably misled by Pope, or had another copy of the piece. On a subsequent visit to Oxfordshire, I copied the lines and traced the variations, but this was too late for the first edition. Certain it is, that the poem in Pope's handwriting is exactly the same fourteen lines published by Dodsley. It is written on a half-sheet of post-paper, entitled "*Written June ye 15th, on Your Birthday, 1723.*" This original version, therefore, does not contain the six lines appropriated by James Moore Smyth, in his play of 'The Rival Modes.' But Pope's note in the Dunciad, though disingenuous and ludicrously fierce, may not be altogether based on "false evidence." The lines were at least Pope's: Smyth had seen them (most probably with his friends, the Miss Blounts), and he asked leave of the poet to put them into his comedy. Pope seems to have acquiesced; but a month before the play was acted, January 27th 1725, he informed Smyth that the lines would be known to be his (Pope's), as several copies had got abroad. In his note in the Dunciad he refers to Bolingbroke, to the lady to whom the lines were originally addressed, to Hugh Bethel, and others, "who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play." The would-be dramatist, however, conscious that the six lines of Pope were superior to any of his own in the play, if not worth the whole five acts, wrote to Pope desiring that, "since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them, &c." "Mr. P." probably made no rejoinder. The lines formed part of the condemned play, and *they appeared in it when printed*. If we may believe Curll, Lintot gave a hundred guineas for the copyright of the play—a sum due not to the merits of the piece, but to Smyth's personal connexions and family influence. Pope was now in high wrath, and, being then engaged in preparing the Miscellany, published by Motte the same year, he vindicated his right to the appropriated lines by introducing them into the 'Verses to M. B.,' though he may have intended them for the Epistle on Women, addressed to "A Lady," i.e., Martha Blount, to which he afterwards transferred them. "The Verses on Mrs. Patty had not been printed; but that one Puppy of our sex took 'em to himself as author, and another Simpleton of her sex, pretended they were address to herself." (Pope Papers in *Athenæum*, July, 1854). There was, no doubt, other cause of quarrel with James Moore Smyth than these unfortunate six lines. He was the favoured friend and correspondent of Teresa Blount, and was suspected by Pope to be engaged in circulating scandals as to Pope's intimacy with Martha. It is the misfortune of these researches into the private feelings and motives of Pope that they represent him as almost always involved in petty

From *Notes and Queries*, 2 S. iii. 403.

The MSS. at Mapledurham.—Some time since (1st S. xii. 377) a curious contradiction was pointed out between Mr. Chalmers and MR. CARRUTHERS, both parties referring, as authority for their contradictory assertions, to these MSS. Mr. Chalmers had stated that the "Mrs. T." of Pope's printed letters was "Mrs. Thomas" in the original, whereas MR. CARRUTHERS quoted that original as "Mrs. Teresa." A like contradiction presents itself in respect to the Verses to Martha Blount on her Birth-day. It was shown some time since, in the *Athenæum*, that the poet had tampered a good deal, and not very honourably, with these verses; and further, by circumstances and contemporary copies, that a note to MR. CARRUTHERS' edition, from which the reader would infer that he had examined the MS., was, in truth, copied from Warburton, and was, according to all probability, an error. MR. CARRUTHERS immediately acknowledged the truth of what had been conjectured: admitted that he had not, at the time his edition was published, compared the MS. with the printed copy; but he added—

"On a subsequent visit to Oxfordshire I copied the lines, and traced the variations . . . *certain it is that the Poem in Pope's handwriting is exactly the same fourteen lines published by Dodsley.*"

Now the fourteen lines published by Dodsley do not contain, as had been shown by the writer in the *Athenæum*, either the six lines published in the 'Miscellany,' 1727 (the six Moore-Smith lines), *nor the six lines subsequently substituted* [with added days, &c.]; and which were written on Pope's own birth-day in 1724. How, then, are we to reconcile MR. CAR-

artifices and unworthy resentments, though we do sometimes get a glimpse of him as the active and generous supporter of the injured and oppressed.

I am, &c.,

R. CARRUTHERS.

RUTHERS' statement with Bowles's statement in note on Gay's letter (viii. 202) ?—

“These lines [with added days, &c.] were *originally added to the lines on the Birth-day of M. Blount*, - ‘Oh, be thou blest!’ *These appear in the MS. in his own handwriting, sent to her.*”

Bowles adds the lines “are properly left out in his works;” by which I suppose he must have meant the four following lines quoted by him in note on the poem (ii. 371); for the lines “with added years,” are published in his own edition.—

T. M. S. [Mr. Dilke.]

From the *Athenæum*, September 26, 1857.

The Life of Alexander Pope. Including Extracts from his Correspondence. By Robert Carruthers. Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. With numerous Engravings on Wood. (Bohn.)

MR. CARRUTHERS'S ‘Life of Pope’ appeared opportunely and inopportunely—opportunely to gratify a revived taste, inopportunely inasmuch as, from the literary research then active, it was certain, in a short time, to be superseded. It was the embodiment of an old tradition—a pleasant popular narrative, nothing more. It is already superseded: for this second edition differs so materially from the former that it must be considered as a new work.

Mr. Carruthers is a sensible man, who makes no pretensions to infallibility. When some of his statements were questioned in this journal, he replied modestly that he was in error; adding truly, by way of apology, that more authentic information regarding the literary and personal history of Pope had transpired within the last few years than had been accumulated during the previous century; and he is now pleased to add—“the *Athenæum* has proved a perfect mine of unprinted

materials for illustrating the biography of Pope." This information, and these materials, so far as required, Mr. Carruthers has introduced into this new edition ; with additions of his own.

* * * * *

Our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Carruthers for the new history of Pope's intercourse with the Misses Blount—our especial acknowledgments ; for here he had his critics at an advantage. He is, so far as we know, the only man living who has been permitted to examine the Mapledurham MSS. ; —an equivocal word therefore might have covered a retreat—even silence would have looked like a triumph. Mr. Carruthers has no such evasions ; when he has been in error he acknowledges it—acknowledges, not unfrequently, that he had too confidently relied on others—and the result is that one half of the century-old slanders are clean gone, and other slanderous inferences are disproved by facts. Roscoe's arithmetical touchstone, which, though not intended, was a rock on which they might seemingly rest secure, is gone—even the letter itself is gone as authority ; for it does not exist amongst the Mapledurham MSS., and Mr. Carruthers thinks it probable, and we agree with him, that it never did exist, but was a mere fanciful display of gallantry, written for publication. The story about Pope's "frequent resolution to separate himself from the society of those ladies" is also gone—the dallying with, the supremacy and the deposing of Teresa is gone—the rivalry with, and the consequent implacable hatred of James Moore is gone ; and we learn from Mr. Carruthers, as the result of an examination of the letters which passed between James Moore and the Misses Blount, that there is "no indication" in them "of jealousy or hostile feeling"—the early rejection by or of Teresa is gone, for Mr. Carruthers has found proof, as we conjectured, that they were friends up to 1722. The result is, that the history of the acquaintance of the Popes and the Blounts—of the intimacy of the young people—the most interesting event in Pope's life—developes itself as naturally as, under like circumstances, it has done in thousands of families before and since.

Mr. Carruthers, however, though he abandons many of the old stories of the biographers, and of his own first edition, is, unconsciously, not free, we think, from their influence. Thus, he tells us,—

“Although the earliest of the existing letters bearing a date belongs to 1712, it is evident that the Poet *had frequently* met his fair correspondent and her sister; and judging from the handwriting, at least two other communications are of an earlier date.”

We were of opinion that Pope had met the ladies before 1712—probably recalled from Paris by their father's illness in 1710—but that they had “*frequently*” met—from which great personal intimacy might be inferred—is not, we think, justified by the evidence. Lister Blount, the father, died in June 1710,* an event which, according to the usage of the day, would confine those ladies to the seclusion of their homes for a much longer period than it would do now; and in 1712 and 1713 Pope was for a time at variance with the Englefields, as we have shown [*Athen.* 1854]. That there were no frequent meetings—no great intimacy, up to 1712, 1713, is to be inferred from the first letter, the date of which can be proved, 1712, and which begins “Madam;” strengthened by the letter from James Moore to the Misses Blount, dated July 1713, now first published by Mr. Carruthers, wherein he writes: “I was some hours with Mr. Pope yesterday, who has, *to use his own words, a mighty respect* for the two Miss Blounts.” Now we may be reasonably certain that had Pope been long or intimately acquainted with those ladies, James Moore would not have thought such formal civility worth recording and transmitting, for Pope, with his habitual passion of words, would have told them so himself dozens of times, and in a far more gallant spirit. As to the inference from the handwriting, it is a question on which we would not willingly offer an opinion, even if the MSS. were before us. Fortunately the letters have been published, and what, we would ask, was “the

* Qy. 16 Jan. 1711 (qy. $\frac{11}{12}$), died, says Croker, A. Englefield, father of Mrs. B. of Mapledurham.

piece of humanity" on the part of the ladies referred to in the first of them? What the "calumny" from which Pope suffered? These expressions recall to us the scandal gossip at Whiteknights, about Mrs. Weston in 1713 [*Athen.*, 1854], the year, and probably the occasion of, the "mighty respect;" and as to the second letter, Mr. Carruthers was of opinion when he published his first edition that it belonged to a later period, and we see no sufficient reason for the change.

The influence to which we have referred is still more manifest in the following, where, to the flourishings about his intimacy with the maids of honour at Hampton Court, Mr. Carruthers tells us, Pope adds,—

"No lone house in Wales with a mountain and a rookery is more contemplative than this court," and *with a touch of pride to make Teresa jealous*, "Mrs. Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone under the garden wall."

Why here are all the insinuations of the old story concentrated into a paragraph! and we have in illustration a pretty picture of "Pope and Mary Lepell" by moonlight under the garden wall.

Now the passage here quoted, so far as we know or can know, is from one of Pope's letters published in 1735. But Mr. Carruthers leads us to believe that the original of that letter is amongst the Mapledurham MSS., and dated 13th Sept., 1717. He early (p. 84) quotes from that original in proof of the manner in which Pope altered some letters for publication, and he here again appears to correct the text by it, pronouncing parenthetically in the first edition (*sic orig.*) and now (*sic*),—a difference we do not understand; and yet by the very change implying difference. Did Mr. Carruthers find in that original, dated 13th Sept., 1717, the "touch of pride to make Teresa jealous?" We are fully aware of the disadvantage under which we labour when we raise a question

about the Mapledurham MSS., and yet we must hazard the opinion that he did not.* The published letter, like so many of the letters published by Pope, is a piece of literary mosaic; and this "touch of pride" was, we suspect, a "touch of poison" inserted on publication. Mary Lepell, in 1735, was the wife of Lord Hervey; and if there were anything equivocal in these moonlight meetings—so equivocal as to make Teresa jealous—was it less likely to make a husband jealous, or to cast a shadow over the maiden reputation of the mother of his children? We believe that the only original of that passage is to be found in a letter addressed to Lady M. W. Montagu, another of Pope's enemies in 1735, whose name was everywhere suppressed—

"Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two Courts here. Scarce any ball, assembly, basset table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales with a rookery is more contemplative than Hampton Court. I walked the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the King, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the wall."

Not a word in this genuine letter about the moonlight meetings with Mary Lepell; and no account of the dulness of Hampton Court, consequent on the rupture of the two Courts, could have been written on the 13th of September, 1717, for the rupture did not take place until November: but might naturally to Lady Mary; for though the letter to her is without date, it was written after the death of his father, therefore after October, and probably in the spring of 1718.

The whole chapter, indeed, in which we find this "touch of pride" should, we think, be reconsidered,—

"The year 1714 may be considered as marking the com-

* Mr. Carruthers has obligingly forwarded a copy of the Mapledurham letter, and *it does* contain the paragraph here quoted! At the same time *the published letter is* a piece of literary mosaic—for, of course, the Mapledurham MS. does not contain the paragraph about the death of Dr. Radcliffe.

mencement of the gayest period of Pope's life. * * His good fortune seems to have transported him into excesses foreign to his real character. He set up for a *bon-rivant* and rake—frequented the October Club and gaming-houses—boasted of sitting till two in the morning over burgundy and champagne—and grew ashamed of business. Poor authors, of course, were his special aversion. He sketched plans and architectural designs with Lord Burlington; lounged in the library of Lord Oxford; breakfasted with Craggs; drove about Busby Park with Lord Halifax; talked of the Spanish war with the chivalrous Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough, the English Amadis; or, in the evening, joined in the learned raillery of Arbuthnot. With young Lord Warwick and other *beaux esprits* he had delicious lobster-nights and tavern gaieties. How different from life in Windsor Forest! At the country seats of Lords Harcourt, Bathurst, and Cobham he was a frequent visitor."

We know that Mr. Carruthers has warrant for much of this in Pope's prose or verse—in the report of his friends or enemies—but neither are to be trusted implicitly nor interpreted literally. Think of any man, and above all of Pope, entering on this rollicking, roystering life—like the Heir of Linne,

Drink and revel every night,
Cards and dice from eve to morn

—just when he entered on a life's labour—the translation of Homer; when, as he himself has told us in a more serious humour than when writing his 'Farewell to London,' he could not sleep for thinking of his labours, or if he slept he dreamt of them—had such "terrible moments" that "he wished a hundred times that somebody would hang him." Pope rattled away to amuse himself and his friends—exaggerated, as most men do, an occasional excess or any accidental circumstance, precisely because it was accidental and exceptional and ran counter to his nature and habits. It is possible, of course, and even probable, that Pope may have looked in, for a glimpse of life, at a gaming table, but if he were "never known to bet," as acknowledged by Mr. Carruthers in the first edition, he

cannot surely be said to have “frequented gaming houses.” We doubt even his having “frequented” the October Club. Of course he may have been there, as he may have been at the gaming table, but he did not frequent it, though men of higher rank did so to serve a political purpose. Pope had no political purpose to serve; and the manners, and even the morals, of the club were too coarse for Pope’s sensitive nature and delicate tastes; and the club was so rampant in its Toryism as to trouble even the Tory ministry, and not likely, therefore, to have been joined by the young Catholic poet, who, as a Catholic, lived, as he said playfully but painfully, in fear of a constable, just when the protecting Tory Government was overthrown. We doubt, too, whether some of the persons at whose country seats he is here said to have been “a frequent visitor”—Cobham for one—were even known to him for years after, and in 1714 Lord Warwick was a boy of seventeen. Here, again, it is probable that Pope may have met the youth at supper, but we should say, in face of Cibber’s anecdote, and of Pope’s—

Earl Warwick, make your moan

—that if Pope really indulged in tavern gaieties and delicious lobster-nights—Pope’s phrase, by-the-bye, is “*laborious* lobster-nights,” much more expressive, we suspect, of his feeling—with such a boy, Addison had good ground for quarrel never yet alluded to.*

In respect to that perplexing difficulty, the annuity to Teresa, we are under obligations to Mr. Carruthers for inquiry and confession. The statement, it appears, does not rest on

* When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first knew Pope I cannot discover: when she wrote the first of her “Unfinished Sketches” is to me equally undecided. It appears to have been written while Bolingbroke was in office, therefore in 1714. Whenever written, she, at that time, hated and despised Pope, and charges him with offences no other person has hinted at, and such offences as Addison *might* have urged from the association with Lord Warwick.—And she heard from Addison—

in puns he shows his fire,
And *skill’d in pimping* to your heart’s desire.

evidence, but assertion. The sole authority for it is a MS. note by Mr. Lefebvre, the family chaplain, whose words are—

“That Teresa, not Martha, * * was his favourite, and the principal object of his affection, is evident from a deed of the 10th March, 1717, by which he binds himself in an annuity of Forty Pounds, during the term of six years, * * on condition that the said Teresa should not have married during the said six years, which condition she agreed to. There is a great probability that this agreement was with a view to a connubial settlement.”*

This, then, is all the information we have on the subject; and, though more than we ever had before, it is wholly unsatisfactory. Assume the existence of the Deed—a Deed—it could not, as it appears to us, have been the grant of an annuity, for the “condition” would not be determined until the expiration of the whole term. There must, therefore, we think, be some error in Mr. Lefebvre’s statement.

Mr. Carruthers assumes the existence of the Deed; but as to the “unnatural restriction,” as it was called in the first edition, he has changed his opinion. He now thinks it probable that the Deed was “only a delicate mode of assisting Teresa in her altered and limited fortune.” It was certainly like Pope to offer pecuniary aid under the assumed circumstances; but the circumstances *are* assumed. It is true that on the marriage of Michael Blount, Mrs. Blount and her daughters were under the necessity of leaving Mapledurham; but we have no reason to believe that, *at that time*, their income was insufficient to maintain them in a respectable position. The young ladies lived with their mother, who had, no doubt, a sufficient jointure; their father had bequeathed to them 1,500*l.* apiece; and further, in contemplation, we suppose of their leaving Mapledurham, an additional 1,000*l.* to be paid by

* Family chaplain, when? We naturally assume the Mr. Lefebvre to have been a contemporary, or contemporary at least with the Misses Blount. It appears, however, from Croker’s history of the Le Blounts, ii. 907–8, that he was living in 1823! had *continued* the Heralds’ Pedigree, published in 1792.

their brother on his marriage. Subsequently, indeed, after the South Sea project, they, like most other people, were hampered for ready money; but it was still later before they were in difficulties. There are reasons which lead us to believe that about 1717 the Misses Blount had money lying idle which Pope sought to invest for them. After all, and assuming all—the Deed, the “unnatural restriction,” and the pecuniary difficulties,—Mr. Carruthers’s new version does not, in the slightest degree, help us over the old difficulty. No matter what were Pope’s motives for granting the annuity: what we want is, an explanation as to the “restriction.”

We admit the difficulty, but are not, therefore, of necessity to jump to some “unnatural” or immoral conclusion. If, as we are told, Pope was at that very time writing in language of most ardent affection to Lady Mary W. Montagu—if within eight months he announced the death of his father in a note to *Martha*, “in words which seem to breathe the quintessence of grief and love”—why are we, in ignorance of facts, so to interpret this restriction as to assume that it had to do with “a connubial settlement” on Teresa? It seems to us more probable that the annuity itself may have been granted and the restriction introduced for Pope’s own protection and benefit.

It should never be forgotten, in considering all questions that affect Pope, that he was a Catholic—one of a persecuted race, driven at that time to all sorts of double dealing for protection and security. Pope, in 1717, was that, and worse: he had united himself with a fallen political party, some of whom were in prison, others in exile, and all seeking safety in seclusion. Catholics at that time lived in the fear of the law and its confiscations,—property was transferred—settlements were made—bonds given—fictitious debts created to evade the law and its consequences; and the incomes secured to many of the families of those who suffered imprisonment or death were the consequences of these fictions. Pope had neither wife nor child who could be interposed—his father and mother were too old and too nervous and fearful; but the Blounts might; and if such a Bond were given to the one, we think it probable that Bonds were given to both the ladies. An

annuity was as good as a settlement—both equally protected by law. A Catholic in Pope's situation must trust some one; and the extent to which they did trust one another is quite startling. We have seen an opinion, as it is called, given by a Catholic lawyer to a friend in 1715-16, which seems to us to suggest this very resource:—

“The only way to secure our estates is to make it liable to the payment of just debts, and that being real, and a precedent and prior charge, no subsequent forfeiture can take place of it.”

If Pope had any fear of persecution, why should he not take “the only way” to secure something? Such an annuity would be “a precedent and prior charge”; and the “unnatural condition” was required for his protection and her honour; for had she married, the annuity would have become a reality which might have been enforced by her husband. That Pope did not at that time feel himself safe we have proof, for he thus wrote to Martha Blount:—

*“I have lately been told that my person is in some danger: and (in any such case) the sum of 1,121*l.* will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter secure against accidents.”*

—And when his friend Edward Blount went abroad, he exhorted the Poet to go with him—“our homes,” he said, “must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in.”

In brief, we submit for consideration that there is no *proof* that such a Deed was ever in existence—no *proof* that if in existence it contained the “unnatural restriction”—and that if both assumptions be received as true, the restrictive clause may be interpreted more easily by reference to the natural than the unnatural.

As to Pope's sudden aversion to poor authors, we do not see that his dearest friend—the one exceptional man from whom he would not part—was particularly rich—

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind : but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me.

The inference agrees better with the old story than the new—the father's money-box and Pope's consequent early poverty, rather than the freeholds, the annuities, the bonds, and the rents on the Hôtel de Ville.

Considering how strangely he and his predecessors have been mystified and misled, Mr. Carruthers ought, we think, to have been a little more sceptical or critical. Let us take the starting-point of his Memoir—the birth-place of the Poet, in illustration. This is an old and vexed question; and Mr. Carruthers proceeds with all due formality;—marshals the evidence, calls witnesses, deduces conclusions; but, unfortunately, it is the old evidence, and necessarily therefore leads to the old conclusions. Did it never suggest itself to him that the witnesses ought to be subjected to cross-examination? Is he quite sure that under such a process his “Contemporary” might not say it was “near” and not “in” Cheapside that Pope was born? Is he quite sure that Ruffhead and Spence would give “the same *date and place*”? “Lombard Street, on the 21st of May,”—quite sure that Ruffhead does not say “born in London,” which agrees with the statement in Jacob’s Register, said to have been sanctioned by Pope—with *our* “Contemporary,” who gives reasons for his “near,” which may explain why Pope only alluded to the place vaguely, and why neither his mother nor sister ever named it? Mr. Carruthers then refers to the clear and circumstantial assertion of Spence, that Pope was born “in Lombard Street, at the house which is now one Mr. Morgan’s, an apothecary.”* Did not Mr. Carruthers observe that Spence refers as authority for this to “P. and Hooke,” which must mean, that he was writing from memory, and had been told so by Pope *or* Hooke—one or the other, not both, for Pope’s authority on such a point

* It may be just worth notice that Christiana Cooper, in her will dated 1693, speaks of a tenement, &c., assigned to her by *Charles Morgan* of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, *grocer*.

required no confirmation. Does Mr. Carruthers know—in fact he does not—that assuming Spence's note to have been written in 1739, as he states, or any time between 1720 and 1740, *there was no Morgan an apothecary residing in Lombard Street?* Between those dates there was but one Morgan an apothecary in London:—"William Morgan, son of William Morgan, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields," gentleman, deceased, bound apprentice to Thomas Bruce, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the 3rd of June 1707, and sworn and admitted a member of the Apothecaries Company on the 3rd of March 17¹⁸/₉. This William Morgan appears to have lived and died in the neighbourhood where he was born, and where he served his apprenticeship,—at any rate, and enough for our present purpose, we find him residing in Exeter Street, in the Strand, in 1737, and there he continued until, as we believe, he died, in 1741. Here then, on the slightest cross-questioning, the old evidence breaks down. We, however, are by no means inclined to deny Mr. Carruthers's conclusions. What we want is such a searching examination that we may rest with some confidence in the Biographer's statement, and this is precisely the point on which Mr. Carruthers disappoints us. Thus, though Spence's note figures in the text, the Bevan tradition has dropped into a note, and the reader is left without aid, or help, or suggestion, or fact to determine its value, which however Mr. Carruthers assumes. That a tradition should tell its story imperfectly is of its very nature and character; but it is not therefore to be dismissed without examination. The house occupied by Morgan, the apothecary, Mr. Carruthers tells us,—

—"would seem to have continued as an apothecary's or druggist's shop * , * it belonged to the well-known William Allen, and he succeeded a Mr. Bevan. * * Mr. Bevan used to relate that in his childhood the house was often visited by persons who came there out of curiosity to see the birthplace of the great poet. Mr. Bevan's memory, were he living, would reach back above a hundred years."

Mr. Bevan's memory, then, were he living, would not have

reached back within three quarters of a century of the fact which it was to illustrate; and no matter to what time it had extended, it would not, as we have shown from authentic records, have reached to Morgan, an apothecary, residing in Lombard Street. But though "memory" Bevan halted lamentably, his father and his grandfather might have spoken more intelligibly; and it does happen, as also appears from the books of the Apothecaries Company, that so early as 1719 there was a Sylvanus Bevan an apothecary, and in 1733 a Timothy Bevan an apothecary, and from a list of residences we learn that in 1739 they both lived in Lombard Street. Now we submit, as worth consideration and inquiry, whether Spence, writing from memory, may not have written Morgan instead of Bevan—or whether there may not have been an error in the transcription of Spence's MS. Sylvanus Bevan, it appears, was a remarkable man, and remarkable in a way that makes him of especial interest to us. Franklin, writing to Lord Kames in 1760 about a bust of William Penn, says that when Lord Cobham (Pope's friend) was adorning his garden at Stowe, "Sylvanus Bevan, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a knack he has of cutting in ivory, * * set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had *been well acquainted*, and cut a little bust of him." * Now Penn was struck with paralysis in 1712; and, though he partially recovered, we doubt whether he ever after visited London. If this be the fact, or anything like the fact, then *Sylvanus* Bevan the apothecary of Lombard Street was a contemporary of Pope's, and he would be a high authority for a tradition, or rather for a circumstance certain to be known to him.

* Franklin says that S. Bevan was then alive—that is in 1760. This story is also referred to in *Life of Penn*, p. 564, where it is said that a copy of S. B.'s bust was sent to Jas. Logan, and is now in the Lygonian Library, Philadelphia.

So Mrs. Delany, writing to her sister from London, March 22, 1743-4, says (*Life*, ii. 285)—

"Did I tell you how I was pleased with Mr. Bevan, the Quaker, who dined with us about a fortnight ago? He is a most extraordinary man, very sensible, smart, and polite in his manner: he has taken to carving in ivory for his amusement, and cuts likenesses of people that he has not seen for many years."

We could proceed in this questioning and cross-questioning fashion, page after page, through Mr. Carruthers's volume ; where old stories are recorded, and even illustrated, which seem to us open to reasonable doubt. Thus, there are half-a-dozen different versions about Pope's interview with Dryden, told by half-a-dozen different persons, some of which are dropped out of sight by Mr. Carruthers ; others disproved, as in the Wogan story. But there remains the interview itself, thus recorded. Pope, on leaving school,

“ was better acquainted with Dryden than with Cicero ; and his boyish admiration and curiosity led him to obtain a sight of the living poet. He prevailed upon a friend, according to Warburton, to accompany him to town, and introduce him to Will's Coffee-house. . . . ‘ I saw Mr. Dryden,’ Pope said to Spence, ‘ when I was about twelve years of age : I remember his face well, for I looked upon him even then with veneration, and observed him very particularly.’ He barely saw him, as he said to Wycherley, ‘ *Virgilium tantum vidi* ;’ but he remembered that he was plump, of a fresh colour, with a down look, and not very conversible.”

We are not prepared to accept with unquestioning faith, the statements of Warburton, or Ruffhead, or Spence, or Harte, or any other who reports from memory,—no, nor Pope's letters, nor Pope himself, unless his meaning be clear and without possible equivocation,—the less so when the anecdotes are irreconcilable one with another, and all with common sense. It is possible, of course,—even probable, we think,—that Pope did see Dryden. Dryden, and the Popes, and Pope's schoolmaster, were Catholics ; the shop of the Catholic bookseller, Lewis, Pope's first publisher, was on the ground-floor of Will's Coffee-house, which Dryden daily frequented, and no doubt Dryden occasionally looked in on Lewis, and had a gossip with such of his fellow-sufferers as he might chance to meet there ; and amongst others, probably with Pope's schoolmaster—the idle, active, careless, thoughtful and thoughtless Deane, a convert like himself—the *non-socius* of University College, who

may have been on some occasion accompanied by the boy Pope ; but that the boy Pope ever went literally to the Coffee-house, as here set forth, and was formally introduced to the poet, and presumed on the strength of such interview to pronounce judgment on the venerable man as "*not very conversible*," is beyond all belief. Fortunately, it is not with us a question of belief at all. The "*Virgilium tantum vidi*" must be interpreted by what goes before and after,—“ I was not so happy as to know him [Dryden] : * * had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him.” Further, Dryden was attacked with erysipelas in December, 1699 ; and though he partially recovered, it is doubtful whether he was ever after well enough to leave his house, to which he was certainly confined in March and April, and he died on the 1st of May, 1700. Pope then was about eleven years and six months old, when, probably, for the last time, Dryden was outside his own door. Now, Ruffhead, who enlarged on Warburton's brief note, under Warburton's supervision, tells us that Pope went, “ at the age of twelve,” to reside at Binfield ; “ in that retreat *he first became acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden. . . From this time he became so enamoured of Dryden's works, he grew impatient to see the author, and at length procured a friend to introduce him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented,*” &c.

It cannot be necessary to quote more,—not even Johnson's pleasant speculation on the subject. Here we have the story in detail, with dates ; and it appears from it, that Pope did not retire to Binfield until he was twelve years old ; and that he first read Dryden after he had retired to Binfield. No wonder, if his introduction were consequent on his admiration, that he found the dead man “ not very conversible.”

Here, for the present, we shall conclude, as we began, with an acknowledgment that, no matter what may be our critical objections, Mr. Carruthers's ‘*Life of Pope*’ is a great improvement on all preceding memoirs, his own included ; and will be most welcomed by those who are best informed.

[*Second Notice.*]

THE incidental reference to the Wycherley letters reminds us that when questioned in this journal, Mr. Carruthers replied that he had only undertaken an edition of Pope's poetical works,—“Had I,” he continued, “undertaken to edit the Correspondence, a more minute investigation would have been required and demanded.” This surely was a mistake. Mr. Carruthers undertook not only to edit the Poems, but to write a Life of the Poet; and this life he has illustrated with extracts from the Correspondence. How can this be done without editing the Letters, so far, at least, as they are used for illustration? For example, Mr. Carruthers quotes from the Wycherley letters in support of his Dryden story. Now, we have little faith, as evidence, in the Wycherley letters—little faith in any letters published by Pope. We believe that the Wycherley letter referred to, Dec. 1704, was another of what Mr. Carruthers calls the “fanciful displays,” written years after, for effect. Johnson remarked on it, “How soon Pope learned the cant of an author.” Yes, and long before he was an author. Think of a boy of sixteen—five years before he had published a line, even in a Miscellany—writing after this fashion :—

“I may not be so humble as to think myself below their [the Critics] notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion; and although such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author so beggarly but he can keep a critic.”

Subsequently, the whole story about the intercourse between Wycherley and Walsh and Pope—the early literary life of Pope—is made out from Pope's reported talk and these letters. Wycherley, we are told, anxious to reap a fresh harvest of poetical honours, submitted his poems to Pope: Pope pro-

ceeded to correct, alter, condense, until, at length, he “suggested that with regard to some pieces, it would be better to destroy the whole framework, and reduce them into prose, in the manner of Rochefoucault. This staggered Wycherley, and brought the farce of poet and critic to an end.” Very naturally. But this, be it remembered, is Pope’s story. After all, the farce does not end consistently : for we are told, in the same page, that Wycherley “*recalled*” his MSS. ; and then that *Pope requested* Wycherley to “take the papers out of his hands.” Further, if Wycherley were staggered by the Rochefoucault suggestion, is it not strange that he should have adopted it, which the posthumous volume proves that he did ?

The correctness of Pope’s judgment, says Mr. Carruthers, was fully verified by this posthumous publication. Why, of course it was. No matter when the letters were—in whole or in part—written, they were not published until after Wycherley’s posthumous volume, and were then published by Pope, who said in them—and made Wycherley say—just what he pleased ; and how a paragraph can mystify and mislead, we have abundant proof. Pope had no scruple in such small matters ; no, nor in greater, as shown [*Athen. No. 1393*] in the more dangerous case of Addison.

Pope professed to publish the Wycherley letters in justice to Wycherley,—“to show the world his better judgment ; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those Poems.” There is not one word in the letters to show that Wycherley had any such intention. The only result of such publication was to prove the vast superiority of the precocious boy,—to show that Wycherley’s Poems were revised, reconstructed, condensed, enlarged by Pope ; that the poetry, here and there to be met with, was contributed by Pope. How could such facts do honour to Wycherley’s memory ? If Mr. Carruthers will look attentively to Pope’s letter of the 20th of November, 1707, he will find such elaborate details—such divisions, and subdivisions, and transpositions of the ‘Poem on Dullness,’ that if he puts faith in the criticism, the poem ought to be transferred to Pope’s works ;—“the similitude of the bias of

the bowle, and the weight of the clock," alone fill one-fifth of the whole poem! Be it remembered, however, that when Wycherley's posthumous volume was published, these "similitudes" had already appeared in Pope's works. Pope, therefore, was apparently a plagiarist; and no assertion to the contrary could so well clear him as the publication of these letters. It did so effectually; everybody concluding with Bowles, that "Pope had used the same simile before, in his correction of some of Wycherley's Poems." This may be true: we are not disputing the fact, but examining the evidence.

Again,—and here we request Mr. Carruthers to try his "touchstone of arithmetic,"—Pope in his criticism, divides Wycherley's poem, which consists of but seventy-one lines, into four parts. The first part, he says, contains 1st, Religion; 2nd, Philosophy; 3rd, Example; 4th, Wit; and 5th, The Cause of Wit, and the end of it. Each part, therefore, presuming an average, consists of 18 lines; and as the first part has five divisions, we have $3\frac{1}{4}$ lines for religion, $3\frac{1}{4}$ for philosophy, and so on,—so that Pope's "similitude" alone is equal to all the religion, all the philosophy, all the example, and all the wit together. What could be the meaning of such elaborate trifling? We submit, as just worth consideration, whether the 'Panegyrick on Dullness' be not itself a poetical version of Dennis's letter 'In Praise of a Blockhead,'—whether Pope's criticism, allowing for needful alterations on publication, does not better apply to Dennis's treatment of the subject than to Wycherley's? Further, was Wycherley's reply a comment on his own poem,—a contrast between it and some other work on a like subject,—or a sharp rebuke to Pope, which Pope had not the wit to see, and therefore published;—"true and natural dullness is shown more *by its pretence to form and method*, as the sprightliness of wit, by its despising both."

Mr. Carruthers knows—few men better—that nearly every act of Pope's literary life was coloured by equivocation,—every assertion by mental reservation. So in respect to these very letters, of the 20th and 22nd of November, 1707, Pope pub-

lished them in what he called the surreptitious edition; they were republished in an edition by Cooper, which we now know he sanctioned; they have been published in every subsequent edition; but *they were not published* in the Quarto of 1737.

We are told also that Wycherley submitted Pope's Pastorals to Walsh, and from admiration of the pastoral poet, Walsh invited him to the country; and Pope passed part of the summer of 1705 at Abberley. Mr. Carruthers has warrant for this, and would, no doubt, refer to Pope himself, as reported by Spence.—

“About fifteen I got acquainted with Walsh.”—(*Spence*, p. 180.)

—That is, about 1703.

“I was with him [Walsh] at his seat in Worcestershire for a good part of the summer of 1705, and showed him my ‘Essay on Criticism’ in 1706. Walsh died the year after.”—(*Spence*, p. 194.)

But Pope, also according to Spence, gave other versions of this story, which we think a biographer is bound to notice—and to reconcile if he can. Thus Pope said:—

“My ‘Essay on Criticism’ was written in 1709, and published in 1711.”—(*Spence*, p. 170.)

This agrees with the statement formally put forth in the title-page of the Folio.—“Written in the year 1709;” and we know the work was published in 1711. But in a note to the ‘Letters,’ 1735, which it would be mere folly not to assume was written by Pope, we are told:—

“Mr. Walsh died in the year 1708, the year after Mr. Pope writ the ‘Essay on Criticism.’”

This in the Quarto is somewhat varied.—

“Mr. Walsh died * * in the year 1708, the year before the ‘Essay on Criticism’ was printed.”

Here, then, a biographer may assert, on equal authority, that the Essay was written in 1706, or 1707, or 1709,—that Pope kept it by him in MS. for one or two or more years,—that it was written off hand, and printed when written, in 1709,—that it was shown to Walsh in 1706, or 1707,—or not shown to him at all, and not written till after his death.

As all these stories cannot be true, it can be no offence to express a doubt whether Pope did become acquainted with Walsh about 1703 and did spend a good part of the summer of 1705 with him at Abberley.

In the edition of Pope's Letters, 1735, and reproduced by Cooper and Roberts, though omitted in the Quarto, is a letter highly complimentary to the young poet, from Walsh to Wycherley, dated April 20, 1705, wherein Walsh returns to Wycherley the MS. of some of the ‘Pastorals,’ and requests Wycherley to *introduce him* to the author. Here, then, we have proof that when that letter was written Pope was not even personally known to Walsh. Yet that letter, we suspect, was ante-dated on publication; for in the British Museum is one from Tonson to Pope, dated April 20, 1706, wherein Tonson says—

“I have *lately* seen a Pastoral of yours in *Mr. Walsh's* and Congreve's hands. * * If you design your poem for the press,” &c.

Assume that Walsh's letter was written in April, 1706, and all is consistent. Further, there can be no doubt that young Pope, flattered by the commendation in the letter to Wycherley and the serviceable mention of him to Tonson,—in complying with Walsh's request, “give himself the trouble any morning to call at my house”—lost no time in calling on Walsh, who, as the session was over, was probably about to start for Worcestershire. Pope then wrote to him and inclosed more poetry, and Walsh's reply is dated June 20, 1706. This is the first published letter from Walsh to Pope; and there is good in-

ternal evidence, we think, that it was the first he wrote to Pope, and was in reply to the first he had received from Pope. Walsh therein speaks of what passed when he and Pope were in London, of his hopes when they shall meet "again in London," but there is not one word in it, nor in the subsequent correspondence, from which it can be inferred that Pope had ever paid him a visit at Abberley,—not one word of pleasant recollection, nor of recognition or compliment to or from any one person in the family or neighbourhood.

We have, thus far, only expressed a doubt as to the date of Walsh's letter to Wycherley, and as to Pope having spent a good part of the summer of 1705 at Abberley. The published letters between Pope and Walsh conclude in October, 1706; but we know that a correspondence was certainly carried on between them in 1707, and that Pope was expected at Abberley in July of that year. If the rhyming letter to Cromwell was written, as stated, on "the twelfth or thirteenth day of July," "the author's age 19"—1707—there is no mention in it of any such intention; and the reasons given against a visit to London are of greater, if of any, force against a much more expensive journey—

I had to see you some intent,
But for a curst impediment,
Which spoils full many a good design,
That is to say, the *want of coin* ;—

and there is no reference to any such visit—no mention of Abberley—no friendly word about Walsh, in the letter of November, 1707, to their mutual friend Wycherley—the very man who introduced Pope to Walsh.*

We shall now submit, for the consideration of Mr. Carruthers, whether the published correspondence between Walsh and Pope was not made up for show, and is not, so far as Pope is concerned, pure fiction. Roscoe tells us that one of Pope's

* Pope did pay the visit in 1707. Trumbull says, he was gone there 5 Aug., and on 18 Sept. that Pope had returned. The truth is, all facts and dates are taken out of P.'s published letters, and so many that are not true thrust in that we know not what or when to trust.

letters "is a masterpiece of just criticism." Why, of course it is, or why should Pope have published it? Nay, it is more than that, if we add, Pope fashion, "the author's age," 18! These letters were first published five-and-twenty or more years after Walsh's death; and it would, we suspect, have puzzled Roscoe to explain how two letters addressed to Walsh in 1706 got back into Pope's possession in 1735, and why, being once in his possession, the originals were destroyed. Some circumstances, however, explain themselves:—thus, one of the two letters—not the masterpiece—was made up from beginning to end out of passages and letters addressed to Cromwell, and in great part omitted in edit. 1735. There is no doubt about this, for they may be found in the copy printed by Curll in 1727, and in the originals, which are preserved in the Bodleian.*

Even the Cromwell letters are not to be implicitly trusted—not because they passed through the hands of the much-abused Edmund Curll, but through the hands of Alexander Pope. The letters received by Cromwell from Pope were given, as our readers know, by Cromwell to Mrs. Thomas, who, many years after, sold them to Curll, who published them with more than the usual accuracy of the period. When they were subsequently re-published by Pope, many passages were very naturally omitted; but the collection was increased in number more than one-third. These additions are, of course, the very best letters—"fanciful displays," we suspect, written for the occasion and for effect. Mr. Carruthers should have given notice of this. On the contrary, the course pursued is likely to mislead the reader. Mr. Carruthers quotes from half-a-dozen of these letters, and informs us, in a note to the first, that it has been "collated with the original." This is true; but the reader, who is aware that the originals which Curll bought of Mrs. Thomas, are still preserved with the 'original' referred to in the Bodleian, will naturally come to the conclusion that he has a like warrant for the accuracy of all. If we

* Pope himself (note, Pastorals—Spring, note 1) refers to this letter as *addressed to Walsh*—but not, I think, before the publication (and manufacture) in 1735.

were to judge by small differences, and even errors, we should doubt this ; but we have no doubt that the letter of the 10th of May, 1710, has not been collated, for the simple reason that it is not in the collection, and, so far as we know, is not, and we suspect never was, in existence. The non-existence of this and so many of the Cromwell letters, published in the edition of 1735, is a significant fact, of which the reader should have been warned. Such letters may be good letters—clever essays—but they are of little value to the biographer.

The account of the quarrel between Pope and Addison is written with a manifest desire to be scrupulously just—to hold the balance even. There is, indeed, so much of delicate handling in the praise and censure, that we doubt whether the reader will be able to come to any conclusion on the subject ; and there are, we think, too many assumptions. But we cannot, at present, enter on the matter. We may, however, should the lull in the publishing world continue, devote a separate paper to its consideration.

We can only permit ourselves a few more words on a subject respecting which, we think, the poet has been unjustly treated by the biographer, although to reach it we must over-leap many of great interest, that deserve, and would repay, careful winnowing—Pope's quarrels amongst others.

Respecting the bribe of 1,000*l.*, said to have been given by the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character of Atossa, Mr. Carruthers comes to the conclusion that the poet yielded to temptation and took the money.* The evidence is, of course, the old evidence, with one additional witness, the sister of Pope's especial friend, Edward Earl of Oxford. "Warton," says Mr. Carruthers, "advanced this charge against Pope on the authority of the Duchess of Portland !" This is indeed a startling fact—or error. Warton, in his 'Essay on the Genius of Pope,' thus wrote :—

"In the last illness of the great Duke, her husband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Duchess, disliking his advice,

* See Carr., i. 301 to 303. See 2nd edit. See p. 215.

followed him down stairs, *swore* at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his periwig. Her friend, Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, was present at this scene. These lines were shown to her grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person that was reading them to her, and called out aloud, 'I cannot be so imposed upon—I see plainly enough for whom they are designed,' and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to, and courted him."

There is not one word here about the bribe; and yet, as will appear, it contains all for which Warton had the authority of the Duchess. Some years later Warton published an edition of Pope's works, to which he transferred, as notes, passages from the Essay, amongst others the above, for which, the Duchess having been long dead, he felt himself at liberty to name his authority—*

* Mr. Elwin, I understand from Mr. Forster, dissents from my conclusions about the Duchess of Marlborough, and the thousand pounds bribe, and considers that he has discovered *additional evidence* in a note in the handwriting of the Duchess of Portland. But this MS. note, so far as I understand, is but a repetition of the story which she told Warton, and which Warton published. Let us consider the value of her evidence.

The duchess avowedly disliked Pope, and so did her mother. In reference to the quarrel between Lady M. W. Montagu and Pope and the asserted meeting at Lady Oxford's, the duchess said such a meeting was impossible, for "my mother adored Lady Mary and hated Pope" (Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, i. 94). Here, then, is proof that the duchess and her mother were predisposed to believe anything against Pope.

But there was even more than ill-will to influence the duchess.

Bolingbroke first hinted at some disgraceful conduct of Pope's in regard to the publication of the character of Atossa within a few days of Pope's death. (Letter to Marchmont.) Soon after Pope's death Bolingbroke had, or believed that he had, personal grounds for censure of Pope's conduct, and he subsequently employed *Mallet* to avenge him, and damage the dead man's memory. Now Bolingbroke admits that he had seen an edition of the Essay on Woman containing the character of Atossa; and as no copy is now known to be in existence, there can be no doubt that under the authority given him in Pope's will, or by consent, that whole edition was destroyed. (See note, p. 165.) Notwithstanding the character of Atossa was soon after published, with the "it is said" note about the thousand pounds bribe—the *animus* of the publication being shown by the note. The publisher knew that everybody who "hated" Pope would believe even an "it is said." But there were other persons and circumstances that may have influenced the duchess. Mallet, Bolingbroke's agent in attacking the memory of Pope.

“In the last illness of the great Duke, her husband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Duchess, disliking his advice, followed him down stairs, swore at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his periwig. Her friend, Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, was present at this scene. These lines were shown to her grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the Duchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, ‘I cannot be so imposed upon—I see plainly enough for whom they are designed,’ and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him 1,000*l.* to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and,” &c.

The reader cannot fail, we think, to see that all for which the Duchess was authority was given in the Essay. The story about the bribe was subsequently picked up by Warton, as it had been picked by Walpole and others.

How far this mistake may have influenced the judgment of the biographer we cannot say; but there remains nothing for us to test and value but the old evidence, which, though long since incidentally questioned in the *Athenæum*, we hope now to dispose of for ever.

In a letter written soon after Pope’s death, and when Bolingbroke affected to be indignant with his dead friend for having, with what Warburton calls superstitious zeal, done for him what Bolingbroke soon after did for himself through the agency of another friend, he thus wrote to Lord Marchmont—

“Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press just before his death an edition of the four Epistles, that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly,

and whose character therefore required proof of Pope’s rascality, married Lucy Elstob, the niece of the famous Saxon scholars, Mr. and Mrs. Elstob, and Mrs. Elstob latterly lived with the duchess, where she was constantly visited by Mrs. Mallet. (See Memoir of Mrs. Delany, iii. 429.)

there is no excuse for his design of publishing it, after he had received the favour you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book."

The Marchmont letters and papers were bequeathed to Mr. Rose, whose son, Sir George, published a selection from them, including this letter. It appears Sir George found on this letter in pencil, and in figures, "1,000*l.*," which he assumed to have been written by his father, and he then further assumed, not that his father put it down conjecturally as referring to the current story, but positively as the "sum"—the bribe—which "*Lord Marchmont stated* to be the favour received by Pope from the hands of the Duchess of Marlborough." It would be incredible—if anything could be incredible that relates either to Pope or his annotators—that Sir George Rose did not see that to disprove the story of the bribe, it was only necessary to refer to Bolingbroke's letter. Pope, says Sir George—and by no ingenuity can we get through his four naked figures at any higher authority—took a bribe of "1,000*l.*" to suppress the character of Atossa, and Bolingbroke proves that he did not suppress it. Take a bribe of 1,000*l.* to suppress, and publish whilst the Duchess was living, and whilst, therefore, his infamy could have been, and in her own defence must have been, proclaimed to the whole world!

It is obvious to common sense that when it became known that Pope had written the character of Atossa, the friends of the Duchess* and of Pope—Chesterfield, Marchmont, Bolingbroke, and others, possibly Hooke, and not the least influential—persuaded him not to publish it. Pope yielded for a time; but having resolved with the aid of Warburton to issue a "complete, correct, and annotated edition of his works," he

* Pope it is well known, did not like the Marlboroughs, and made his ill-will public as early, I think, as 1734, but certainly in his Quarto 1735, where, in 2nd Sat. 2nd Bk. of Horace, he thus wrote—

—to thy country let that heap be lent
As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.

[M—o—Marlbro].

resolved that it should be complete, and that he would insert in the 'Essay on Woman' the character of Atossa and of others in the places designed for them, and he did so. Pope, indeed, was feverishly anxious to push forward this edition of his works—his letters to Warburton are frequent and urgent on the subject—the 'Dunciad,' the 'Essay on Man,' and the 'Essay on Criticism,' were actually published, and the 'Four Epistles' were ready for publication, and presentation copies sent out before he died. Spence records—

"Here I am [said Pope] like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends just as I am dying. This was said *on sending about some of his Ethic Epistles, as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.*"

The "book" which Bolingbroke had was, no doubt, one of these copies; and the public, too, would have had copies, but for the interference of the friends of the Duchess, Pope's executors, Marchmont, Chesterfield, and others, all influential. It has been said, though we do not at the moment remember on what authority, that a dozen copies were thus distributed, and that all were recalled and recovered except the one given to Bethell; and were probably destroyed.* The fact, however, of printing and distributing proves enough for our purpose—proves that the "favour" may mean anything—courtesies, compliments, civilities—anything but, what Sir George assumed, a bribe to suppress.

These assumptions, however, are said by Mr. Carruthers to be strengthened by the "separate and independent" testimonies of Walpole and Warton,—the one writing in 1789, and the other in 1797. The dates alone prove that personally neither Walpole nor Warton could know more on the subject than Mr. Carruthers, and no amount of repetition can add a feather's weight to the original evidence. Neither Warton nor Walpole

* All Pope's MSS. and 'unprinted papers' were bequeathed to Bolingbroke "either to be preserved or destroyed." Pope often used *printed* for *published*, and if the word be so interpreted, Bolingbroke's right to *destroy* may be *established*. If it be doubtful, the authority of the executors would no doubt induce Warburton not to withhold his consent. As no one but Bolingbroke has ever seen a copy, there can be no doubt that the edition was destroyed.

pretend to speak on authority—they simply record a current anecdote. What Warton said we have shown; and Walpole simply relates the story as “the anecdote [told] of Pope.”

Mr. Carruthers does not appear to know that this falsehood was first circulated half-a-century earlier; but not till Pope was dead, and the Duchess was dead. Even then, the slanderer did not venture to speak as of a fact within his knowledge, or capable of proof, but as an *on dit*, an “it is generally said.” The verses on Atossa, though printed in the “Book,”* as Bolingbroke called it, were first published in 1746, and the animus of the publisher was betrayed in the following note:—

“These verses are part of a poem entitled *Characters of Women*. *It is generally said*, the D—ss gave Mr. P. 1,000*l.* to suppress them: he took the money, yet the world sees the verses; but this is not the first instance where Mr. P.’s practical virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings.”

Here is an obtuse rascal by his own confession. Pope, he tells us, it is “said,” took a thousand pounds to suppress these verses; but since his death, *I* got hold of a copy, and here they are! *I* publish them, and *my* publication “is not the first instance where *Mr. Pope’s* practical virtue has fallen very short of his pompous professions!”

Is the “it is said” of this anonymous and, on his own showing, disreputable fellow to be believed, because it has been circulated by Walpole and Warton, and Bowles and Carruthers, and half-a-dozen other people, in ignorance, we hope and believe, of its no-authority? and against a man whose whole life, with all his faults, gives the lie to it,—a man who resolutely refused to receive pecuniary favours even from friends, public or private, much as he delighted to confer such favours on the unfortunate,—a man who, while living, defied his enemies—

* I have an edition in *folio*, and one in a sort of magazine, and there is another copy in the Foundling Hospital of Wit, and all with the note. The probabilities are that it first appeared in the folio, and was copied into the newspaper and magazine.

and they were a host—to name a single instance in which he had taken “money, pension, or present,” for praise or censure, or withholding either. Why, we might as well believe all the falsehoods circulated by the heroes of the ‘*Dunciad*’—rather believe them, for they were current in Pope’s lifetime, whereas this story of the bribe was not hazarded till he was in his grave. We may be assured, too, that, if Pope had taken the bribe, the shrewd old Duchess, who lived in fear of him, would have registered the fact and the proof. If she thought suppression worth a thousand pounds, she would have guarded against after-death publication, by leaving clear evidence of the worthlessness of the satire and satirist.

Stories like this, though often wilful misrepresentations circulated by malice, sometimes originate in misapprehension: and it strikes us as possible that this may have had its origin in the simple fact, that the Duchess gave Hooke, the historian, 1,000*l*.* for writing the famous pamphlet, ‘*An Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.*’ Chesterfield thus wrote to Marchmont, on the 24th of April, 1741:—

“Your friend, the Duchess of Marlborough, has in your absence employed me as your substitute; and I have brought Mr. Hooke and her together, and having done that, will leave the rest to them, not caring to meddle myself in an affair which I am sure will not turn out at last to her satisfaction, though I hope and believe it will be to his advantage.”

We know not what circumstances brought Hooke under the notice of Chesterfield; and it is strange, considering the violence of her passions and prejudices, that the Duchess should in this very delicate and confidential business have employed a Catholic. Is it not possible that literary aid being wanted, it was thought complimentary to apply to Pope, or for Pope’s recommendation; and that he recommended his friend Hooke? It did happen that Pope and Chesterfield were both at Bath in the winter of 1739–40; and that on

* ? £5,000.

the 9th of January, 1740, Pope wrote from Bath to Lord Polwarth :—

“I am in great pain to find out Mr. Hook. Does your Lordship, or Mr. Hume, or Dr. King, know where he is ? ”

It is quite certain that about that time the Duchess was very anxious to conciliate Pope. The year before he wrote to Swift—“The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body.” In 1742 she herself wrote to the Earl of Marchmont :—“Pray * * if you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend.” No doubt all her friends acted under like instructions. On a subsequent visit to Bath, Pope wrote—“My Lord Chesterfield is here. * * He has made me dine with him *en malade*, though my physicians prescribe me garlick.” May not self-sacrifice on the part of the refined Chesterfield, together with the actual suppression of the character of Atossa,—and all the Duchess knew was that the character had been written, had been suppressed, and that Pope was dead, and had made no sign,—have been *one* of the obligations so gratefully remembered in the codicil to her will ?—

“I give to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, out of the great regard I have for his merit, *and the infinite obligations I have received from him*, my best and largest brilliant diamond ring, and the sum of 20,000*l.*”

Again, she records :—

“—*I have been extremely obliged to the Earl of Chesterfield, who never had any call to give himself any trouble about me——*”

We have thrown this out as a speculation for the amusement of the curious ; and, shall now conclude, as we began, with an acknowledgment that this edition has fairly superseded the former,—and the hope that a third edition will soon supersede the present.

From the *Athenæum*, Nov. 21, 1857.

Pope : his Descent and Family Connections. Facts and Conjectures. By Joseph Hunter. (J. R. Smith.)

WHEN we first read the announcement of this little volume, we felt satisfied that we should find in it something of interest and value. Mr. Hunter is an inquirer who goes direct to one object; and in this instance, he proposed to illustrate the descent and family connexions of the poet—to submit facts and conjectures on the subject. Of the value of the facts we had no doubt: the conjectures were less hopeful.

Pope, in the Prologue to the Satires, said both his parents sprang of “gentle blood,” and in a note, by way of comment on the line in the ‘*Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*,’—

Hard as thy heart and *as thy birth obscure*,

observed that “Mr. Pope’s father was of a gentleman’s family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. This statement was questioned by a Mr. Potenger, who claimed kindred with the poet. He observed to Dr. Bolton, Dean of Carlisle, “that his cousin Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard anything himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe; and what is more, he had an old maiden annt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance,—on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known anything of it. Mr. Pope’s grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of England in Hampshire. He placed his son, Mr. Pope’s father, with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a convert to Popery.” The Earl of Guildford also told Mr.¹ Loveday of Caversham “that he has seen and examined the pedigrees and descents of that [the Downe] family, and is sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be descended from that family.”

Mr. Hunter agrees with Mr. Carruthers in the belief that Mr. Potenger was probably the M.P. for Reading; and this seems plausible when we remember that Dr. Bolton was not only Dean of Carlisle, but Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. But in a question of this nature, this respectable alliance must not be assumed, for the Potengers, though not ennobled, were of an older and better family than the Earls of Downe,—and there are objections. Richard Potenger, the M.P., was also a Welsh Judge, and he died in 1739, and a new writ was ordered in the November of that year; and Dr. Bolton was not appointed Vicar of St. Mary's Reading, until the 20th of August, 1738. Again, Mr. Hunter assumes that the maiden aunt referred to, must have been the sister of Pope's grandfather Pope, and Mr. Potenger the issue of another sister or brother. Is that quite certain? It would tend to shake our faith in the Downe connexion, if it could be shown that both Mr. Potenger and the genealogist were Popes by descent, and yet had never heard of the "fine pedigree." However, on Mr. Potenger's hint, Mr. Hunter proceeded with his researches.—

"In looking over the list of beneficed clergymen in the county of Hants, in the period in which he lived, presented to us by 'The Book of Compositions for First-Fruits,' I find *only one person of the name of Pope*, and his name was Alexander. This of itself would be sufficient to support Mr. Potenger's account, and to set before us the person for whom search has before been unsuccessfully made. Then as to his residence, and position in the Church, we find in these books of Compositions :—1. On the 31st of January, 1631, Alexander Pope compounded for the first-fruits of the rectory of Thruxton, in the county of Hants. 2. On November 23, 1633, he compounded for the first-fruits of the Prebend of Middleton. 3. And on May 23, 1639, for the first-fruits of the Prebend of Ichen-Abbots. As he held Thruxton till his death, he must be considered in the light of a clergyman possessed of good-preferment, in fact, as belonging to the superior class of the clergy in the diocese of Winchester."

Mr. Hunter now entertained hopes that some information might even yet be obtained at Thruxton respecting the Rector and his family; but nothing resulted from his inquiries but the following from the register of burials:—

“1645, Feb. 21. Alexander Pope, Minister of Thruxton, was buried.”

That the Rector of Thruxton was the grandfather of the poet, Mr. Hunter has little doubt; is of opinion indeed that dates and circumstances strongly support his views. Pope's father, according to the inscription on his monument, was 75 at the time of his death, in 1717, and was, therefore, born in 1642. Now, “P. T.” one of Curll's initial Correspondents, who, Mr. Hunter admits, “was acquainted with facts in the history of the family a little beyond those which the poet himself had divulged,” stated that Pope's father was a posthumous child. Mr. Hunter is a little perplexed with “P. T.”; wonders that any one should have attributed that letter to Pope or to some friend of Pope's; while we should wonder if any one acquainted with all the circumstances could doubt that it was written by or at the suggestion of Pope. However, if dates could be relied on and Pope's father was the son of the Rector of Thruxton, he was not a posthumous child,—but we admit that the inscription on the monument is not an absolute authority. Pope was wrong according to all probabilities respecting his mother's age; and even P. T.'s assertion may have been intentionally near, but not the exact truth. Still, not to dwell with emphasis on small points, we will only further observe, that we have no evidence whatever to show that the Rector of Thruxton had children—was even a married man. Evidence of this marriage it might be difficult to procure; but we might surely expect to find a record of the baptism of his children.

Mr. Hunter now enters upon a somewhat wild, but very interesting speculation, from which he deduces not only the probability of his marriage, but of the person he married. He finds in the will of Dr. Barcroft, of C. C. C., Oxford, a bequest—

“ to his godson, John Wilkins, Zanchi's works, so many as I have, to be delivered to his father-in-law [meaning stepfather, says Mr. Hunter], Mr. Alexander Pope, for his use.”

—“ Wilkins,” says Mr. Hunter,

“ was then a boy; and Wood informs us (Ath. Oxon. 2. 105) that he was the son of a Walter Wilkins, a goldsmith of Oxford, and that his mother was one of the daughters of Dodd of Fawsley, where Wilkins was born. Further, that Wilkins was uterine brother to Dr. Walter Pope, who, in his ‘ Life of Bishop Seth Ward,’ speaks of this relationship.”

It having been thus shown that Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester) was uterine brother to Dr. Walter Pope, Mr. Hunter assumes naturally that the goldsmith's widow married a Mr. Alexander Pope, and he then comes to the somewhat startling conclusion that this Alexander Pope was the Rector of Thruxton, that by his first wife he had Dr. Walter Pope, and that on her death he married again, and that Pope's father was the issue of the second marriage. This would make Dr. Walter Pope half brother to Pope's father. This Mr. Hunter admits is only a speculative possibility, difficult to believe, considering how much is known of Dr. Walter Pope and Bishop Wilkins, and that Walter lived till 1714, a time when his celebrated nephew (?) was known as a poet of great promise, and for whose translation of Homer subscriptions were open. The more difficult because Walter Pope stood in some relation to the family of the Earls of Burlington, to whom his ‘ Wish ’ was dedicated. But Pope's father had an elder brother, of whom Mr. Hunter takes no notice whatever; a man, says Pope in his Letter to a Noble Lord, “ who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed,”—a description, coupled with the statement by P. T. of his having been educated at Oxford, which would very well describe Walter Pope; and Mr. Hunter may think it tends to strengthen his conjecture when we add that Walter in his ‘ Wish ’ speaks of “ those odious names of distinction ” [Whig and Tory] having “ kindled *great*

animosity and strangeness and even hatred, betwixt friends and relations, which are not yet, I fear, thoroughly extinguished." Pope says further, that his father "did not think it a happiness to bury his elder brother," which shows that he died before him. P. T., indeed, says the elder died at Oxford, whereas Walter lived to 1714. After all, if Mr. Hunter's hypothesis, strange as it appears, is not to be implicitly trusted, what remains? A rector of Thrupton of the name of Alexander Pope. But there is no proof whatever that he was the ancestor of the poet, that he had children, or was even married; and Mr. Carruthers has shown, what our limited observation tends to confirm, that the name of Alexander was a common Christian name amongst the Pope family.

The argument tending to show that "probabilities are strongly in favour of the assertion," that Pope was descended from a younger son of the family afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, amounts to this, and nothing more.—The Popes, Earls of Downe, were of obscure origin. Sir Thomas Pope, the founder, the son of a poor and mean man at Deddington, in Oxfordshire, acquired his wealth out of the spoils of the ancient Church. Now surely it is a licence beyond what is claimed by the compilers even of our Books of Peerage, to assume that a man whose grandfather is not known is descended from some one who lived two centuries before, for as Sir Thomas left no issue, the connexion, if it existed at all, must be through the Deddington yeoman. It appears to us, that there is no more evidence to show that Alexander Pope was descended from either root or branch of the Downe family than would hold equally good for every other man of the name of Pope, provided he did not know, and we did not know, who was his grandfather.

The poet's maternal descent is much more clearly made out. The Turners appear to have been persons of property in the county of York, though not taking rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of them in the 'Herald's Visitations.'

In 1603, says Mr. Hunter, a grant was made by the Crown to Lancelot Turner, of the manor of Towthorpe, and there he resided, although he appears about the same time to have had

a house in York. It is more than probable that this Lancelot himself acquired the property which enabled him to make the purchase of the manor of Towthorpe. He appears to have died before the 17th of January, 1620, and by his will he bequeaths to William Turner, son of his brother Philip, all the manor of Towthorpe and lands there,—and also a rent-charge of 70*l.* a year, which he had issuing out of the manor of Ruston; this, it will be remembered, is the very rent-charge bequeathed by the elder Pope to the poet nearly a century later,—and he makes William Turner his executor. There is also a specific bequest of 50*l.* a year for life to Thomasine Newton, with some personals, including his “song-books.” This [^]Thomasine, as our readers know, soon after married William Turner, and became the mother of seventeen children, of whom Edith, Pope’s mother, was one.

Why William Turner removed to Worsborough is not known; but there we find him from 1641 to 1645, as appears by the baptismal register of four of his children,—but he is presumed to have been only a tenant.

When he returned to York is not known, but he is believed to have been living there in the year 1665, where, says Mr. Hunter, he resided in the parish of St. John del Fike.

William Turner’s will is dated the 4th of September, 1665. Mr. Hunter gives us a very interesting report of the surviving children mentioned therein. Of course, there was no son surviving but William, who, as Pope said, died “a general officer” in Spain. The history of the “general officer” is not clearly made out. His age, if he were living in 1671, in York, as Mr. Hunter surmises, would preclude the probability of his having after that date acquired rank in the army in Spain. The William Turner in 1671, however, may have been the father, the time of whose death does not appear, Mr. Hunter having given us nothing but the date of his will above quoted.

When Mr. Carruthers’ biography of the poet was under consideration, we expressed a hope that we should be enabled again to return to the subject. In this we have been dis-

appointed. In that article we expressed a doubt whether Mr. Carruthers could have found in the original letter of the 13th of September, 1717, that passage which he interpreted as the "touch of pride." We are now assured—on authority which does not admit of a doubt—that the passage is in the original letter. We, however, were correct in stating that the published letter was a piece of literary mosaic. No letter written in September, 1717, could contain announcement of the death of Dr. Radcliffe, who died on the 1st of November, 1714; and there are other passages—and offensive passages, too—introduced into the published letter which are not in the original. Thus was one of the pitfalls dug by Pope himself, into which friends and enemies, critics and biographers, must alike fall on occasions; and all that truth-seekers can do is to cry "'ware hawk," for the safety of others.

We may here add, that our speculations upon the possibility of the Duchess of Marlborough having obtained through Pope the services of Hooke, to whom it is said she gave 1,000*l.* (Ruffhead says 5,000*l.*), and of this fact having given rise to the story of Pope's having received a bribe of that sum from the Duchess, are positively confirmed by the statement of Ruffhead, who says that Hooke "was by Pope and others recommended to her Grace."

From *Notes and Queries*.

POPE, *Editions of 1735 and 1736*.—Your correspondent F. E. (2nd S. iv. 446) raises questions well worth considering, but which I certainly cannot solve; though I hope to direct attention to some small facts which may aid better judgments to conclusions.

Your correspondent tells us that "Vol. III." of Lintot, 1736, was "obviously intended to follow Vol. II. of Pope's *Works* published in the preceding year by L. Gilliver." This

I believe to be true; and he might have added that Vol. II. of *Gilliver* was obviously intended to follow Vol. I. of *Lintot*. So disjointed a publication of an author's *Works* seems strange, and deserves inquiry in "N. & Q."—first as to the fact, and then as to motives.

I have many copies of *Pope's Works*, all published between 1735 and 1748, all agreeing in size and character, all in contemporary binding; some bound in separate volumes, others with the four volumes bound in two—a strange and curious example of inharmonious harmony.

I have two editions of "Vol. I." of *The Works of Alexander Pope*, which were, as set forth in the title-page, "printed for B. Lintot, 1736."

I have four copies of "Vol. II.;" two of which were "printed for L. Gilliver, 1735," as described by your correspondent, and with different title-pages. These are reprints from the quarto of 1735, with some additions. Neither contain *The Dunciad*, and only one announces its speedy publication. I have also two copies of a separate volume, called "Vol. II. Part II.," "printed for Dodsley, and sold by T. Cooper, 1738;" which professes to contain "all such pieces of the author as were written since the former volumes, and never before published in octavo." I have also a copy of "Vol. II." bound up with "Vol. I." of B. Lintot, 1736, which was "printed for R. Dodsley, and sold by T. Cooper, 1739." This has bound up with it a copy of "Satires and Epistles" with a bastard title-page only. It has a separate pagination. This copy of "Satires and Epistles" is apparently imperfect. It does not contain the "Epistles," and there is a break in the pagination from pp. 28 to 79. But it is proved by the Table of Contents to the four volumes, of which it forms one, that the volume contains all that it was intended to contain—all that was announced in the Table of Contents. So that this seemingly imperfect copy is perfect according to intention.

I have three copies of "Vol. III.," all alike, and all "printed for B. Lintot, 1736."

Of "Vol. IV." I have two copies, both containing *The*

Dunciad (N. of "N. & Q."),* and "printed for L. Gilliver and J. Clarke, 1736."

We get a little light as to this strange publication of collected *Works* by referring to those curious papers long since published in "N. & Q." (1st S. xi. 377), the extracts from Woodfall's *Account Book*; where we find, Dec. 15, 1735, "Mr. Bernard Lintot" charged for "printing the first volume of Mr. Pope's *Works*," &c., "title in red and black," which correctly describes the first volume of *The Works of Alexander Pope*. *There is no charge in Woodfall's account for printing, neither any reference whatever to a second volume.* The next entry is "Mr. Henry Lintot, April 30, 1736." "Printing the third volume of Pope's *Works*," &c., "title red and black," which as exactly describes Vol. III. of *The Works of Alexander Pope*, and marks the very difference in the title-page: Vol. I. being printed for B. Lintot, and Vol. III. for H. Lintot,—Bernard Lintot having died on Feb. 3, 1736.

It farther appears from Woodfall's *Account Book*, that, from 1735 to 1741, he was employed in printing one or other of Pope's *Works* for B. Lintot, H. Lintot, R. Dodsley, L. Gilliver & Co., and "Alexander Pope, Esq."

So far as relates to what Woodfall calls *Epistles of Horace*, the account runs thus:—On May 12, 1737, R. Dodsley is charged for "printing the *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, imitated, folio,"—that is the first edition of the *Epistle to Augustus*, to which Dodsley thought it politic to affix the name of Cooper as publisher. On June 15, 1737, "Lawton Gilliver & Co." are charged for printing *Epistles of Horace*, but it is noted in margin that the account charged to Gilliver & Co. was "paid by Mr. Pope." On Feb. 10, 1737⁷/₈, Alexander Pope is himself charged for "printing *Epistles of Horace*."

I cannot doubt that these separate publications, which made up *The Works of A. Pope*, in 1735 and 1736, originated in the several copyright interests of the publishers; and though these volumes are now usually considered and sold as "odd volumes,"

* This refers to the catalogue of editions of the *Dunciad*, by Mr. Dilke and Mr. Thoms, which appeared in *Notes and Queries*.

they together make up the only collected edition of Pope's *Works* in 8vo, 1735 or 1736.

Can any of your readers produce a copy of Vols. I. or III. printed for any booksellers but the Lintots? or of Vols. II. or IV. printed for the Lintots? I should even then examine it very carefully before I could be convinced that it differed in anything beyond the title-page.* P. E. [Mr. Dilke.]

From the *Athenæum*, May 8, 1858.

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Edited by Robert Carruthers. 2 vols. Vol. I. New Edition, revised. (Bohn.)

TAKING Mr. Carruthers's first volume of 'Pope's Poetical Works'—which is tolerably well edited, as Pope editions go—as our point of departure, we propose to add two or three facts to the current knowledge of Pope. We shall endeavour to show from original papers, and from a review of the patent Pope facts, and the patent Pope mystifications,—first, that the famous ode of 'The Dying Christian' was *not* a sudden inspiration, as asserted by all the biographers;—secondly, that Pope was *not* the author of that other version of Adrian, 'Ah, fleeting spirit,' included in every collection of his works, from Warburton to Carruthers;—and, thirdly, that Pope was *not* the author of the "Dr. Norris 'Narrative,'"—a paper of the utmost consequence for a fair understanding of that intricate mystery—the Pope and Addison quarrel.

Mr. Carruthers told us heretofore that Pope, when he spoke of his contributions to the *Spectator*, "must refer to the poems of the 'Messiah' and 'Dying Christian,' which were originally published in that work." Mr. Carruthers is now better informed; he now knows that 'The Dying Christian' did not appear in the *Spectator*,—and therefore the "revised" tells us that Pope "must refer to the poem of the 'Messiah' and the version of Adrian's *Animula vagula*." The "revised" should have said the "*prose version*"; for it may puzzle simple readers to find two versions in the volume before them—'The

* N. & Q. 2 S. v. 183.

Dying Christian' and 'Ah, fleeting spirit'—neither of which appeared in the *Spectator*,—and we will add, neither of which, though they appear in all editions from Warburton to Carruthers, was ever published by Pope. One of these we have reason to believe—and we have Pope's warrant for it—was not written by him. Respecting 'The Dying Christian,' Mr. Carruthers has become not only better informed, but a little sceptical as to its history. He now tells us:—

“This exquisite little Ode appears in the small edition of Pope's Works, 1736. It is not in the quartos of 1717 and 1735. Yet, if we may credit the printed correspondence, it was written as early as 1712, or shortly afterwards. Warburton publishes two letters not given by Pope in his genuine edit. of the correspondence, 1737. The first is from Steele, dated December 4, 1712, requesting the poet to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula*, put into two or three stanzas for music. Pope's reply, enclosing the Ode, is without date. He says: “I do not send you word I will do, but I have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho.” We suspect these two letters form part of the fabricated correspondence. Had the piece been written in 1712, Steele would have published it in the *Spectator* or *Guardian*, and Pope would have included it in the collected Works of 1717.”*

According to Spence, in whom we have no blind confidence, Pope said that he wrote the Ode at the request of Steele, and if we put faith in the published letters, the fact is beyond question. For once, Mr. Carruthers has a doubt—questions whether the letters be genuine; and, therefore, whether Pope did write 'The Dying Christian' in the off-hand fashion of the letters and did send it to Steele, “warm from the brain,” in December 1712. Yet his scepticism, in this instance,

* The answer to it was written in 1713 (see letter to J. C.), and was not in the edition of 1717.

though good as to the fact, is founded on false premises. Steele's letter and Pope's reply, inclosing the Ode, "warm from the brain," he tells us, or leads us to infer, were first published by Warburton, and therefore long after Pope's death, —which, if true, would complicate the question; for Warburton could have no motive for misleading the public. It is not true. They were published in Roberts's edition, 1737. How can Pope be made responsible for such publication? These letters do not appear either in the 4to of 1737 or of 1741. He did not even publish the Ode in the collected edition of his works. Steele, in 1712, we are led by these letters to believe, had asked especially for it, that he might have it set to music; but so far as we know he did not have it set to music,—nay, though according to dates it may have been received just in time, to add a grace to the closing number of the *Spectator*, and might certainly have appeared in the *Guardian*, Steele did not publish it. In fact, like the letters, it crept into daylight amongst Pope's Works in a little 12mo edition, published by Lintot in 1736; which edition appeared as a mere reprint of Lintot's old copyright poems. Pope, therefore, is not responsible for either letters or Ode; although no one, we suppose, can doubt that the Ode was written by Pope; and, as we shall show, he privately acknowledged it. Of course, both letters and Ode were stumbled on by Warburton, and have ever since been published amongst Pope's works and letters.

There is a circumstance not known to the biographers which in itself is presumptive evidence that the Ode had not been either set to music or made public so late as June, 1713; for in either case Caryll, to whom the following letters were addressed, must have heard of it,—presumptive evidence for the same reason that the Ode had not been sent to Steele, for Caryll was a friend of Steele's, as well as of Pope's. On the 12th of June, 1713, Pope wrote to Caryll and inclosed *three* versions of the *Adriani morientis ad Animam*, and he says:—

"I desire your opinion of these verses, and which are best written. *They are of three different hands.*"

The last of the three, headed *Christiani morientis ad Animam*, Caryll appears to have preferred, and Pope replies on June 23 :—

“Your judgment on the three copies of verse I sent you is what you need not doubt I think good, because *the last of them was my own.*”

Considering that this beautiful Ode has been for more than a century the admiration of everybody,—a sort of inspired thing, struck off at a moment, in 1712,—it may be interesting to compare the copy sent to Caryll in June, 1713, with the “warm from the brain” copy, which is assumed to have been written in 1712, which was first published in 1736, and which has continued “warm from the brain” from that hour to the present.—

June, 1713.

CHRISTIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.

1.

Vital spark of heavenly flame !
Dost thou quit this mortal frame ?
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying ;
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.

2.

My swimming eyes are sick of light,
The less'ning world forsakes my sight,
A damp creeps cold o'er every part,
Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart,
The hov'ring soul is on the wing ?
Where, mighty Death ? oh where's thy sting ?

3.

I hear around soft music play,
And angels beckon me away !
Calm as forgiven hermits rest,
I'll sleep, or infants at the breast ;
Till the last trumpet rends the ground ;
Then wake with pleasure at the sound.

1736.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Ode.

1.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

3.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphick ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly ;
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

It is strange that Mr. Carruthers and all the editors of Pope have overlooked the fact, that the copy of the Ode of 1713 was published in Lewis's *Miscellany* in 1730, but without the name of the writer. Lewis was, at least, an acquaintance of Pope's, —dedicated to Pope his tragedy of 'Philip of Macedon,' and acknowledged obligations to him. It is more than probable, therefore, that Pope himself gave Lewis this copy of the Ode, with other pieces, to help him "make up a show;" and if so, then the "warm from the brain" copy was carefully re-written after 1730.

We come now to our second point—the version of Adrian's verses, beginning "Ah! fleeting spirit," on which Mr. Carruthers thus comments:—

"In the *Spectator*, November 10, 1712, is a communication from Pope containing a prose translation of Adrian's verses, with some critical remarks. He republished this communication in his *Letters* 1735, adding the above metrical translation, but he omitted the lines when reprinting the *Letters* in 1737."

—There is no doubt as to the general accuracy of this statement; and yet some explanation is required before the reader, or even Mr. Carruthers himself, will understand the whole truth.

We have no more doubt than Mr. Carruthers, and have said so, that Pope furnished the copy for, or rather delivered to Curll and other booksellers printed copies of the edition of his *Letters* published in 1735; but his contemporaries did not know that; they were indignant at the wrongs which Pope had suffered from Curll and others. Pope denounced the edition, and certainly, in public opinion, he was not responsible for a single line in the volume.

Mr. Carruthers is not quite correct in stating that this metrical version was in the surreptitious edition of 1735 *added* to the prose translation. In all questions which affect Pope's conduct we must speak by the card and be scrupulously exact. We, submit, therefore, that the metrical version is not added to, but *follows* the letter. There is no one word helping to

link them together—they are simply not separated; and we are told in “The Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope’s Letters have been published” that in the books from which we are led to infer that these letters had been copied, Pope had inserted “some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own or his correspondents.” It is obvious, therefore, that mere publication in the editions of 1735 is no proof that the metrical translation was by Pope: it may have been by one of “his correspondents”—by anybody. There is, indeed, strong presumptive evidence that it was not by Pope. Pope republished the letter to the *Spectator* with the prose translation in the quarto of 1737, but he *omitted* this metrical version,—a fact which ought to have awakened suspicion. Then, again, Mr. Carruthers does not seem to be aware that this metrical version had appeared before the publication of the Letters in 1735—had also appeared in Lewis’s *Miscellany*, 1730, but without the name of the writer.

We shall now adduce a circumstance, not known to the biographers, which will, we think, go far to determine the question of authorship, even if it be not considered conclusive. In the letter to Caryll of the 12th of June, 1713, as we have before shown, Pope sent *three* versions by “*three different hands*,” and in his letter of the 23rd he claimed “the last,” ‘The Dying Christian,’ as his own. Now the first was Prior’s version, and the second was “Ah, fleeting spirit.” Here then is a virtual declaration by Pope that the “Ah, fleeting spirit” was by a “different hand,”—was *not his own*; and Mr. Carruthers will now see the significance of our minute proof that Pope never claimed it, never appropriated it, never published it amongst his works,—nay, positively rejected it when he found it so published, that is, added to or following his prose translation.

With the exception of the letters to Caryll, these facts ought to have been known to all the biographers; yet, so far as we know, they have never been alluded to by any one of them. Whether these Steele letters be genuine or not, is of some consequence in considering that perplexing question, the quarrel between Addison and Pope. The biographers seem

never forearmed unless they are forewarned,—never to consider that the only account we have of the quarrel is Pope's own,—or rather, as in the history of the “Ah, fleeting spirit,” not a direct statement by Pope, but a story which the ingenious weave for themselves, by inference and from circumstances and letters, for the truth of which no man is warrant. The biographers might reply, and perhaps with equal justice, that we are too critical, too sceptical; and we acknowledge that we have seen others, and been ourselves, so often mystified and misled that we are suspicious in all questions relating to Pope where the evidence is merely inferential.

The very starting-point of the correspondence between Pope and Addison, Mr. Carruthers has, in our opinion, misread. Mr. Carruthers tells us that when the notice of the ‘Essay on Criticism’ appeared in the *Spectator*, Pope addressed a letter full of gratitude to Addison—the letter which Miss Aikin found amongst the Tickell MSS., and published in 1843—in which he expressed an eager desire “to cultivate the friendship of Addison”; and Mr. Carruthers adds:—

“The quick eye of Pope had at once recognized the hand of Addison in the *Spectator*, and he wrote to him, as we have seen, the day after he perused the criticism. The same shrewdness, however, suggested that Steele might wish to be considered the author, and he then penned a second letter of acknowledgment.”

The existence of this “second letter”—the letter to Steele—is mere inference from Steele's answer of January 20, 1711. It is strange that Mr. Carruthers did not observe that what he calls Pope's letter to Addison was addressed to one with whom Pope had some personal acquaintance.—

“I almost hope [he says] ’twas some particular inclination to the author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your friendship than the world's applause.”

Now at that time Addison was not known, even in the most distant manner, to Pope. Steele does not even name Addison

as the writer, but says "it was written by one *whom I will make you acquainted with*, which is the best return I can make you for your favour."

Mr. Carruthers's theory is founded on error. Miss Aikin found the letter amongst the Tickell papers, came hastily to the conclusion that it had been addressed to Addison, and published it as if addressed "To Mr. Addison." We felt certain that this was the letter sent to Steele, to which Steele's was a reply, and which Steele had probably handed over to Addison as the grateful expression of the feelings of the young poet, and as an easy and pleasant way of leading to the promised introduction. So confident did we feel that no such address would be found on it, or that if so addressed, the address would not be in the handwriting of the poet, that we got a friend, residing in Dublin, to call on the present representative of the Tickell family and request him to determine the fact. Mr. Tickell obligingly referred to the letter, and the result was, as we anticipated, that it has "no address."

A few incidental passages in Pope's letters to Caryll may throw a light on the origin of the acquaintance between Pope and Steele and Addison. Steele was, we suspect, an acquaintance of Caryll's long before he was known to Pope. When, in 169 $\frac{5}{6}$, Secretary Lord Caryll was outlawed, his estate, and the life interest in the entailed estates, were granted by King William to Lord Cutts. Luttrell notes, on Saturday, the 23rd of May, 1696—

"On Monday, the Lord Cutts goes to take possession of Mr. Caryll's estate in Sussex (Secretary to the late Queen), which His Majesty permitted him to enjoy, tho' beyond sea, 'till 'twas discovered he gave Sir George Barclay 800 to buy horses, arms, &c. to assassinate him, &c."

In May, 1696, John Caryll, the nephew, and subsequently Pope's friend, was in Horsham Gaol, apprehended on suspicion. So soon as liberated, he entered into a negotiation with Cutts for the purchase of his uncle's life-interest,—

eventually purchased it, and took possession in May, 1697, as appears pleasantly by his accounts.—

“Given y^e Ringers att Harting, upon y^e composition with Lord C., 1*l.* 2*s.*”

At that very time Steele was acting as Secretary to Lord Cutts; and it is probable, therefore, that he was thus brought into close personal communication with John Caryll.

Pope passed the Christmas of 1710 with Caryll, who then read the ‘*Essay on Criticism*’ in MS., made some objections to a passage afterwards selected for especial condemnation by Dennis, and which Pope said in a subsequent letter “had been mended but for the haste of the press.” On the 18th of June, 1711, Pope wrote “I’ve not yet had the honour of a letter from Mr. Steel,” leading to the inference that Caryll had mentioned to him that he might expect to receive some communication. On the 26th of July, as we know, Steele wrote to Pope, requesting him, if at leisure, “to help Mr. Clayton, that is me, to some words for music against winter.” Pope, in an unpublished letter to Caryll of the 2nd of August mentions this.—

“I have two letters from Mr. Steele, the subject of which is to persuade me to write a musical interlude to be set next winter by Clayton, whose interest he espouses with great zeal.* The expression is Pray oblige Mr. Clayton, that is me, so far as, &c. The desire I have to gratify Mr. Steele has made me consent to his request; tho’ ’tis a task that otherwise I’m not very fond of.”

In another letter without date, but which, as it contains the epitaph on Lord Caryll, who died the 4th of September, 1711, we may assume to have been written in the autumn of that year, there is an obscure paragraph which the biographers must interpret:—

“What application that was which was made to Mr. Steele

* It is understood that the concerts in York Buildings were a joint speculation by Steele and Clayton.

on my account I can't imagine, unless it was made from yourself; for, indeed, I know no other friend who would have been so generous for my sake; and I know nothing you would not attempt to oblige those you once profess a friendship to."

Our own impression is that a request had been made to Steele that some notice should be taken in the *Spectator* of the 'Essay on Criticism,' and therefore it was that when a notice appeared on the 20th of December Pope assumed that it had been written by Steele, and wrote to thank him. Pope was probably soon after introduced to Addison, according to Steele's promise—he told Spence that his acquaintance with Addison commenced in 1712; but that there was no great personal intimacy between them even so late as the 27th of August in that year, we infer from the following postscript to a letter from Steele to Caryll, written while Pope was on a visit at Caryll's:—

"Mr. Addison gives his ser^{ce} to Mr. Pope."

From a still later letter of November 12, 1712, it appears that the manuscript of 'The Temple of Fame' had been submitted to Steele—not to Addison. Steele was delighted with it,—wrote to say so to the young author,—and adds, "Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow; after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts."

No great intimacy can be inferred from these incidental references to Addison, nor, as we think, from the published letters of Addison; only two, and the first dated more than twelve months after the mention of him in Steele's note to Caryll, six months after Pope had written the famous Prologue to *Cato*; and within a short time, calculated by months, certain 'malevolencies' had interrupted the friendly feeling.* Even the intimacy, such as it was, arose, we suspect, from chance meetings at Button's Coffee House. We know of no circumstance from which we can infer social intercourse at any

* The letters to and from Jervas of 20 and 27 Aug. 1714, show that there had been for some time a coolness—on Pope's part a quarrel—with Addison.

time. Addison, for political reasons probably, stood aloof from Pope. In his brief formal letters he warns him against party; and he acknowledged to Jervas in August, 1714, that he had been afraid that "Dr. Swift might have carried" Pope "too far among the enemy." The Prologue proves nothing, —a courteous thing, gracious and graceful, "giving and taking odours," probably suggested by Steele. The 'Narrative' of Dr. Norris, which is universally attributed to Pope, is an affair of a different complexion; and next week we propose to give our reasons and authorities for believing that it was not written by Pope.

From the *Athenæum*, May 15, 1858.

It was under the circumstances stated in our last that, according to the biographers, Dennis put forth his Criticism on Cato, and Pope rushed in chivalrous haste to the rescue, with 'The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris.' Surely, if this be true, the circumstances were sufficiently strange to have called for a few words of explanation. When Dennis attacked the Essay on Criticism, Pope was silent; "if a book," he said, "can't answer for itself to the publick, 'tis of no sort of purpose for its author to do it." Why had he changed his opinion? Why, when so temperate and philosophical in his own case, should he be so indignant in the case of Addison? 'Cato' had answered for itself, and triumphantly. Dennis and Addison and Steele were old antagonists, and very well able to fight their own battles. Why then should Pope, like another Harry Gow, thrust himself so eagerly into the quarrel? Certainly

* So fifteen years after, in the Prologue to the Satires, and speaking of his early Poems—

'Yet then did Geldon drive his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd— * * '

Addison agreed with us, for the biographers, who assume, without a doubt, that Pope wrote the 'Narrative of Dr. Norris,' assure us that Addison immediately caused Steele to write to Lintot, Dennis's publisher, to inform him that he, Addison, "wholly disapproves of the manner of treating Mr. Dennis," and further, "that when the papers [the MS. of the 'Narrative,'] were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such treatment, and was sorry to hear of it."* If we were troubled to understand why Pope intermeddled in the quarrel, we are still more puzzled to know why Addison should *cause* Steele to denounce him. It would have been offensive enough had Addison written himself; but to cause Steele to write,—Pope's friend,—was the very wantonness of insult. We do not believe that Steele, with all his idol worship of Addison, would have done it. Mr. Carruthers himself tells us it must have "irritated and offended" Pope "in no small degree."—

"He had only four months before contributed his prologue to Addison's *Cato*, he had enriched the *Spectator* with his poem of the *Messiah*, had assisted Steele by writing several papers in the *Guardian*, and now had employed his pen in reply to Dennis's criticism—a reply which must be characterised as friendly whatever was the value of the performance. Under these circumstances for Addison so officiously to disclaim all sympathy with the manner in which Pope treated Dennis, and to forget the obligation conferred upon him so recently by the younger poet, in writing for his play the finest prologue in the language, implies ingratitude, or, at least, cold superciliousness,

* Mr. Carruthers knows the importance of small facts, and very properly collects them—but not carefully. Thus, within a dozen lines, he tells us that "Norris was an apothecary or quack in Hatton Garden." So Dennis said, and correctly, in 1729; but at the time when the 'Narrative' was written—the only time we are concerned about—he lived on Snow Hill, as his advertisements show, and the very 'Narrative' itself is dated "from my house on Snow Hill." Then, again, Mr. Carruthers tells us that Steele's letter was addressed to "Lintot, the publisher" of the 'Narrative'; whereas the 'Narrative' was published by Morphew; and the letter, really intended for Dennis, was addressed to Lintot, because he was the publisher of Dennis's 'Remarks,' &c. These may be small matters; but some importance is assumed by the very fact of publication.

on the part of him whom 'all the world commended.' It was at once insulting Pope and affording Dennis a triumph at the expense of a man of genius, who had come forward, if not in defence of Addison, at least in ridicule of Addison's unfair and malignant critic. In the printed correspondence is a letter which, if genuine, puts Addison still more completely in the wrong, * * renders Addison's subsequent conduct more harsh and indefensible."

If Addison's conduct were "at least" cold, supercilious, hard, and indefensible, and if Pope ought to have been irritated and offended, how is it that the biographers were not startled into suspicion by the fact, which they admit, that "no interruption appears to have taken place in the friendly intercourse"? No interruption did take place; the "malevolencies" and the quarrel were subsequent, and in no way connected with this Addison outrage—which, indeed, was not heard of till many years after, not till after Pope was known as the writer of that satire on Addison, which everybody condemned,—not, Mr. Carruthers acknowledges, till Pope felt that something was "required to justify the poetical satire." How opportunely, then, this story about the generous defence and the ungenerous reproof became known! It placed Addison clearly in the wrong, for the subsequent publication of the letter of the 20th of July, we are told, put Addison "more completely in the wrong." Let us trace the history of this fortunate accident.

When, in 1713, the 'Narrative' was first published, many persons were suspected as the writer, and Pope amongst the number; but Dennis, who was most concerned, never breathed a whisper on the subject. Addison's letter did not in the least enlighten him—did not even awaken a suspicion as to Pope. If Dennis knew that Pope was the writer, why did he not state the fact, or hint at it, in the letter to Lintot, June, 1715,* in which Pope was heartily abused? Why not in 'The True

* Why, if he believed it, did he not publish his 'Remarks on the Rape of the Lock,' which, though written long before this, was not published until the provocation in the 'Dunciad'?

Character of Mr. Pope,' in which all varieties of rascality and even crimes are attributed to him, including 'The Poisoning of Ed. Curll'? Yet there is no mention of 'The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris.' Dennis, indeed, early accused Pope of double-dealing, and with especial reference to this 'Cato' question, but said not a word about 'The Narrative.' In a pamphlet published in 1716, Dennis asked, "Who wrote a prologue to 'Cato,' and *teaz'd Lintot to publish remarks upon it?*" that is, Dennis's 'Remarks.' First, Dennis tells the old story of 1713, and then the serviceable addition.

"In the height of his professions of friendship for Mr. Addison, he could not bear the success of Cato, but prevails upon B. L. [Bernard Lintot, the publisher] to engage me to write and publish remarks upon that tragedy, which, after I had done, A. P—E, the better to conceal himself from Mr. Addison and his friends, writes and publishes a scandalous pamphlet equally foolish and villainous, in which he pretends that I was in the hands of a quack who cures mad men. So weak is the capacity of this little gentleman that he did not know that he had done an odious thing—an action detested even by those whom he fondly designed to oblige by it. For Mr. Addison was so far from approving of it, that he engaged Sir Richard Steele to write to me that he knew nothing of that pamphlet till he saw it in print, that he was very sorry to see it, and that whenever he should think fit to answer my remarks on his tragedy he would do it in a manner to which I should have no just exception."

It certainly appeared to strengthen Dennis's assertion that Pope was the writer, when, in 1732, the 'Narrative' appeared in Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*. But a careful examination of the facts in respect to the publication of that volume of the 'Miscellanies' (1732) will show that no evidence as to authorship can be inferred from it. It is the story of "*Ah, fleeting spirit!*" over again—circumstances out of which biographers and readers build up a theory of their own.* The three

* This argument equally applies to Cromwell, who died in 1728.

volumes of Swift's and Pope's 'Miscellanies' were published in 1727—while Steele was yet alive—and the third volume is described in the title-page as "The last volume." In 1732, five years later—and when Steele was dead—out came what was called "The third volume." Swift himself was as much puzzled at the time as we are now. He thus wrote to Motte on the 4th of November, 1732:—

"T'other day I received two copies of the last 'Miscellany,' but I cannot learn who brought them to the house. Mr. Pope had been for some months before writing to me that he thought it would be proper to publish another Miscellany, for which he then gave me reasons that I did not well comprehend, nor do I remember that I was much convinced because I did not know what fund he had for it, little imagining that some humorous or satyrical trifles that I had writ here occasionally, &c., would make almost six-sevenths of the verse part in the book; and *the greater part of the prose was written by other persons of this kingdom as well as myself.* * * I have sent a kind of certificate owning my consent to the publishing this last Miscellany against my will."

The more Swift thought on the subject the less he was satisfied. A month later, 9th of December, he again wrote to Motte,—

"I am not at all satisfied with the last Miscellany. I believe I told you so in a former letter. * * *Neither do I in the least understand the reasons for printing this.*"

What says the work itself as to authorship? In the Preface to the first volume, 1727, the public were informed that the collection would include "several small treatises in prose, *wherein a friend or two are concerned;*" and now, 1732, the "bookseller" repeated the notice, "There are in this volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces *by other hands.*"

Even Pope himself, whilst he took the benefit of all natural inferences, not only kept himself free from assertion as to

authorship, but virtually denied it. Thus, as "Author to Reader," prefixed to the second volume of his "Works," quarto, 1735, he wrote,—

"This volume and the abovemention'd [1717] contain whatsoever I have written and design'd for the press ; except my translation, &c., the Preface to Shakspeare, and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. *Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, or Mr. Gay (the only persons with whom I ever wrote in conjunction), are to be found in the four volumes of Miscellanies, by us published : I think them too inconsiderable to be separated and reprinted here ; nevertheless, that none of my faults may be imputed to another, I must own that of the prose part, the 'Thoughts on Various Subjects' at the end of the second volume were wholly mine, and of the verses, &c. * * It will be but justice to me to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithstanding all that hath been published in my name, or added to my Miscellanies since 1717, by any bookseller whatsoever.*

A. POPE."

Not one word here about the authorship of Norris's 'Narrative ;' and silence under the circumstances, is equivalent to a denial. Of the value of such statements the reader must judge for himself ; if they be untrue, they ought at least to shake our faith in mere inferences from statements still more equivocal.

Then followed, in 1735, the letter addressed to Addison, which, says Mr. Carruthers, put Addison "more completely in the wrong," with this significant note about the offer of Pope's pen,—

"This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's remarks upon Cato, called Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Den . . ."

As Mr. Carruthers may naturally lay some emphasis on this note, let us consider who is responsible for it. No one, of course ! It appeared in the denounced edition of 1735. But

it was reproduced in the Quarto. Very true, but who was responsible for that reproduction? Read the Preface, written sometimes in the first person, at others in the third,—sometimes apparently by the author, at others by the bookseller, but which

flies

Unclaim'd of any man.

No matter what may be the amount of double-dealing here implied, Mr. Carruthers will, we think, admit that there is nothing in our conjectures inconsistent with Pope's wretched code of literary morals,—nothing, Mr. Croker would have said, so tricky and false as the statements about the early editions of the 'Dunciad,'—nothing to compare in mystification, and the consequent false inferences to which it gave and was intended to give rise, with the story about the first publication of these very letters. After all, the conclusion is merely inferential; there is no assertion to the effect that Pope wrote 'The Narrative;' and those who best understand Pope will most strongly feel the force of this distinction. We have no faith in the inference. As the letter was really addressed to Caryll and not to Addison, and written months before 'Cato' was acted, the "offer" could not refer either to the Remarks or to Dennis.

Mr. Carruthers, however, thinks it possible—just possible—that the poet "might have kept a copy of his first letter and used it in writing to Addison." Possible of course. But we cannot persuade ourselves that, even if Pope had a copy of the letter, he would, in 1713, have re-addressed it to Addison. However natural and gracious it might have been for a literary youngster to make offer of his "poor pen" to a country gentleman, it was not quite so natural to offer such a "pen" to Addison, who had a very good one of his own, and the press at his command. But if he did, why was the letter not found with the other letters and papers of Addison, in the custody of his friend and executor, Tickell? Addison had preserved even the letter addressed by Pope to Steele, which happened by chance to be in his possession.

Other parties besides Dennis were satirized in 'The Narra-

tive;' and it is strange that this fact should have been overlooked by all the biographers. When the Doctor arrived at Dennis's lodgings, he found Bernard Lintot, the publisher of Dennis's pamphlet, on one side the bed,

"and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a grammarian, the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fullness of his peruke."

This description answers to what we know of "hatless" Cromwell; and when the Doctor mistakes the grave elderly gentleman for the apothecary, Dennis describes him more particularly.—

"An apothecary!.....He who like myself professes the noblest science in the universe, criticism and poetry. Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary? By the Immortals, he himself inserted three whole Paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Publick Spirit, nay, assisted me in my Description of the Furies and infernal regions in my 'Appius.'

"*Mr. Lintot.* He is an Author; you mistake the Gentleman, Doctor; he has been an Author these twenty years, to his Bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else. * *

"*Gent.* By your leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with Lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *Peripætia*."*

By all acquainted with the literary characters of that period and with their popular reputation, no doubt will be entertained on reading the pamphlet, after this suggestion, that Cromwell was meant by the elderly gentleman,—and Cromwell and Dennis were old friends, and to the last continued friends.

It may appear to strengthen the assumption that Pope was the writer when we remind the reader that between Pope and

* The result is, that by the assistance of Lintot, says Norris, "We lock'd his friend—the grave elderly gentleman—into a closet, who, 'tis plain from his last speech, was likewise touch'd in his Intellects."

Cromwell there had been for some time a coolness. So far, indeed, as we may judge from the date of the published letters, the correspondence between them had ceased. But we think that other circumstances outweigh this fact. Nothing more natural, however, when the names of presumed writers were bruited about, and Pope mentioned amongst others, that Cromwell should directly appeal to him on the subject. He appears to have done so. In a letter to Caryll, dated October 17, 1713, a fragment from which is woven into a published letter, professedly addressed to Addison, Pope says :—

“But (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I design to please; and in very truth, sir, I believe they will all find me, at long run, a mere papist. As to the whim upon Dennis, Cromwell thought me the author of it, which I assured him I was not, and we are, I hope, very far from being enemies. We visit, criticize, and drink coffee as before. I am satisfied of his merit in all respects, and am truly his friend.”

Those who know how careful Pope was not to say what was directly untrue, and yet how willing he was that individuals or the public should draw false inferences from what he did say, will understand the force of this positive denial.* If Pope were the writer, and if the writer were known to Addison and Steele, as must be inferred from Steele's letter to Lintot, the fact was reasonably certain to be, or to become, known to Caryll.

If Pope did not write the 'Narrative,' who did? The biographers, and not the critic, are bound to answer. We, however, who are content to act as pioneers for these gentlemen, will hazard a conjecture. If it be very wide of the mark, it will serve as warning.

Dennis was an old antagonist of both Steele and Addison. There is a letter from Dennis to Steele of the 28th of July, 1710, wherein he upbraids Steele for neglecting and insulting

* Bowles says (viii. 47), “I have a letter before me to one of the Miss Blounts,” with these remarkable words, “If you have seen a late advertisement, you will know that *I have not told a lye*, which we both abominate, but *equivocated pretty gently*.” Qy. what the date?

him,—and they continued enemies at least down to 1721, when Dennis published the ‘Character of Sir John Edgar.’ Even in the very Preface to the ‘Remarks upon Cato,’ Dennis attacks the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. There “Squire Ironside” is described as “that grave offspring of ludicrous ancestors”—one of “a race most unfortunate in the talents for criticism.” There “Squire Bickerstaff” is said to be rarely “in the right where he pretended to judge of poetry;” and Mr. Spectator, we are told, “took pains * * to put impotence and imbecility upon us for simplicity.” Dennis, in fact, felt and said that he had been personally insulted in what he contemptuously called “the celebrated penny folios.” Steele was not quite insensible to these attacks, and had an occasional sly hit at Dennis; but, however personally indifferent, what so consistent with all we know of his character as that he should rush into print when the man he so loved and worshipped, in 1713, was so fiercely assailed by one whom Mr. Carruthers calls an unfair and malignant critic. Steele had, at least, all the personal motives that Pope had—some recent and rankling, and other motives, ten times more influential with Steele, which Pope had not. What more consistent with all we know of Steele than that his zeal should outrun discretion—far outrun the discretion of Addison? And what more probable, considering the intimate connexion of Steele and Addison—their undistinguishable literary connexion—than that Steele, having written the ‘Narrative,’ should offer to submit it to Addison, which Addison’s discretion would decline: and that when published and its character known and commented on, Addison should request Steele to inform Lintot, which Steele only could do with authority, that Addison was no party to it, and that Steele should comply with over-penitent zeal?

If we mistake not, there are incidental passages in Pope’s letters which strengthen this conjecture. In one, which when published (1735) was addressed to Addison, and dated the 14th of December, 1713, Pope thus wrote:—

“This minute, perhaps, I am above the stars * * with W—— and the astronomers; the next moment I am below all

trifles, grovelling with T—— in the very centre of nonsense. Now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of Mr.— and D——.”

Now the genuine letter from which this extract is made was addressed to Caryl, and dated the 14th of August, 1713; which, as Mr. Carruthers will observe, was about a fortnight after the publication of the ‘Narrative.’ What more natural, with the ‘Remarks’ of Dennis and the ‘Narrative’ of Steele before him, than to contrast the brisk sallies of the one with the quirks of grammar of the other? In the original the names are given at length—Whiston, Tidcombe, Cromwell, and Dennis.*

We have allowed all due weight to the fact that there had been for some time a coldness between Pope and Cromwell—that Cromwell was satirized in the ‘Narrative,’ and that he suspected Pope. But we have no reason to believe that there was any open hostility—any angry feeling between them.† Pope’s letter, indeed, would lead us to infer that there was not. But Steele and Cromwell were old antagonists. To a certain extent Dennis and Cromwell may be said to have fought together against Addison and Steele.‡ In June, 1711, Dennis addressed “To H—— C——, Esq.,” his attack on

* Mr. F——, in a letter of 15 May, argues in favour of Pope from internal evidence, and argues well—“I confess I think the *internal* evidence of Pope’s authorship is very strong. I could point out resemblances in his known and admitted prose pieces. All the allusions to his own writings—the couplet introduced from the Essay on Criticism—the reference to the old tapestry and heads of tyrants (not likely to have occurred to another)—point very strongly to Pope. And beyond all doubt the manner is extremely unlike Steele. I don’t believe he would have thought of the old woman fetching the vial. Pope’s letter, too, telling of Steele’s ‘darting about’ brisk sallies, and quick turns of wit, must merely refer to *conversation*, and nothing else.”

† In proof to the contrary, see Pope’s letter to Gay, 13 Nov. 1712. “I really much love Mr. Cromwell,” &c. Cromwell was a contributor to Pope’s Miscellany, published 1712. The 2nd edit. is 1714.

‡ The “three whole paragraphs in my Remarks,” &c., show that the writer of the ‘Narrative’ meant to accuse the grave elderly gentleman of co-operating in fact or in spirit; but there had been no co-operation because no attack on Pope.

the *Spectator* and the absurd eulogy of the old doggerel of Chevy-Chase; subsequently seven letters "To Mr. C——" upon 'The Sentiments of Cato.' In the 'Pylades and Corinna,' by Mrs. Thomas, a lady said to have been the mistress of Cromwell, and written after their separation, Cromwell is described as one "whose Fame our incomparable Tatler* has rendered immortal by the three distinguishing Titles of Squire Easy, the Amorous Bard; Sir Timothy, the critic; and Sir Taffety Trippet, the fortune-hunter." Whether the lady was right or not in the personal application of these characters, it is obvious that the point and meaning would have been lost, had it not been generally known that Steele and Cromwell were in literary opposition or personal antagonism.†

We have thrown out these speculations for the consideration of the biographers. We have shown that the letter "full of gratitude" for the notice of the Essay on Criticism was certainly not addressed "To Mr. Addison,"—was indeed, as we believe, addressed to Steele,—that the 'Narrative,' another evidence of gratitude, was probably written by Steele and not by Pope; and Steele, so far as we know, never denied that he was the writer; whereas Pope did twice, and once voluntarily and unconditionally,—that the 'Narrative' was not published by Lintot, but by Morphew, Steele's publisher, the publisher of the *Tatler*, who never, so far as we know, published anything by or for Pope,—that the duplicate theory of the Letters is unsatisfactory, and more improbable than Mr. Carruthers'

Again, Dennis in the 'Narrative' is driven mad as much by the *Spectator* as by Cato.

There is a curious passage in Pope's letter to Cromwell May 10 [1710], which deserves consideration.

Nichols, says Cromwell, was *not* Tom Spindle, but this was a mere speculative opinion of his own subsequently uttered. See the *Tatler*, v. 389.

* Nichols, in his notes on *Tatler*, ii. 124, assumes that Mrs. Thomas was right—if so the description of Sir Taffety there given would explain all, and even violent animosity.

† The writer of the 'Narrative' is obviously resolved to have a lash at Lintot the bookseller. It is Mr. Lintot who "drank up all the gin"—but Lintot before and after was Pope's publisher—but never we believe published anything for Steele.

“possible” seems to assume:—in brief, that the whole story of the acquaintance, friendship, gratitude, and quarrel between Addison and Pope must be reconsidered.

We shall conclude, for the satisfaction of Mr. Carruthers, with a few words as to the date of the letter to Addison, which begins “Your last is the more obliging.” If Mr. Carruthers will read that letter as published in the Quarto of 1737, or in any and every edition of Pope’s works, from Warburton to Roscoe, he will be satisfied that it must have been written while the *Guardian* was in course of publication. “I am sorry,” says Pope, “to find it has taken air that I *have* some hand in those papers, because *I write* so very few.” Again, “I assure you, as to myself, *I have quite done with ’em as to the future.*” Pope could not write thus of a work which had no future—which had been discontinued. But, says Mr. Carruthers, the letter when first published—that is, when published in the surreptitious and denounced edition of Edmund Curll—contained a *passage* which must have been written after the *Guardian* was discontinued. Very true; and does not Mr. Carruthers see in that fact a good and sufficient reason why the passage was dropped out of the Quarto? The facility of reconciling the irreconcilable was one of the advantages which resulted from a surreptitious edition. If a letter which had been addressed to a living man was therein found addressed to a dead one—if the present and the past were jumbled together in one letter—it was a consequence of the ignorant blundering of the scoundrel Curll and his accomplices. The facts will appear whenever the Caryll Letters are published.

From the *Athenæum*, May 22, 1858.

Pope: additional Facts concerning his Maternal Ancestry.

By Robert Davies. (J. R. Smith.)

A HINT thrown out by Mr. Hunter, in his recent tract upon Pope’s maternal ancestry, has brought forward another York-

shire antiquary, with some additional and interesting particulars. We trust that the example will not be lost. Some Hampshire gentleman who has time and opportunities for research will, we hope, throw a light upon the history of the Hampshire clergyman, Alexander Pope, the paternal grandfather of the Poet, of whom we still know nothing but his name. Mr. Hunter, as will be remembered by readers interested in the subject, traced the mother's ancestors as far back as Lancelot Turner, the uncle of William Turner, the poet's maternal grandfather,—and suggested the possibility of “ascending a generation above” him. Mr. Davies has carried his researches two generations higher, tracing the poet's descent by the mother's side to “a source whence many families among the present aristocracy of Yorkshire have originally sprung—the trade or commerce of the city of York.” In the reign of Henry the Eighth there lived in that city one Robert Turner, a wax chandler,—a business which in Catholic times and in an ancient cathedral city was, we are told, a “lucrative and important” one. He brought up his son to one of the learned professions. Edward Turner, son of Robert, became a “skryvener,” and in the year 1553 was enrolled upon the register of York freemen. This Edward was the father of Lancelot Turner, the earliest name in Mr. Hunter's account of the family. Edward became clerk to the Council or Vice-Regal Court of the Lords Presidents of the North, held in the city of York, and appears to have acquired wealth, and to have been esteemed by his fellow citizens. He married twice, and died December, 1580, leaving a large family, of whom Lancelot was the elder, and Philip, the grandfather of Edith, the poet's mother, was the second child. In the year 1586, Philip was admitted to the franchise of the city of York, as the son of Edward Turner, gentleman. In the register of freemen, Mr. Davies informs us that he is called a merchant, implying that he was a member of the chartered company of Merchant Adventurers, which then consisted of the highest class of York citizens. Philip married “Edith,” the daughter of William Gylhninge, vintner, of York, and had seven children, of whom William Turner was the fifth. It was to this son that Lancelot

Turner, his uncle, bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, including the manor of Towthorpe and the rent-charge on the manor of Ruston, mentioned a hundred years later in the poet's father's will,—an elder nephew, Lancelot, being supposed to have died early. Mr. Davies, in answer to our suggestion, "that Lancelot Turner himself acquired the property which enabled him to make the purchase of the manor of Towthorpe," remarks that he seems "to have obtained the means of making that purchase by converting into money part of the property bequeathed to him by his father," the "skryvener." From his purchase of this manor, and of land and copyhold cottages at Towthorpe, and his "manifest desire to enlarge the borders of his domain there," Mr. Davies thinks it probable that he had some ancestral attachment to that place, "where a family of the same name, who were small landed proprietors, had long been settled"; and that Robert, the wax-chandler in the ancient city, had, "according to a practice very common in those days," been transplanted thither from the country to be brought up to a trade. On January 14, 1621-22, William Turner married Thomasine Newton, the grandmother of Pope, then a girl of seventeen. She was the young lady to whom Lancelot Turner, two years before, bequeathed an annuity and other property and his song-books, and for whom he had, therefore, a particular affection. The Newtons were a good family at Thorpe in the country. The creed in which the parents of Pope's mother were educated Mr. Davies has not been able to ascertain; but it is supposed that Lancelot Turner was a Catholic, or had Catholic tendencies, from the fact of his having sent his brother, a youth of nineteen, to the University of Venice, "then notorious for being the very centre and hot-bed of Jesuitism," and that William Turner, and probably Edith Newton, were Catholics. William Turner and his young wife appear to have resided at Towthorpe and sometimes at York. How he came to remove to Worsborough Dale, the birthplace of the poet's mother, which he appears to have done about 1640-41, the learned antiquaries have not been able to discover,—but he subsequently returned to York, where he died

October 3, 1665, and where his widow, who survived him sixteen years, was buried. Of their children Mr. Davies gives little information, beyond what was already known from the researches of Mr. Hunter and others; although he supplies us with the name of a son, "George Turner, son of William Turner, of Towthorpe, gentleman," baptized at Huntington, March 30, 1624. Concerning the poet's mother and her parents' position in life, Mr. Davies says:—

"Assuming it to have been soon after the Restoration that William Turner returned to York, his daughter Edith was then just entering into womanhood, so that for nearly twenty years of the bloom of her life she was domesticated with her family within the walls of our venerable city. Their residence stood under the very shadow of the towers of our cathedral. * * The neighbourhood in which they lived was crowded with the stately mansions of the dignitaries of the church, the higher officers of the ecclesiastical courts, and many of the wealthy families of the county. We cannot doubt that the Turners moved in the best society of which the city could at that period boast; not so brilliant and dignified as when it shone with the splendour of the vice-regal court of the Lords Presidents of the North; but still aristocratic, refined, and intellectual,—a society in which Edith Turner might receive that training which fitted her to hold converse in after-life with Bolingbroke, and Congreve, and Swift. When, upon the death of Mrs. Turner, the daughters who had remained under the maternal roof at York had to seek a home with their married sisters in other parts of the kingdom, it was Edith's lot to remove to London, where she became the wife of Alexander Pope, and the mother of the Poet."

It is strange that with such full particulars of Pope's descent on the mother's side, we should have as yet no information concerning the father's family, save the extraordinary fact, that the father of the Catholic London merchant was a Protestant clergyman in Hampshire.

From the *Athenæum*, August 4, 1860.

On the Relations of Alexander Pope with the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and on the Character and Characteristics of Atossa.

IN 1854 we took advantage of a lull in the publishing world and ventured, by way of experiment, to try our critical skill on an advertisement—the announcement of a forthcoming edition of Pope's Works to be edited by John Wilson Croker. That edition, so long expected, has been delayed, almost beyond hope, by the death of the Editor. We are pleased now to hear that it will certainly be amongst the issues of the coming season. Delay, however, has not been without its advantages—the announcement in 1854 of “150 unpublished letters” has enlarged its golden promise, and the last number of the *Quarterly* speaks of “more than 300 unpublished letters.” In other respects, too, good has resulted from delay. Mr. Carruthers has liberally declared that the publication of the papers in the *Athenæum* constituted “an era in Pope history.” We are willing to believe that they did good service, pioneer fashion. But some questions then raised have not yet been decided; and amongst them one seriously affecting the moral character of the poet—did he, or did he not, receive a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, to suppress the character of Atossa? We think it well therefore to revert to this subject before the new edition is issued.

We do not mean to enter again on the evidence; *that* has been fully considered. We proved that the story was first published anonymously, and after the established fashion, with an “it is said.” We proved, as we thought, that Warton and Walpole merely re-echoed the story with such “circumstantialities” as time adds as a matter of course; and that Mr. Rose's pencilling was a mere indication of what might have been referred to—whether fact or falsehood. We propose on this occasion to show, not merely that the anecdote is untrue, but that it could not be true, and that the character of

Atossa was not meant for the Duchess of Marlborough at all, but for the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. This is a new light altogether—new to us as to others—a result of that spirit of doubt and consequent research which have done more, in the last ten years, to clear up the Pope history and mystery than all the trusting labours of editors in the preceding century. Some of the letters to which we shall have occasion to refer are yet in manuscript; but they are now all in the possession of Mr. Murray, and will therefore appear in the forthcoming edition of Pope's Works.

As a starting-point in our inquiry, we will consider the personal relations of the several parties.

Pope for many years belonged to the same political party as the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, and was in open and avowed hostility to the Marlboroughs. He was under friendly obligations to the Duke of Buckinghamshire, and subsequently to the Duchess. We infer, from a letter of Jacob Tonson to Pope, among the Homer MSS., that Pope received the profits of the splendid edition of the Duke's works, printed after the Duke's death at the expense of the Duchess. It was natural and proper that it should be so, for Pope selected, arranged and prepared the work for publication;—the Duchess received literary help, and Pope the reward for literary labour. We find Pope, on more than one occasion, on a friendly visit to the Duchess; and in 1725 he was the active and confidential friend in the famous prosecution of Ward—a fact which appears to have been overlooked by the biographers, although the following letter from the Duchess to Pope, also among the Homer MSS., is proof:—

Sr.—I am much obliged to Lord Harcourt for his friendly assistance in helping my son against the variety of injustices which we meet with from Ward. There is nobody who can be obliged whose gratitude is so useless as a woman's and a child's; but I'll answer for the first having a great share of it, and I hope the other will alway show the same disposition. I am always, Sr, yr faithful, humble serv. K. B."

"I have wrote to Lord Trevor, who has appointed a meeting

at our house, and hopes to have the business heard this Sessions. I expect you to-morrow."

Again:—

"This is first to tell you that I hope you found your mother in very good health, and made your peace with the old woman for staying abroad so long. She will probably describe you by the Gadder as she did Mr. Compton by the Proser.

"I know 'tis unnecessary, but I desire you to say nothing of what you know of Mr. Sheffield's being at present not well in my favour, except to my Lord Bathurst, in case he mentions it, because I have many reasons to have the particular circumstances as little spoke on as possible, and not the man at all, at least for some time.—I am ever, S^r, y^r most humble serv^t.
K. B."

These friendly relations continued up to November, 1728, when Pope thus wrote to Lord Bathurst:—

"The Duchess of Buckingham is at Leigh's. * * The writings to my mother and me she has signed.* You will rejoice, I know, with me that what you so warmly solicited and contributed to, for my future ease, is accomplished. If I live these hundred years I shall never fancy, even in my jealous old age, that I live too long upon you and her. And if I live but one year it would better please me to think an obelisque might be added to your garden, &c."

Pope and the Duchess, as we shall show, soon after quarrelled, so that the flattering "Character of Katherine late Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby," published in 1746 as "By the late Mr. Pope," must have been written about or before this time. Whether really written by Pope, or compiled, as he said, from the manuscript of the Duchess, there is, we think, internal evidence that it was written many years before her death. Pope distinctly says so in his letter to Moyser. It must, therefore, have been subsequently adapted

* The *negotiation* must have continued some time, and even after the deed was drawn the Duchess apparently refused or delayed to sign, for it is dated 11 Dec. 1727.

to circumstances, for reference is therein made to the loss of "all her children," which was not true until after the 31st of October, 1735, when her son Edmund died, and it concludes with an account of the death of the Duchess herself.

The cause of quarrel is a mystery; but the date, within moderate limits, it is not difficult to determine. On the 9th of July [1732] Pope thus wrote to Lord Bathurst:—

"There is one woman at least that I think you will never run after, of whom the town rings with a hundred stories, *why* she run, and *whither* she is run. Her sober friends are sorry for her, and truly so am I, whom she cut off from the number of them three years ago. She has dealt as mysteriously with you as with me formerly; both which are proofs that we are both less mad than is requisite for her to think quite well of us."

This "one woman" was, beyond all doubt, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who thought it necessary, in consequence of the gossip with which the town rang, to inform the Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, why and whither she had run, which she did on the 6th of June, 1732, by a letter from Boulogne:—

"I left England, Sir, with 'no other precipitation than was occasioned by my having some accounts to state and pass with Mr. Arthbornott.'"^{*}

She then informs him that she had been taken ill at Boulogne,—and adds—

"This has given me the lucky opportunity of hearing, something quick, the silly reports somehow spread concerning a

^{*} There can be little doubt that one strong motive which induced the hurried visit to Paris was to get possession of her letters to Atterbury, a correspondence declared treasonable by law. The Pretender and his agents refused to give them up to Morice, the Bishop's son-in-law, and I think executor, or even to have them burnt in his presence. On this becoming known to her she hurried over to Paris, and there no doubt succeeded, as even the MS. of the Bishop's trial, which the agents had refused to deliver to Morice, was delivered to her in trust, &c. See the Pref. to Stuart Papers, Correspondence. Atterbury.

thing done by everybody at their pleasure,—I mean taking a journey to Paris.”

She begs Walpole to take notice of her explanation to the Queen or not, as he shall decide,—

“in case any of these nonsensical storys, or any others, have reached her ears, or whether my coming away in the manner I did has happened to be represented or taken in a light any way requires being set right.” (Cox's Walpole, iii. 126.)

The following is the account of Pope's quarrel with the Duchess, which he whispered in a letter to Moyser, as if in anticipation of the publication of the “Character,” and of its being attributed to him. This letter Warburton fortunately stumbled on, when, after Pope's death, the “Character” was published and *was* so attributed:—

“There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help I know not), but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand and return her the copy. I did so. *Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years.*”

We have now clear evidence not only of the quarrel, but that it took place in or about July, 1729. This brings us to, and helps to explain an incident in Pope's life not known to his biographers.

In 1729–30, Edward Caryll married the daughter of Pope's friend and neighbour, Mr. Pigot; and the following is an extract from a letter of Pope's of the 12th of February, in which he sent his congratulations to Caryll's father:—

“I could not see Mr. Pigot as yet; but this day I have received from him, by the post, the letter you mentioned as having been given to you to deliver into my own hands. The contents of that letter are so extraordinary that I must desire

you fairly to tell me, who gave it you? and if, instead of your giving it to Mr. Pigot, he did not give it to you."

On the 10th of May Pope again adverts to the subject :—

"A very odd adventure has lately befallen me, in consequence of the letter you sent me enclosed to Mr. Pigot which contained a note for £100, and it gives me a great curiosity to know what person put it into your hands. I soon found out the original plotter, but am at a loss for the instruments made use of, which this may give me some light into."

On the 16th of June Pope continues his questioning :—

"I can't help telling you, as well as I love you, that I am ready to take it ill (and the more ill the more I love you) your silence and evasion of my question, who it was that put into your hands the letter which contained a Bank Bill for £100? I found out, as I told you, the original plotter, and returned the bribe back, as an honest man ought, with the contempt it deserved, by the hands of Lord Bathurst to the lady. Therefore, sir, the plot failed, and 'twas not a farthing to my advantage. Must I be forced to assure you that I can refuse anything I do not deserve, or do not seek, be it a hundred, or a thousand. And I thank God for having bestowed upon me a mind and nature more beneficent than craving. Adieu. Think of me as I merit; for I really am no worldly man, though but a poor one; but a friendly one where obliged, and therefore very mindfully to yourself and all yours."

On the 29th of July we have a last reference to this subject :—

"I take very kindly the warmth and concern you show in apprehending I fancied your opinion of me to be less favourable than it is. Indeed I did not; but was merely desirous to tell you I am the man I am in respect to temptations of interest. Nor was the pretence taken to send me that £100 any proposal to me to do what was dishonourable, but only a notion that I would receive reward for what I had formerly done out of pure friendship. A lady who imagined herself obliged to me on that score imagined she could acquit herself of an obli-

gation by money, which she cared not to owe on a more generous account, and Mr. Pigot can tell you the whole story, and so will I when we meet."

It is obvious from the agents employed that the lady, whoever she may have been, was connected with the Catholic, the Nonjuring, the High Church, and the Tory party. The Duchess of Buckinghamshire in 1730 answered exactly to this description. Pigot the Counsellor was employed by her professionally, at least in the prosecution of Ward (see '*Life of Hardwicke*,' i. 185), and, therefore, perhaps Pigot wished that the money should reach Pope by a less direct channel; and so, as appears from his first letter, Pope himself suspected. Pope, as we have shown, had been actively the friend of the Duchess in the prosecution of Ward; and, in the letter we have quoted, wherein he is entreated to be silent, she makes a special exemption in favour of Lord Bathurst, who was, indeed, a trustee under the Duke's will. What more natural than that a proud, half-mad Duchess would not, if she could avoid it, remain under an obligation, and should believe that she might acquit herself of it by a mere money payment?

Atterbury, who was in great favour with the Duchess, and was often consulted by her confidentially, hoped and promised, as we believe, to bring about a reconciliation; but it was beyond his power. We can no other way understand a mysterious paragraph in a letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Morice, to whom he thus wrote, March 18-29, 1731:—

"I see you are afraid to see Pope, and easily guess at your reasons. I have mine, while I almost despair of making up that matter; since the prejudices conceived are, I see, so strong and so unlikely to be altogether removed." ('*Att. Corr.*' iv. 294.)

On this subject, whatever it was, he also wrote to Pope on the 23rd of November, 1731:—

"I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forebore writing on a head wherein I promised

more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it."

There is something mysterious about this quarrel—everybody seems studiously to avoid all mention of the cause. Pope, in his most communicative mood, only promised "to tell" his old friend when "we meet," although his friend had been a blind agent in the drama, and would in all reasonable certainty be informed by Pigot. Atterbury is as obscure as an oracle; and nothing can be gleaned from Pope's letter to Bathurst, nor even from his explanatory letter to Moyser. All we get at with certainty is, that there was a quarrel,—an irreconcilable quarrel, and that it must have taken place soon after the Duchess, at the warm solicitation of Bathurst, had signed "the writings" so much to Pope's satisfaction and his "future ease." There cannot be the least doubt that Pope, in this letter, refers to some grant of an annuity which he *had purchased*, but purchased of whom? Not of the Duchess, we think, for if she had taken his money, she must have "signed the writings." No solicitation would have been required from Bathurst or any other person; there was a legal necessity for her doing so, and on her part a moral necessity. Is it not possible that her son, the young Duke, as young dukes sometimes do, had taken up money from Pope on annuity, which, on account of the youth of the former, and for his honour's sake, required the sanction and therefore the signature of the Duchess? * There is an enigmatical passage in a poem called "The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue," attributed to Lord Hervey, and published in 1742, in which a charge is preferred against Pope, which we do not remember to have seen before :

Thus scribbling *P.*, who Peter never spare,
Feeds on extortion's interest from young heirs.

* The circumstances are explained in a note from Mr. Reeves giving an extract from some title-deeds.

—Peter was, of course, the “wise Peter” Walter, of the Epistle to Bathurst, whose great fortune was, we are told in a note, raised by “diligent attendance on the necessities of others.” But the young Duke was a mere boy,—not more than twelve or thirteen.

Dr. Johnson mentions that the estate of John of Bucks was found charged with an annuity to Pope,—of 200*l.* a year, says the annotator of Johnson's *Lives*. Was there something informal in this deed, which, after the Duke's death, required the signature of the Duchess to give it validity and force?

These, however, are mere speculations, and we are concerned only with facts.

Whether Pope and the Duchess were ever after on civil terms, we know not. Pope, in his letter to Moyser, says that she “picked a quarrel” with him—in 1729—and they “never saw each other in five or six years.” This would bring us to about the time of the young Duke's death,—November, 1735,—a very natural occasion for Pope to express the respect which he had ever professed for the family, and to offer a word of consolation even to the Duchess. Pope did so, and wrote the well-known epitaph; but the “weeping marble” never asked a “tear,”—the proud Duchess was no more willing to remain under an obligation in 1735 than in 1730, and the epitaph was not inscribed on the monument. This must have been gall and wormwood to Pope. Even after her death, he spoke of her with bitterness. In a letter to Bethel, he thus wrote:—

“All her private papers, and those of her correspondents, are left in the hands of Lord Hervey, so that it is not impossible another volume of my letters may come out. I am sure they make no part of her treasonable correspondence (which they say she has expressly left to him); but sure this is infamous conduct towards any common acquaintance. And yet this woman seemed once a woman of great honour, and many generous principles.” (Ruffhead, p. 408.)

Here the actions of the Duchess, once, in Pope's opinion, a

woman "of great honour and many generous principles," are spoken of as infamous.*

Whether this enmity was embittered by political differences, we know not. It is certain that the High-Church Jacobite Duchess, before she died, took the more celebrated Whigs into her especial favour.† Her grandson, by her first husband the Earl of Anglesea, was married to the daughter of Lord Hervey, a Court Whig of unmistakeable politics, to whom the Duchess bequeathed, among other things, her noble mansion of Buckingham House, in St. James's Park; and she appointed Lord Orford, the hated Sir Robert Walpole of other days, her executor.

It is strange, but more certain, that a political change took place in the Duchess of Marlborough, who, from personal dislike to, or prejudice against Walpole, became intimately associated with the discontented Whigs and the Tories—with Pope's friends—with what was called the "Opposition."‡ We see the effect of this change on Pope, so early as 1735. In the *Epistle to Cobham*, published in the quarto edition of his *Poems*, 1735, Pope introduced the following attack on Marlborough:—

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth and bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

Some friendly influence was now brought to bear on Pope, or Pope's own feelings suggested the indelicacy of this; and, therefore, we have the following note in the Appendix:—

"Epist. 1, ver. 146. Triumphant leaders, &c. These four verses having been misconstrued, contrary to the author's meaning, they are suppressed in as many copies as he could recall."

We never saw a copy of this or any subsequent edition in

* See Mr. Walpole's explanation in note to Williams.

† See Dr. King's *Anecdotes*, p. 38, for an odd explanation.

‡ She was in fierce opposition during the whole reign of George II. See Hervey, *Memoirs*, i. 129.

which they were suppressed; but the note served Pope's purpose.

The Duchess of Marlborough humoured and flattered, and did everything to conciliate Pope; all her friends were his friends, and we see the growing effect of this. In what was called the surreptitious edition of Pope's Letters, 1735, we have one describing and disparaging Blenheim, in which he takes occasion to illustrate the description of the place by the characters of the Duke and Duchess—their greatness and littleness—their selfishness and meanness. This letter was not republished in the quarto, 1737, nor, which is far more significant, in the smaller edition of 1737, which was undoubtedly published with Pope's sanction, and which professed to contain all the rejected letters of the quarto; nor in any edition published in Pope's lifetime. So, too, the sarcasm on the Duke, in the letter to a lady, with reference to the camp in Hyde Park, where he speaks of "new regiments with new clothes and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery)," even this reference to a subject, which circumstances had made painful to the Marlboroughs, was omitted in the quarto of 1737.

In May, 1739, Pope wrote to Swift: "the Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me." In January, 1741, when at Bath, he was, we think, applied to by the Duchess's friend, Lord Chesterfield, to recommend some person to write her Memoirs. Pope certainly at that time, 9th of January, 1740, wrote to Lord Polwarth, "I am in great pain to find out Mr. Hook. Does your Lordship, or Mr. Hume, or Dr. King, know where he is?" Ruffhead tells us that Hooke—

"performed this work so much to her Grace's satisfaction, that she talked of rewarding largely, but would do nothing till Mr. Pope came to her, whose company she then sought all opportunities to procure, and was uneasy to be without it. He was at that time with some friends, whom he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles distant; but at Mr. Hooke's earnest solicitation, when Mr. Pope found his presence so essentially concerned his friend's interest and future support, he broke

through all his engagements, and in the depth of winter and ill ways, flew to his assistance. On his coming, the Duchess secured to Mr. Hooke five thousand pounds."

In a letter to the Earl of Marchmont, written so late as 3rd of March, 1742, the Duchess says:—"If you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend." Pope then *was* her friend at that time.

Again, 15th of March, 1742, among other complimentary phrases, she says:—

"If I could receive letters from you and Mr. Pope as I had leisure, I would never come to town as long as I live. * * I shall always be pleased to see your Lordship and Mr. Pope when you will be so bountiful as to give me any part of your time."

On the 8th of September, 1742, Lord Chesterfield wrote to Lord Marchmont:—

"I go to-morrow to Nugent for a week, from whence, when I return, I shall take up Pope at Twickenham on the 19th, and carry him to the Duchess of Marlborough's, at Windsor, in our way to Cobham's, where we are to be on the 21st of this month."

So Pope [in July, 1743], to Lord Marchmont:—

"There are many hours I could be glad to talk to (or rather to hear) the Duchess of Marlborough. * * I could listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for, I think, she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius.)"

No doubt the Duchess had a devil, and a fierce one if provoked, as her friends and enemies well knew.

The result of this inquiry is proof that Pope had quarrelled personally with that "mad" woman, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, as early as 1729,—that they never, as is admitted, saw each other for five or six years,—and never, so far as we have evidence, were on friendly terms afterwards, and that

even death did not save her from his denunciations. It is further proved that, however politically opposed to the Marlboroughs, Pope never had any personal quarrel with the Duchess, and that the political antipathies and associations which had at first separated them, eventually drew them together. There is reason to believe that Pope manifested the most friendly disposition towards the Duchess as early as 1735. This feeling is shown in increasing strength by various suppressions of letters and passages in letters. We have proof that they became more and more intimate,—that Pope visited her,—that she wrote and spoke most kindly of Pope, and Pope as respectfully of the Duchess, as late as July, 1743. Later still he must have thought well and kindly of her, for he remarked to Spence (p. 295), “the old Duchess of Marlborough has given away in charities and in presents to her granddaughters and other relations near 300,000*l.* in her lifetime.”

Under these circumstances, which was the lady Pope was most in the humour to satirize in 1743?

The character of Atossa is first heard of after Pope's death. Bolingbroke then wrote to Marchmont:—

“Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles, that follow the ‘*Essay on Man*.’ They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the *Character of Atossa* formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it, after he had received the favour you and I know, and the *Character of Atossa* is inserted. I have a copy of the book.”

This book was, no doubt, a continuation of the edition in quarto, “with the Commentary and Notes of W. Warburton,” of which the ‘*Dunciad*,’ the ‘*Essay on Man*,’ and the ‘*Essay on Criticism*’ were already published; the work, in short, referred to by Pope, as mentioned by Spence:—

“‘Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends just as I am dying.—P.’ And Spence adds:—

‘This was said on his sending about some of his *Ethic Epistles*, as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.’”

This Character of Atossa is understood to have been referred to in the following note to the epistle ‘On the Characters of Women,’ published in 1735:—

“Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of connexion may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain examples and illustrations of the maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the author has said in his *Imitation of Horace*:—

Publish the present age, but where the text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next.”

Did Pope act on his own precept? Did he reserve this Character of Atossa till the next age,—that is, at least, till after “vice too high” was in its grave? Certainly not, if the Duchess of Marlborough was concerned, for she outlived Pope. All the arguments against publication were, in her case, in as full force in 1743 as in 1735. Not so in respect to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. She died twelve months before Pope,—on the 12th of March, 1743. Her grandson, by the Earl of Anglesea, had been married a fortnight before her death, on the 26th of February, to the daughter of Pope’s old enemy, Lord Hervey; and strange, if merely coincident, on the 3rd of March, 1743, we find Pope giving instructions for printing the very edition found by Bolingbroke,—“the four *Epistles*,” one of which contained the Character of Atossa. On that day he wrote to Bowyer the printer:—

“On second thoughts, let the proof of the *Epistle* to Lord Cobham [the first of the four] be done in the quarto, not the octavo size: contrive the capitals and everything exactly to correspond with that edition. The first proof send me.” (Additional MSS. in Brit. Mus. 12,113.)

Of contemporary evidence bearing on this question there is very little. The Duchess of Marlborough, knowing what Pope had formerly written and kindly suppressed, feared naturally

that some suppressed satires might be found among his manuscripts. She applied, therefore, through her friend Lord Marchmont, one of Pope's executors, to Lord Bolingbroke, to whom Pope had bequeathed all his manuscripts; and Bolingbroke replied, "If there are any that may be injurious to the late Duke, or to her Grace, even indirectly and covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed." He subsequently found the four Epistles, and in them the Character of Atossa; and he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was meant for the Duchess of Marlborough. This was mere conjecture, a hasty assumption. Bolingbroke had no time for consideration or inquiry; for Pope was buried on the 5th of June, and Bolingbroke was at Calais on the 18th. Bolingbroke be it remembered, at the time of Pope's especial intimacy with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire—from 1721 to 1725—was in exile or abroad, and Pope's intercourse with the Duchess had ceased for fifteen years before he died. Bolingbroke, therefore, knew nothing about Pope's intimate relations with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and the very application of the Duchess of Marlborough suggested her as the subject. Yet, though under the influence of that suggestion, Bolingbroke was perplexed by the want of likeness. "Is it worth while," he asks of Marchmont, "to suppress the edition, or should her Grace's friends say, *as they may from several strokes in it*, that it was not intended to be her Character?"

Against the hasty conjecture of Bolingbroke we have the evidence of Warburton—the very man who, under the eye of Pope, prepared and annotated the edition of which these "four Epistles" formed a part; Warburton must, therefore, have been informed by Pope, and must have known who were the parties satirized. Now Warburton, in a note prefixed to the 'Character of Katherine Duchess of Buckinghamshire,' says, Pope's enemies have published it since his death, as if written by him; and he refers to Pope's letter to Moyser, in proof that it was not. He thus continues:—

"The Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope

to draw her husband's Character. But though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle on the Characters of Women, these lines,

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor,

—are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another."

Mark out whom?—the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and those lines are from the Character of Atossa.

Let us now, in conclusion, examine the Character itself, and see to which lady its characteristics will best apply.

Warton observes that the Classical Atossa was the daughter of Cyrus and the sister of Cambyzes,—that is, the daughter and the sister of kings. Now Katherine Duchess of Buckinghamshire was the natural daughter of King James, and the sister of him whom she called, and her party called, King James the Third. The king, her father, by warrant, declared and ordered that she should have place, pre-eminence and precedency as the daughter of a Duke, and should bear the royal arms within a border compony. This she did; she ever considered herself as of the blood royal, and required from her servants and dependents the observance of all forms usual in the royal family. Does this apply to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, the daughter of a country squire—of plain Richard Jennings?

Then Atossa, we are told,—

from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves.

—The father of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire was driven from his throne, and her brother declared supposititious. While yet in her teens she was forced to sue for a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Anglesea, on the ground of cruelty, and obtained it. She had long litigations with the Duke of Buckinghamshire's natural children, and she makes an express bequest to one of them, because "of her not taking part with the other illegitimate children of her late husband in the

unjust lawsuits brought against her." She prosecuted to conviction John Ward, M.P. for Weymouth, for forgery, and he was in consequence expelled the House of Commons and condemned to the pillory. Pope alludes to this prosecution in 'The Dunciad,' written before the quarrel; and Curll's 'Key' says, the passage was written "to please a certain Duchess."

We know not how, by possibility, any one of these circumstances can be made to apply to the Duchess of Marlborough.

We then read of Atossa's "loveless youth." How that might apply to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire we know not, unless, indeed, something might be inferred from the treatment she received from her first husband. It is, however, directly the reverse of true if applied to the Duchess of Marlborough, who, as Coxe tells us, "though not so transcendently lovely as her sister" [*la belle* Jennings of Grammont], "her animated countenance and commanding figure attracted numerous admirers, and even in the dawn of beauty she received advantageous offers of marriage." So Macaulay says: "Sarah, less regularly beautiful [than *la belle* Jennings], was perhaps more attractive. The face was expressive. Her form wanted no feminine charm, and the profusion of her fine hair * * was the delight of numerous admirers. * * Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, * * must have been enamoured indeed. * * Marriage only strengthened his passion."

The pleasure missed her, but the scandal hit.

—Here, again, we know not how this might apply to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; but, assuredly, it does not to the Duchess of Marlborough, who, as Coxe records, "in the midst of a licentious Court, maintained an unspotted reputation, and was as much respected for her prudence and propriety as she was admired for the charms of her person."

Last night her Lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.

—The Duchess of Buckinghamshire had some reason to complain of the Duke, and "the unjust lawsuits" which his will

gave rise to, consequent, we presume, on the reversionary interests therein given to his natural children. The Duchess of Marlborough made no such complaining—night and morning were alike with her, and alike her love and reverence for her dead husband. When the proud Duke of Somerset, as he was called, offered to lay his fortune at her feet and implored her hand, she declared that, “if she were only thirty, she would not permit even the Emperor of the World to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough.”

Childless, with all her children, wants an heir.

—The Duchess of Buckinghamshire had a daughter by the Earl of Anglesea, who, however, died before her mother, but left issue. But the satire applies to *the Duchess*, who had by the Duke five children, all of whom died before her, and the last in 1735, when the dukedom became extinct.

The Duchess of Marlborough, though she lived to eighty-four, left one child, and a dozen grandchildren, every one of whom would have been her heir by law, and was under the entail heir to the Dukedom. So far from wanting an heir, she was herself, for many years, Dowager Duchess. One of her daughters, Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, was succeeded in 1733 by Charles the son of Anne (Henrietta's sister) and the grandson of the Dowager.

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.

—We find, by the *London Evening Post* of the 5th of May, 1743, that immediately on the death of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire there was “a trial at bar to prove who was heir-at-law to the late Duke of Buckinghamshire, when the Misses Walshes of Ireland were found to be his heirs.” Could this be said, or prophesied, of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough? Living or dead, was her vast wealth “unguarded”? Only 300*l.* went to the poor, and that, not heaven-directed, but by direction of her will; and not one shilling wandered, or could wander, if her will might determine its direction; but that fact could not have been known to Pope, who died before her.

We have now fairly exhausted this particular subject. On

the first convenient opportunity we shall inquire into the very curious history connected with the publication of Pope's Letters.

From the *Athenæum*, September 1, 1860.

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

EIGHTY years since Dr. Johnson observed that "one of the passages of Pope's life which seems to deserve some inquiry was a publication of letters between him and many of his friends." We propose to open that inquiry with a view to the forthcoming Life of Pope.

'The Letters of Mr. Pope and several Eminent Persons' were first published in 1735. There had been prior publications of Pope's Letters,—of 'Familiar Letters' to Mr. Cromwell, and 'Letters of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.' But these may be considered as exceptional, for one of them was avowedly without the consent of the parties, and the other in vindication of the memory of Mr. Wycherley. The publication, however, of 1735 was of a far more comprehensive and more questionable character: it included not only the letters of Pope, but those of many distinguished contemporaries.

The publication of friendly and familiar letters at that time, if not altogether unprecedented, had been of very rare occurrence, and grave doubts were entertained as to the delicacy and propriety of such a proceeding. Pope knew this, and he denounced the publication as surreptitious and the publishers as men guilty of "the highest offence against society." "To open letters," he said,—

"is esteemed the greatest breach of honour; even to look into them already open'd, or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral, act. What, then, can be thought of the procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre?"

—And he concludes that a law must be found or made "to prevent so great and growing an evil."

Notwithstanding this emphatic denunciation, there has been, from 1735 to the present time, an impression that Pope himself was in some way concerned in or connected with that publication. Mr. Roscoe, however, the last editor of a complete edition of Pope's Works, is emphatic in his denial of Pope's complicity; and he enters into a long and elaborate discussion on the subject, concluding briefly that the cause of the several publications of Pope's letters was:—"1. The treachery of a woman [Mrs. Thomas]; 2. The rapacity of a bookseller [Curll], and the imbecility of a friend [Dean Swift]." We propose, therefore, to examine into the circumstances—to trace out, so far as possible, a history of the several publications. That is to say, of—

First, The Letters to Cromwell.

Second, The Letters to and from Wycherley.

Third, The Letters of Mr. Pope in 1735.

Fourth, The Swift and Pope Letters of 1741.

I. POPE'S LETTERS TO CROMWELL.

The history of this publication is simple; all accounts—Cromwell's, Pope's, and Curll's—substantially agree. Cromwell gave the letters to Mrs. Thomas; she sold them to Curll for ten guineas; he printed and published them. The originals were in Curll's possession in 1735 (as Curll admitted before the House of Lords), and are now among the Rawlinson Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Warton tells us that, "on comparison" with the originals, "it appears that Curll omitted some, mutilated others, and blended two together." This account has been in substance repeated by subsequent biographers; yet it is not only not true, but is the reverse of the truth. Curll printed the letters with singular accuracy. We can only suppose that Warton compared the manuscripts with the edition of 1735, which, on the authority of Pope, he assumed to have been published by Curll, and, so far as the Cromwell letters are concerned, to have been a literal reprint of the first publication. His description would in that case have been sufficiently accurate. There

were mutilations, omissions and accessions in the edition of 1735: one-third of the letters from Pope to Cromwell, and the whole of the letters from Cromwell to Pope, being first published in that edition. Further change is found in the quarto; so that we have no manuscript authority, no proof of authenticity, for one-half of the letters therein and since published. Cromwell had died in the interval.

All accounts also agree in giving or suggesting 1727 as the date of the first publication,—the 'True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published' says so,—the note in 'The Dunciad' says so,—the Catalogue of Surreptitious Editions, prefixed to Warburton, and copied into all succeeding editions of Pope's works, says so. Yet all these accounts are wrong by a year. Mrs. Thomas's letter to Cromwell is dated the 27th of June, 1727—Cromwell's letters to Pope, the 6th of July and the 1st of August, 1727. "No sooner," says Mr. Roscoe, "was Pope apprised of this surreptitious publication of his letters, than he applied to Mr. Cromwell to know by what means it had been accomplished. When Pope applied to Cromwell is not positively known; but all other assertions about the date of publication are erroneous, for it is certain that the work was published before the 20th of October, 1726. Thomson, in a letter of that date to A. Hill, speaks not only of its being published, but of his having read it; and in a letter from Pope to Caryll of the 5th of December, 1726, the publication is given as the apology for recalling his letters.

The following advertisement, indeed, would carry us back to August, 1726:—

Daily Post, Friday, August 12, 1726. — "This day is published," &c., "Mr. Pope's familiar letters on Wit and Humour, Love and Gallantry, Poetry and Criticism, written to Henry Cromwell, Esq., between the year 1707 and 1712, with original poems by Mr. Pope, Mr. Cromwell, and Sappho," &c.

It is reasonably certain that Fenton must refer to the letters

to Cromwell in the following passage from a letter to Broome of the 7th of September, 1726 :—

“ I have the collection of letters you mentioned, and was delighted with nothing more than the air of sincerity, those professions of esteem and respect, and the deference paid to his friend’s judgment in poetry, which I have sometimes seen expressed to others, and I doubt not with the same cordial affection. If they are read in that light they will be very entertaining and useful to the present age ; but in the next Cicero, Pliny, and Voiture may regain their reputation.”

When this letter was written angry differences existed between Fenton, Broome, and Pope.

There can be no doubt that the work was published in the summer or autumn of 1726 ; and Pope, so far from acting with energy, as Roscoe asserts, appears to have remained passive. He might in a moment have put a stop to the circulation of the volume, even on the first issue of the advertisement, by moving for an injunction ; he did not, and it may be inferred that he rather rejoiced at the publication ; for he soon after found, or made, an apology, such as it was, for publishing the Wycherley Letters. Pope, however, who loved to talk of his wrongs, asserted that the letters had been stolen. On this, Mrs. Thomas wrote to Cromwell to beseech him to do her so much justice as to acknowledge that he had made her “ a free gift of them.” Cromwell told the messenger that he “ should not write anything, but believed it might be so as she writ in her letter.” On this, Curll published a new advertisement :—

“ This day is republished, in two neat pocket volumes, price 5s. 1. Mr. Pope’s familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq. (Given by him to a gentlewoman, but not stolen, as Mr. Pope has had the assurance lately to assert),” &c.

This republication, as it is here called, was probably a mere re-issue with a new title-page and the date of 1727.

II. LETTERS TO AND FROM WYCHERLEY.

These Letters were first published by Pope in 1729, fourteen years after Wycherley’s death. Pope had been accused of

commending himself and his poetry under the names of others; and, in 1732, Welstead embodied this charge in rhyme:—

Forgot the self-applauding strain shall be;
Though own'd by Walsh or palin'd on Wycherley.

—And Pope was now, or professed himself to be, so anxious to put the accuracy of this publication beyond question, that he asked leave of Lord Oxford (15th of Sept. and 6th of Oct., 1729) to be allowed to deposit the original letters in his Lordship's Library.

Pope's avowed object in such publication was to do honour to the memory of Wycherley—"to show the world his better judgment, and that it was his last resolution to suppress those poems" which "a mercenary had published under the title of his Posthumous Works." The letters did not show that Wycherley had intended to suppress those poems; the only effect of the publication was to prove the vast superiority of the precocious boy-critic, and that the best things in the posthumous Poems had been contributed by Pope.

It has been shown in this journal, and will be but too manifest when the new edition of Pope is published, that Pope took liberties wholly unjustifiable with the correspondence published in 1735; and the Letters to Lord Oxford will show that he was not so scrupulous with regard to the perfect accuracy of the published Letters of Wycherley as might be inferred from his wish to deposit the originals in Lord Oxford's Library; for he (6th of October, 1729) avowed his intention of publishing them, "with proper guard and caution to reserve what should not be published." To what extent such reserve might affect the letters as evidence, must, of course, depend on the integrity of the individual exercising the power of suppression. Pope, unfortunately, had no scruples in such matters; and even in respect to the publication of these Wycherley Letters, the story told to his friends and the public had so much of "reserve," or whatever else Pope might please to call it, that it was positively false.

Pope's request to Lord Oxford was to be allowed to deposit the Wycherley Letters in his Library, and to give leave that it

may be said "the originals are in your library." Lord Oxford was at Wimpole, and Pope had to repeat this request. In the second letter he further develops his plan. "I would not," he writes, "appear myself as publisher of 'em; but any man else may, or even the bookseller, be supposed to have procured copies of 'em formerly or now." On the 9th of October, 1729, Lord Oxford replied: "If you please to have those papers put in a box and left with my porter [at his house in Dover Street], he has orders to put the box into the library, and whatever mention you make of that library I shall be pleased with."

Pope immediately (16th of October, 1729) wrote to thank his Lordship for the kind permission to refer to his Library, "and to mention it in what manner I pleased," and he informs his Lordship that he has "perhaps" exceeded his commission; for in the Preface he has made the publishers say, "that your Lordship permitted them a copy of some of the papers from the Library, where the originals remain as testimonies of the truth." Thus, his Lordship was not only made the unauthorized publisher of these private letters, but a guarantee for the perfect accuracy of that which he had never seen—of the perfect accuracy of what had avowedly been made public with the "reserve" of another man; and of a publication which Pope himself described, when he forwarded a copy to his Lordship (29th of October, 1729), as "strange, jumbled things as they have printed them, of no congruity nor colour, nor quality of any sort." Strange as it may appear, Pope ventured to tell the same story to Swift (28th of November, 1729): "I speak of old Wycherley, some letters of whom (by the bye) and of mine the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I don't much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself."

It is doubtful whether Pope did deposit the originals, or only what professed to be copies of his correspondence.

We are also told in the quarto that the "next year" after the copy of Pope's correspondence was deposited in his friend Lord Oxford's Library, the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley

were published,—thus leading the reader to infer that the letters were deposited in 1727, for the Posthumous Works were published in 1728. We now see that leave so to deposit them was not asked for before the 15th of September, and was not given before the 9th of October, 1729—just twenty days before the publication of the Letters. In the ‘Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope’s Letters have been published’ (1735), the public were led to believe that they had been surreptitiously copied by one or other of the amanuenses employed in copying the Wycherley Letters,—“an amanuensis or two was employed by Mr. Pope when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in town.” This story of the employment of an amanuensis by the Earl of Oxford is consistent with what Pope acknowledges he had, without authority, made the booksellers say in their Preface to the edition of 1729—that “his Lordship had permitted them a copy.” This story is also consistent with, and confirmed by, the letter of P. T. to Curll of the 14th of May, 1735, who therein says, “the old gentleman . . . is no man of quality, but conversant with many; and happening to be concerned with a noble Lord in handing to the press his Letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above.” We now know that this is absolutely false, as proved by Pope’s own letters.

Under these circumstances, and considering how familiar Pope was with the press, we cannot believe that the strange jumbling in the published letters was altogether accidental.

It is a significant fact, that no copy of this edition of 1729 has been found. That it was printed and published, or intended for publication, is beyond question. That a copy was presented by Pope to Lord Oxford, appears by Pope’s letter to Lord Oxford, 29th of October, 1729, and that it was received may be inferred from the following item in the ‘Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ:’—

“1391. Wycherley’s Posthumous Works. 2 vols. 1728.”

The date was, we presume, copied from the title-page of the first volume. It must, however, be observed that the

“Posthumous Works” were announced in the title-page as published “in two parts,” and the second part, although without a separate title-page, is called “Vol. 2.” Pope also wrote to Swift, announcing the publication, and the very day after, the following advertisement appeared in the *Country Journal* (29th November, 1729):—

“This day is published, the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq. In Prose and Verse. The Second Volume. Containing—1. Letters of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope, on several subjects (the former at 70 years of age, the latter at 17).—2. Poems not inserted in the first volume, and others more correct, from original manuscripts in the Harley Library, &c. Printed for J. Roberts,”

Curll certainly once possessed a copy, which he gave to R. S. to show to P. T. (See Narrative, with Curll’s Note, p. 2.)

Was the edition suppressed, in consequence of the objections of Lord Oxford? Curll, we suspect, was not very wide of the truth when, in reference to the edition of 1735, he thus wrote:—

“The plot is now discovered. Lawton Gilliver has declared that you bought of him the remainder of the impression of Wycherley’s Letters, which he printed by your direction in 1728 [1729], and have printed six hundred of the additional letters, with those to Mr. Cromwell, to make up the volume.”

Curll’s statement, taken generally, amounts to this:—that the edition of 1729 had been suppressed, and that some of the copies had been used in the volume, just published (1735), of ‘Mr. Pope’s Literary Correspondence.’

The story would seem incredible, considering how loudly Pope denounced the parties who had stolen copies of his letters and published them; for, if true, they must also have stolen the printed sheets of the Wycherley Letters. Yet, there are circumstances which seem to confirm Curll’s statement. The notes in the first issue of the P. T. edition of 1735 refer more than once to an accompanying edition of Wycherley’s

Posthumous Works. Thus, in reference to Wycherley's paper 'On Dryden,' corrected by Pope, a note informs us that it was—

"The same which was printed in the year 1717, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the present edition of the '*Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.*'" (P. 15.)

Again, on the question of "Wit," with which Wycherley's poem, as published in the first volume of his Posthumous Works, concludes, the note says:—

"This is totally omitted in the present edition." (P. 26.)

—Edition of what? No edition of Wycherley's Posthumous Poems was contained in the edition of 'Mr. Pope's Correspondence,' published in 1735.

A careful examination of some copies of the volume of 1735, —both of that printed for the booksellers and the one for Roberts,—led us to the belief that they contained important evidence in themselves; evidence that the Wycherley Letters were printed on a different paper, and had been printed so long before publication in 1735 that the paper had become discoloured.* Unwilling to hazard an opinion on such a subject, a volume was submitted by us to an experienced stationer,—not hinting an opinion, but simply inquiring whether he could discover any difference between the paper used for the Wycherley and the other letters. The answer was conclusive:—he had no doubt the Wycherley Letters were printed on a different and inferior paper, and that the printing preceded that of the rest of the volume.

The curious story of the Collection of 1735 we shall examine another day. The Swift Letters will come afterwards.

* One letter, June 23, 1705 (manufactured from the Caryll) was certainly printed in 1735 and inserted, and there is a probability that the first sheet was tampered with and probably reprinted.

From the *Athenæum*, September 8, 1860.

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

THE LETTERS OF MR. POPE, 1735.

POPE, as we have shown, denounced the publishers, and asserted by advertisement (April 4) that some of the letters could only have been procured "from his own library, or that of a noble Lord." How obtained Pope was professedly so ignorant, that he offered a reward of twenty guineas if P. T. or R. Smythe, who had, he said, in combination with Curll, printed these letters, would discover to him the whole of this affair. On this, either P. T. or R. Smythe came forward, and gave not only Pope but the public the benefit of confession, by publishing 'A Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been procured.' On this "Narrative" Curll commented; and published, in illustration, the letters which had passed between them, from which letters it appears, as before noticed, that P. T.'s friend, who had furnished the copy of the letters, and had been "concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, got some copies over and above. This accident first put into his head the thought of collecting more." Now the reader is already aware that the noble Lord—Lord Oxford—had nothing whatever to do with handing to the press the Wycherley Letters; but the falsehood agrees with what Pope had "made the Publishers say" in the Preface to the Wycherley Letters six years before—with what he had said in his advertisement—with what was said in the "Narrative." The public were there told that after the publication of the Cromwell Letters,—

"Some of his [Pope's] friends advised him to print a Collection himself to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to. However, as some of the Letters served to revive several past Scenes of Friendship, and others to clear the Truth of Facts in which he had been misrepresented by the common Scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own Letters, as well as of his Friends. These, as I have been

told, he inserted in Two Books, some Originals, others Copies, with a few Notes and Extracts here and there added. In the same Books he caused to be copied some small Pieces in Verse and Prose, either of his own or his Correspondents; which, though not finished enough for the Public, were such as the Partiality of any Friend would be sorry to be deprived of. To this purpose an Amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. *Pope* when the books were in the Country, and by the Earl of *Oxford* when they were in Town. It happened soon after that the Posthumous Works of Mr. *Wycherley* were published, in such a Manner as could no way increase the Reputation of that Gentleman, who had been Mr. *Pope's* first Correspondent and Friend; and several of these Letters so fully showed the State of the Case, that it was thought but a Justice to Mr. *Wycherley's* Memory to print a few to discredit that Imposition. These were accordingly transcribed for the Press from the Manuscript Books above mentioned."

This 'Narrative' the public were led to believe was a mere anonymous publication—a consequence, *Pope* said, of a quarrel among the rogues. But its accuracy was never questioned—no, not even in the Preface to the Quarto; indeed, the explanation there given is occasionally in the very words of the 'Narrative.' *Pope*, in fact, never denied the truth of the 'Narrative,' and he took the benefit of it for some eighteen months—indeed, for ever. After all, the Preface to the Quarto—an edition for which *Pope* received subscriptions—is itself anonymous, the responsibilities for which it would be difficult to fix on any one; for it is sometimes written in the first person singular, at others in the first person plural,—sometimes apparently by the author, at others by the booksellers. We must, therefore, trace out the history of this edition of 1735. It is of interest, not merely for its own curious revelations, but from the fact that many of the letters which, from Warburton to Roscoe, have always been published as *Pope's* letters, rest on no other authority.

From the 'Narrative,' and Curll's Initial Correspondence we learn, as the starting-point of this strange history, that in March, 1733, some person, signing himself E.P., opened a

Correspondence with Curll by sending him anecdotes about Pope for a memoir, which Curll had announced his intention of publishing. On the 11th of October, 1733, P. T. sent more anecdotes, and though P. T. professed to be out of humour with Pope for some personal neglect, these anecdotes were of a character so flattering to Pope's vanity, that Pope himself subsequently adopted and published them, in substance as a note to the Epistle to Arbuthnot. The next Month, November, 1733, P. T. wrote again to Curll and informed him :—

“ there have lately fallen into my hands a large collection of his [Pope's] letters from the former part of his days till the year 1727, which being more considerable than any yet seen, and opening very many scenes new to the world, will alone make a perfect and the most authentic life and memoirs of him that could be. To shew you my sincerity and determinate resolution of assisting you herein, I will give you an advertisement which you may publish, if you please, forthwith, and on your so doing the letters shall be sent to you. They will make a four or five shilling book ; yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or your hands to vouch the truth of them.”

This advertisement Curll did not publish, and the correspondence therefore closed. It is important to observe that this advertisement not merely announced the publication of Pope's letters, but concluded with an important “N.B. The originals will be shewn at E. Curll's when the book is published” —a condition which P. T. could not have complied with,—unless P. T. were Alexander Pope ; for, as Pope declared, the original letters remained long after (in 1735) in his own possession. Such an announcement, therefore, must have been solely intended to damage Curll. Curll manifestly could not publish, for he had neither copies nor originals of Pope's letters. But, on the mere issue of such an advertisement, would not Pope's friends have done what they did when the publication of the Cromwell letters was announced—have advised Pope forthwith “ to print a collection himself to pre-

vent a worse"? We shall see how this, as a probability, works out in the progress of events.

Curll, as we learn from the 'Narrative,' had about him, certain "*Sifters*" who were employed to discover his secrets. It is not improbable that the persons so employed would, on occasion, be *suggesters*. We, however, only know that eighteen months after all communication between Curll and P. T. had ceased, Curll thought, or it was suggested to him, that his difference with Pope "had continued much too long, being almost eight years," and he, therefore, wrote to Pope to that effect, and in proof of his good faith and good feeling, he told Pope of the offer which had been made to him eighteen months before, and inclosed the advertisement which P. T. had sent for insertion in the newspapers.

All communication, be it remembered, between P. T. and Curll had long ceased. Curll had no letters of Pope's, either originals or copies—he had no means of publishing any of Pope's letters—no means of even communicating with P. T. Had Pope, therefore, thrown Curll's letter into the fire, or replied after the usual fashion, the public would not have known that any one had, or even pretended to have, "a large collection of Pope's letters." Pope, however, replied to Curll's letter by public advertisement! All, therefore, that followed was consequent upon Pope's own act. The advertisement itself is so important as to be of necessity reproduced here:—

"Whereas E. C., Bookseller, has written to Mr. P. pretending that a person, the Initials of whose name are P. T., hath offered him to print a large collection of the said Mr. P——'s letters, to which E. C. requires an Answer. This is to certify that Mr. P—— having never had, nor intending ever to have any private Correspondence with E. C. gives his Answer in this Manner. That he knows no such person as P. T.; that he thinks no Man has any such Collection; that he believes the whole a Forgery, and shall not trouble himself about it."

No one reading this advertisement could doubt that Curll

had threatened Pope to publish a large collection of Pope's letters—whereas Curll had only informed him that some person, not known to Curll, had contemplated such a publication some eighteen months before, with which Curll had refused to be concerned, and Curll had now furnished Pope with the possible means of detecting the party, and thereby regaining possession of the manuscripts, if such manuscripts really existed. It is strange, too, that reading, or affecting to read, Curll's letter as an announcement of a forthcoming publication, Pope concludes not with informing all parties concerned that he will assuredly prosecute them; but that he "shall not trouble himself about it"—a sort of licence and authority to do as they pleased.

There are other statements in this advertisement still more strange when interpreted by events. Pope therein tells us that P. T. "hath offered him [Curll] to print" this collection of letters. The expression may be equivocal; but read literally, it means that P. T. had offered to print—to get printed—to deliver printed copies to Curll; whereas P. T. had made no such offer—no offer that could be so interpreted. His words are:—

"I expect no more than will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or in your hands, to vouch for the truth of them."

In what could have originated the equivocal statement in Pope's advertisement, except in the knowledge of a fact, not known to Curll, that P. T. had already printed the collection? Since 1733, when P. T. had offered to get the copies *transcribed*, he had, it subsequently appeared, printed the whole, and was just now in want of a publisher. Respectable booksellers would not embark in so questionable a proceeding as to publish a man's letters—not only without his consent, but in defiance of him and of the law. They might object, as Curll did in 1733, and as Lintot did in 1735, "to deal with a nameless agent." P. T., therefore, was in search of a Curll and something more—a Curll whose courtesies had been flung back in his face—who had been denounced and insulted by

public advertisement—and he must find him, too, at a particular moment of time.

Pope's denunciatory advertisement, we are told in the 'Narrative,' appeared in the *Daily Post Boy* of the 4th of April, and "Curll returned an impertinent answer in the same paper the next day." This is true, but not the whole truth: although the question is not materially affected by the difference. Pope's advertisement first appeared in the *Grub Street Journal* of the 3rd of April; and there can be little doubt that had Curll been left to himself, he would have replied by advertisement, and would have told the plain truth—would have denied any combination with P. T. or any other person—denied that he had threatened to publish a Collection of Pope's Letters, or had any thought or intention, or even the power, of doing so. After the appearance of such a letter from Curll, there would have been no pretext on which the most obliging of friends could suggest to Pope a publication of his own letters "to prevent a worse." It was necessary, therefore, that immediate communication should be had with Curll—that some influence, good or bad, should be exercised over him. By strange accident, no sooner had Pope's advertisement appeared than it was seen by P. T.—P. T. must have written—did write—instantly to the angry Curll, with the intelligence that since the treaty of 1733 had been broken off, he had been persuaded to *print* the letters; and though, of course, a little indignant with Curll for having "betrayed him" to "Squire Pope," yet, as he himself was a good-tempered, placable man, he would still give Curll the preference as publisher, if he would pay the cost of paper and print, and allow him handsomely for the copy. Revenge is sweet. P. T. was heartily welcomed, and on the morning of the 5th of April out came Curll's advertisement. Curll had not on this occasion received a copy of the advertisement which he was to insert, and was therefore under the necessity of so preparing his advertisement that it should reply to Pope; and he now promised, on the authority of P. T. of 1733, that the originals of the collection should be exhibited "in Mr. P.'s own hand," "when printed." All this and the negotiation took place in

one day, according to the 'Narrative'—in two days at the utmost. Pope's advertisement appeared on the 3rd and 4th, and Curll's on the 5th: and in that short interval, by the intervention of P. T., Curll's policy, and, as he thought, his powers of revenge, were changed.

It is a strong circumstance in favour of the conjecture that the statement—P. T. had "offered to print"—originated in a knowledge of the fact that P. T. had already printed, that P. T.'s immediate offer to Curll was of 650 copies—reduced to 600 copies on the 10th of May—"each book to contain 380 pages octavo"; and when the book was published, it was found to contain 378 pages, and, including the bastard title of the first volume, not included in the pagination, exactly 380; and it had been proposed by P. T. that Curll should print the title-page himself. The negotiation now hurried on. Curll was impatient, and P. T. was impatient; but Curll was impatient for the copies, whereas P. T., as in 1733, was impatient only to get Curll committed by an advertisement as to the actual contents of the volume, before he, Curll, had an opportunity of verifying its accuracy. But Curll was cautious; accordingly, a short, squat man in a clergyman's gown—clergymen then commonly wore their gowns—called at Curll's house between nine and ten at night, and showed him "a book in sheets, almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised me the whole at our next meeting." "That Curll gave a true account of the transaction," says Dr. Johnson, "it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected." There is, indeed, no reason to doubt the truth of Curll's statement. All he said, and all he wrote on the subject, was consistent, and, though cavilled at and denounced, was not disproved. He knew Pope's handwriting well—he had the originals of the Cromwell Letters still in his possession. Where, then, did the originals shown to Curll come from? They were avowedly in Pope's possession long after. But they must have been out of his possession and doing service on that memorable evening.

Still Curll remained silent. His advertisement had been merely vague and threatening, and it is evident that he would

not commit himself by assertions as to the contents of the volume until he had copies of the work in his possession. P. T. and R. S. still continue to urge forward—"get the titles printed with all expedition"—the letters must come out "forth-with," but always with the same cuckoo questioning—"Why do you not advertise?" Still no advertisement appeared. A few copies of the work were, therefore, delivered to Curll, and then, on the morning of the 12th of May, the advertisement appeared, announcing the publication "This day." On "this day" Curll had been promised two hundred more copies. About one o'clock Smythe sent for him to the Standard Tavern in Leicester Fields. "We had not been together half an hour," says Curll, "before two porters brought to the tavern five bundles of books upon a horse, which R. S. told me came by water. He ordered the porters to carry them to my house, and my wife took them in."

Curll's advertisement, drawn out, as he said, by instructions of P. T., had announced among other letters some from certain "Lords." The publication of the letters of "Lords" was, it appeared, a breach of privilege, and the advertisement had been brought under notice in the House of Lords on the morning of its appearance, the 12th, the very morning R. Smythe had arranged to deliver copies. The copies, the horse-load, sent forward from Leicester Fields to Curll's house, must have arrived there about two o'clock, and so soon as received by Mrs. Curll, and before a single bale had been opened, the whole were seized by messengers from the House of Lords, and Curll was summoned to attend the House the next day. It is a fact which must not be overlooked, that had the messenger entered Curll's house one half hour earlier, there would not have been a single copy on the premises; for Curll had received but fifty copies, and had sold them all, as he stated in his examination.*

It is a proof of the electric speed with which everything became known in relation to these proceedings, that Curll's

* The subject was brought under the consideration of the House by the Earl of Islay, Pope's neighbour. There is a Poem in Hanbury Williams (also in Chesterfield) 'On the Earl of Islay altering his Gardens at Whitton.'

advertisement announcing among the contents of the volume the letters of "Lords" was published on the morning of the 12th, that on the morning of the 12th it was read and denounced in the House of Lords, the debate on the subject was over, the Usher of the Black Rod had been ordered to seize the impressions of the book, and the copies had been seized all before two o'clock on the 12th. P. T. was instantly informed of everything, and R. Smythe knew of the seizure the very same day, for the next morning he condoled with Curll, told him of the active measures which *had been* taken consequent on the seizure, and instructed him as to what he should tell the "Lords":—

"Whatever questions the Lords ask you will answer no more than thus: *that you had the Letters from different Hands, some of which you paid for; that you printed these, as you did Mr. Cromwell's before, without Mr. Pope's ever gainsaying it; and that as to the originals many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily.*"

Fortunately for Curll he did not attend to instructions, but told the exact truth; and as there were no letters from "Lords" in the volumes seized, and as he did not pretend that he had any in his possession, he was dismissed, and the seized copies ordered by the Committee, at its adjourned meeting, the 15th, to be returned.

In the advertisement published by Curll, and, as he said, copied from one shown to him for the purpose of being copied—in conformity with the instructions of 1733—and on the strength of the dozen original letters which he had seen, and the promise of all, Curll had ventured to say that the original MSS. might be seen at his house. Smythe had instructed Curll to tell the "Lords" "*that as to the originals many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily;*" and yet Smythe now tells him:—

"It is well that an accident hinders you at present from the originals, which now they would seize. P. T. thinks it was indiscreet to advertise the originals so very quick as the first

Day, until you actually had them, which by his own falling ill he could not come at so soon in the place where they lay."

No doubt Curll himself began to think that he had acted indiscreetly, for already P. T. was ill, and could not "come at" the originals; and within a few days he was so dissatisfied with Curll that it was doubtful to Smythe whether he ever would send the originals; and, of course, he never did."

It was professedly of the utmost consequence to P. T. and R. Smythe that Pope should not see a line of their correspondence with Curll:—

"The Clergyman you saw will bring you the books, to whom I insist you will deliver my former letters concerning Mr. Pope, whom I must be concealed from; and he tells me you had written an advertisement of Mr. Pope's life, in which if you insert any one circumstance of what I told you in a private Letter I shall be discovered, and exposed to his Resentment. I insist, on your honor, in returning them therefore."

So wrote P. T. Yet all the dangerous and damaging letters were no sooner received from Curll than they, or copies,* were in the possession of Cooper, the bookseller, and within the power of Pope, for Cooper was at this moment in friendly relations with Pope; he was not only the publisher of the 'Narrative,' but of an edition of Pope's Letters, which edition, though it appeared to be but another surreptitious edition, was, we know, at least "connived at" by Pope, as he was forced to acknowledge to his legal adviser, Fortescue, when Cooper was threatened with a prosecution by Curll. The last letter of Smythe to Curll is dated the 17th of May, and on the 24th it was announced that, "the Clergyman concerned with P. T. and Edmund Curll to publish Mr. Pope's Letters hath

* The *originals* of Curll's letters were in possession of Cooper, for not only the Advertisement but the title-page of the 'Narrative' published by Cooper (Mr. Thoms has a copy) sets forth: "N.B. The original papers, in *Curll's own hand*, may be seen at T. Cooper's."

discovered the whole transaction, and a Narrative of the same will be speedily printed."

We come now to the Preface to the Quarto edition of these Letters published in 1737.

It would be difficult—indeed impossible—if Pope desired to evade responsibility, to fix the statements in that Preface on him. It is equally difficult to separate what is said in it in relation to the publication of 1735, from what is said of, or may be applied to, the publication of the Cromwell Letters of 1726, the Wycherley Letters, the letters published in the second and subsequent volumes by Curll of what he called Pope's Correspondence; but notwithstanding the vague talk, on this and other occasions, about letters which "no man of common sense would have published," the authenticity of not one single letter is denied or questioned!

If we might rely on the account of the publications given in the Preface to the Quarto edition, 1737, no such good fortune ever attended any other man. Pope prepared the correspondence; Pope selected the letters worthy of publication, and destroyed the remainder; Pope wrote notes; Pope inserted bits of poetry; somebody then stole copies of all, and published all, and so strictly in conformity with his intentions and wishes, that when he published his own Quarto in 1737, he left the wrong addresses, the false dates, and the "cooking" untouched, of the large extent and of the significant character of which we have already adduced proof. The omissions, indeed, in the Quarto made the collections less to Pope's taste than the surreptitious edition, for he secretly, but immediately, in 1737, reproduced the whole through the agency of Cooper. The following is from an advertisement in the *Daily Post* of the 7th of June, 1737:—

"This day is published, price 6s. (Beautifully printed in the same Letter with his other Works). * * Letters of Mr. Pope &c. In this Impression are contained all the Letters of the Author's own Edition, exactly printed from thence, with all that are genuine from the other impressions, more correct, and several never before published."

Pope left a copy of this edition, as we must believe, to his literary executor, Warburton, who had implicit faith in its accuracy, and therefore introduced all the letters from the surreptitious editions into his own—introduced even the Notes, and affixed “P.” as the initial of the writer—and they have ever since been republished without one word of caution.

Curll, it is obvious, had no more to do with the publication than any other bookseller who sold it; but Curll was a man of doubtful reputation, easily played upon, who had long been at open variance with Pope; and it was of the utmost importance to keep the public on a wrong scent. Nothing but stolen copies, and ignorant surreptitious editions could explain to correspondents, still living, the misdirection and mutilation of their letters. In proof, not one letter in the whole collection of 1735 was addressed to Pope's old Catholic friends, the Carylls, who had contributed so many: the nearest approach to the name was, “From J. C. Esq.,” “To Mr. C—,” “To the Hon. —,” and half-a-dozen “To the Hon. J. C. Esq.,” which, of course, the public interpreted, as Roscoe did, to mean “The Hon. James Craggs,” and the more naturally, as one of the letters was formally addressed “To the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.,” although Craggs never was “the Honorable,” and Caryll's pretensions to the courtesy were unknown, except to a few Catholics and Jacobites. Others of the Caryll letters were on publication addressed, as will appear in the forthcoming edition, to Addison, to Congreve, to Steele, to Trumbull, and like distinguished persons. Yet Caryll, though ill and seventy years of age, was still living.

Pope, however, promised what might be considered a remedy for these wrongs, an edition of his own, “with all convenient speed;” but though speed was, under circumstances, essential, there was no movement towards a publication until after his friend, Caryll, was dead and buried, 17th of April, 1736.* Then, indeed, and within a fortnight, Pope wrote to Allen of

* So on Tuesday, *April*, 1736, to Fortescue: “I send you the Papers, &c. Give rec^d in this form, &c. Rec^d of — 1 Guin. for Pope's *Wks. in prose*, which if impression does not go, I promise to return Midsummer next.”

Bath—"I have yet heard little of the subscriptions"—subscriptions, says Warburton, for his own edition of the Letters. Not a letter afterwards without reference to this subject. On June the 5th, Pope announces that he "will publish in the News next winter the Proposals." On the 14th of September, 1736, he wrote to Slingsby Bethel—"If any subscribers to my Prose Works [the Letters] have fallen in your way (of which Mr. [Hugh] Bethel lately sent me his list) be pleased to tell me." But he did not wait either for winter or for the publication of the Proposals; for on the 6th of November he announces to Allen that the work is "three quarters printed."

Let us now consider what apparent security we have for the authenticity of the letters so published. So far as the Wycherley and Cromwell Letters are concerned we have discussed the question. But the depositing of the Wycherley Letters in Lord Oxford's library was merely an incident—urgent because those letters were to be immediately published. Pope's request, however, was general. On Sept. the 15th, 1729, he asked for leave to deposit "some original papers and letters both of my own and some of my friends." The Wycherley Letters, or copies, were said to be ready, and we will assume deposited; but Pope adds:—

"As the rest of the work that I told you of (that of collecting the papers and letters of many other correspondents) advances now to some bulk, I think more and more of it as finding what a number of facts they will settle the truth of, both relating to history and criticism, and points of private life and character of the eminent men of my time. And really, my Lord, I am in hopes that I shall in this make you no disagreeable and invaluable present to your Manuscript Library."

Here, then, we have proof that at the time P. T.'s friend was professedly "concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Mr. Wycherley," by which means he obtained possession of the letters or copies of the letters published in 1735, the noble Lord had not possession of—had not even seen "the rest of the work"—the general correspondence. Let us, however, assume for a

moment the truth of the assertions in the 'Narrative.' It is obvious that P. T.'s friends could not in 1729 have obtained either letters or copies of letters written later than 1729, and yet the volume contains four letters of a later date; and one, the letter from Arbuthnot, of July the 17th, 1734. As Arbuthnot only died on the 27th of February, 1735, the insertion of this letter must have been decided on at the last moment—so late, indeed, that Pope had not time to write, or had not, perhaps, thought of the admirable answer which he *could* write, and which answer, therefore, first appeared in the Quarto of 1737:—the answer which he *did* write will appear in Mr. Murray's edition.

When the general correspondence was deposited in the Harley Library, we know not—of what it consisted, we know not. From the first letter to Oxford we ought to infer that it was made up of "*original papers and letters*;" but the 'Narrative' says "some originals, some copies," and in the Quarto we are informed that Mr. Pope "lay'd by the originals, * * and caused a *copy* to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend." This is confirmed by a letter from Pope to Lord Oxford, of March 3, 1734-5—a very important letter; for it is proof that, whether originals or copies had been deposited, they were that day asked for, and removed from his Lordship's custody, and never, we believe, returned:—

"TWITNAM, March 3, 1734-5.

"I beg your Lordship to give the bearer, my waterman, the bound book of copies of letters, which I want to inspect for a day or two."

In that same month, the "Sifters," as we believe, commenced their operations. Curll was persuaded to attempt—certainly did attempt—a reconciliation. Pope denounced him by public advertisement—P. T. came to the rescue, and, within two months, these letters were published! The inference is obvious; but what we desire to impress on the reader is that if Pope, even from the first, meant to act honestly, why did he not, according to his declared intention, deposit the originals of these letters in Lord Oxford's Library;

why did he destroy the originals, or, in his own phrase, lay them by so carefully that no one ever saw them, and not one has ever been found? If the "copies" were truthful, why, when the originals were professedly in his own hands, apply to Lord Oxford, and remove those copies from his library? and by what chance, or under what circumstances, should he want to inspect those copies "for a day or two," just when some unknown and never known person had the intention and the means, and was about to publish them? and why did he not return those copies which it was essential to his honour and the vindication of his character, if the publication were as false and objectionable as he led the public to believe, should be available for reference and in proof?

In another letter of the 17th of June, 1735, Pope asked for the last fragment of the sacred deposit which, we are told, was to settle the truth of so many facts relating to history and criticism, and the characters of eminent men.

"I recollect that your Lordship has still in your custody the brouillons of verses, and some letters of Wycherley I think, in a red leather case with your arms upon it. I beg also that I may have it."

By what agents Pope carried on his negotiations with Curll may never be known. Dr. Johnson said, that "James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll," in other words, that he was the R. Smythe of the 'Narrative.' Dr. Johnson's objection to Worsdale's evidence is of no more force than it would be against the like evidence of any other person. That the agent employed was a disreputable fellow is proved by his being engaged in such a transaction; and certainly no man who had a regard for truth would have played a part of which falsehood was the very element and life.

The character of Worsdale seems to strengthen the probabilities of his being the man. Worsdale, though passing as a colour-grinder's son, is said by some of his contemporaries to

have boasted that he was the natural son of Sir Godfrey Kneller. Walpole says that he was a pupil of Kneller's, and married Kneller's wife's niece without their consent. In either case, he would have been well known to Pope: and if an anecdote told by Horace Walpole, who also knew Worsdale, be true, he painted for Pope half-a-dozen copies of a portrait of Atterbury, which Pope gave to different friends. As this would probably have been after Atterbury's death,—1732—it brings Pope and Worsdale into close connexion about the time of the surreptitious printing and publication of the Letters. Worsdale, an artist by education, was an actor by choice, and although he occasionally followed his profession, he really lived as a dramatic author and actor. Foote thought highly of him as an actor, selected him to play Lady Pentweazle in his comedy of 'Taste,' and made him a present of the piece and the profits. 'The Memoirs of Mrs. Pilkington,'—Swift's Mrs. Pilkington, who appears to have lived, or, as she gives us to believe, starved, with Worsdale—is full of disreputable anecdotes about him. Dr. Johnson speaks of him as a man "employed in clandestine negotiations." This is true; negotiations and personations from which honest men shrink instinctively were the delight of his life. One remarkable instance of personation runs so exactly parallel to this with Curll that it tends strongly to confirm Worsdale's statement. When an attempt was made to extort money from the Hon. Edward Walpole, the second son of the first Earl of Orford, it was thought to be good policy to get some one to introduce himself to the conspirators, and to the required extent to become a conspirator, that they might obtain evidence against the parties, and Worsdale was the man selected. Worsdale passed among them as "Counsellor Johnson," and soon brought the plot to a close—apprehended the parties, who were forthwith tried and convicted; and Worsdale, we are told, in giving evidence "acted with so much life and spirit the several parts he had performed during the time of sifting out the mystery, as gave no small diversion to the Court."

This shows that Worsdale was the very man for Pope's purpose, and that Worsdale's friends knew it, and knew him

to be unscrupulous. But we have not only Worsdale's acknowledgment, as mentioned by Johnson, but as confirmed by Faulkner, the Dublin printer, who told Dr. Birch :—

“Worsdale the painter was employed by Pope to go to Curll in the habit of a clergyman and sell him the printed copies of his letters.”

This, it is probable, Faulkner had direct from Worsdale, for Worsdale was, at one time, an actor at the Dublin theatre, while Faulkner was proprietor and printer of a Dublin newspaper.*

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

THE WORKS OF A. POPE, IN PROSE, 1741.

THE history of this publication, collected from Pope and his contemporaries, has never been questioned. Pope's first biographer, Ruffhead, writing under the direction of Warburton, tells us that nothing affected Pope more than the publication of his letters to Swift, “which were published without his consent, and, what is more strange, with the Dean's concurrence and approbation.” The last of Pope's biographers confirms this :—“A severe shock,” he says, “was given to Pope's most cherished feelings by the publication in Dublin, of the correspondence with Swift.” Pope himself wrote to Allen to the same effect :—

* It may be well briefly to show the order of publication of these several editions of 1735, and how they may be distinguished. The first issue had a notice of *errata*, which does not appear in the second ; but all the *errata* pointed out and existing in the Wycherley of the first issue—the Wycherley of 1729—are corrected in the second issue ; but the *errata* of the remaining part of the volume are not corrected. This reprinting of the Wycherley Letters enforced a change in the pagination, which differs throughout.

All the copies we have seen with Curll's name as publisher, are reprints from the second issue of the edition “printed for the Booksellers,” and, indeed, Curll first announced his intention to reprint in his letter to the “Lords,” of the 22nd of May.

“My vexation about Dean Swift’s proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it.” [Ruffhead, 467.]

So he wrote to Warburton (4th of February, 1740-1) :—

“My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed, in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done.”

These vexations Pope resolved to make known to the public. Pope, or, to speak by the card, the “*Booksellers*,” tells us, in the advertisement prefixed to the Quarto, 1741, that it was printed from an impression *sent from Dublin*, and said to be printed by the Dean’s direction, and that Mr. Pope, naturally indignant at such publication “begun without our author’s knowledge, and not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal, * * would not be prevailed upon to revise those letters, but gave us a few more of the Dean’s, a little to clear up the history of their publication, which [history] the reader may see in one view if he only observes the passages marked with commas in Letters 75, 77, 81, 84, 86, 87, 88 of this Book”—that is, of the Quarto.*

As the passages were marked with commas, expressly to clear up the history of the publication, it follows that we have in those passages what we may call, after the fashion of 1735, “A True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope’s letters” to Dean Swift “have been published.”

The first of these letters so marked (No. 75) is from Swift to Pope, and dated the 3rd of September, 1735. We must, however, direct attention to a passage in it, not marked with commas, from which it appears that the Dean’s letter was an

* Only three of *these letters*—No. 77, 87, and 88 were given by Pope for that purpose—but all had passages marked with commas. Other letters were given by Pope.

answer to one from Pope received "two months ago," in which Pope had complained of the publication of his letters "by that profligate fellow, Curll"—further, that the letter from Pope was not published—further still, that of all the urgent and anxious letters professedly written to the Dean on this subject not one was published; that between the 19th of December, 1734, and the 30th of December, 1736, only three letters from Pope appear in the Quarto, and in those letters there is no reference whatever to the subject. Our knowledge, therefore, of the feelings and wishes of Pope must be collected at second-hand from the passages in Swift's letters "marked with commas." In the passages so marked, Swift tells Pope (September the 3rd, 1735):—

"You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me."

On the 21st of October:—

"You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them; but have ordered my executors to do that office."

We learn by letter of the 22nd of April, 1736, that the Dean began to yield to Pope's importunity:—

"As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my Will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. These things are all tied up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more."

It subsequently appears that Swift's "cabinet" was no security; for, as Lord Orrery said, in his pleadings with Swift

for Pope's letters to be returned, "the Devil thrusts himself into the most private cabinets." Curll, it appeared, had already obtained two of these letters,—one from Pope and one from Lord Bolingbroke,—and had informed the public that these two and several others had been transmitted to him from Ireland.*

Why Curll gave this public notice, it is difficult to conjecture; he did not publish the "several others," and the announcement, by frightening Swift, would close the door against all hope of more such treasures. Such was Pope's professed alarm, that, as he wrote to Swift on the 30th of December, 1736, he was obliged to detain his letters until he could find some safe conveyance—though how a safe conveyance could insure safe preservation, it is difficult to understand. It is worth notice, too, that these two letters, as they are called, were in fact but one letter—a joint letter—and must, therefore, have passed through the hands of Pope. [See letters to Swift, 12th of January, 1723.] †

This story, however, is consistent—Pope's horror of publication—his "anxiety," as he wrote to Allen, to stop or retard it—a publication begun, as the Quarto says, without his knowledge, and persevered in after his positive refusal, is so clearly made out as to justify the biographers in speaking of the mortification he felt at such publication, and the severe shock that it was to his feelings.

We must, however, remember that this is Pope's published version of the story; and as we have proved in respect to the publication of the Wycherley Letters, and shown in respect to the publication of his general correspondence in 1735, Pope was not very exact, or very scrupulous in his statements on such occasions. Let us, therefore, look at the question from another point of view, and see if it be possible to reconcile Pope's version with Pope's conduct—horror of publication with the fact that Pope had asked of Swift for the return of his letters expressly

* Two were published by Curll,—the Quartos, and down to Roscoe, but a joint letter as we now know and the Table of Contents, calls Bolingbroke's letter, "a Postscript" to Pope's. See † below.

† So dated in the second Quarto, but *August* in the first Quarto.

that he might publish them in his Quarto of 1737! What follows is Pope's account of his own and the Dean's conduct in respect to the letters, given confidentially to Lord Orrery, (March, 1736-7) when his Lordship, at Pope's request, was soliciting the Dean to return them:—

“I think in this I made the Dean so just a request that I beg your Lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of Letters, to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these; nor do I think any part of my correspondence would do me a greater honor, and be really a greater pleasure to me than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this.”

The “excessive earnestness” to publish was, it now appears, on Pope's side, and the objections were on the Dean's.

The Dean, indeed, had not only refused to sanction the publication, but to put it in Pope's power to publish, by refusing to return the letters. He was now, however, getting feeble—was puzzled and perplexed by Pope's importunity—frightened by Curll's publication of two letters professedly “received from Ireland,” and obtained, as he was led to believe, out of his own cabinet—and at length he gave a reluctant consent to Lord Orrery that Pope's letters should be returned. Lord Orrery, in a letter of the 18th of March, 1736-7, informs Swift that he had lost no time in letting Pope know the Dean's resolution—that he himself would leave for England in June, so that “you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you may think fit to send him,” and that he “should think himself particularly fortunate to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of.” From a subsequent letter of the 3rd of April, 1737, from Orrery to Swift, we may infer Swift's reply:—

“You tell me I am to carry a load for you to England. * * In the middle of June I set sail.”

This load, it may be assumed, is described in Swift's letter to Pope of the 31st of May, 1737 :

"All the letters I can find of yours I have fast'ned in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed. But, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies, and yet I keep them with all possible care. * * However, what I have are not much above sixty."

Lord Orrery did "set sail" about the time mentioned, and on the 23rd of July, 1737, he thus reported to Swift how he had disposed of his "load" :—

"Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo, Mrs. Barber her Conversation, and *Mr. Pope his letters*. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham. The *olim meminisse* will be our feast."

At that time Swift's fine mind was giving way. It is generally agreed, by those who had personal opportunities of observing him, that in the summer and autumn of 1736 he suffered greatly. He was long after, no doubt, capable at times, and for a time, of writing letters, and of delighting friends ; but then came a collapse ; his memory was gone ; and these attacks became more frequent and severe until mind and memory were alike overthrown. Assuming the accuracy of the dates of Swift's letters, which we shall do,—though Pope never hesitated to alter a date if it would serve his purpose,—this want of memory is manifest enough in Swift's letters to Pope published in the Quarto, and avowedly contributed by Pope. Thus, in one dated 23rd of July, 1737—the very day when Lord Orrery announced from London, "Mr. Pope has his letters"—Swift wrote to Pope, Lord Orrery "goes over in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours." Again, and thirteen months after Lord Orrery had delivered the letters to Pope, he wrote :—

"I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have favour'd me with these twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W.,—a very worthy, rational,

and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease."

Whether Pope, through Lord Orrery, had been endeavouring to discover the missing six years' letters, and honestly thought that they might be inclosed in these sealed bundles, we know not; but we have no doubt of the truth of Mrs. Whiteway's assurance that she had none of them. In fact, except as to the six years, she could not, for they had been for more than a twelvemonth in Pope's possession. As to the chasm of six years, the letters were never recovered: there is just such a chasm in the published correspondence from June, 1716, to January,* 1723; and it is not improbable that in a fit of abstraction Swift may have burnt them when, as Mrs. Whiteway informs us, he burnt most of his unpublished writings. [Mrs. W. to Pope, 16th of May, 1740.]

Mrs. Whiteway, indeed, Swift's first cousin, and a devoted friend of the Dean's, was anxious that nothing should be done by the Dean in a moment of forgetfulness that could be open to objection. She was roused at Pope's applications, frightened at possible consequences, was watchful on the subject, and not without success. In May, 1740, she thus wrote to Pope:

"I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself, and believe it may be Mr. McAuley, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendship to the Prince of Wales."

These were, no doubt, the letters received after May or June, 1737, and one which had been overlooked when the general collection was transmitted to Pope. [Mrs. W. to Lord Orrery.]

We have now clear evidence that Pope had received his

* January is the date of the second Quarto, *August* of the first Quarto, and the latter is probably correct, or July, when B. was in England. He arrived towards the end of June, 1723. It is the only letter published in nine years, and at the time of publication by Curl Pope did not know of the chasm.

letters from Swift through Lord Orrery in July, 1737. The letters, subsequently written, Mrs. Whiteway had collected for Pope, as she announced in her letter to him of the 16th of May, 1740; but she had not found a safe hand to deliver them so late as the spring of 1741, as appears by her letter to Lord Orrery—not, therefore, till too late for publication in the Quarto of 1741*; and it is a significant fact, as bearing on the question of first publication, that there is not a single letter from Pope to Swift published in either the London or Dublin editions of a later date than the 23rd of March, 1736-7. Not a suspicion, however, of the return of his letters can be gleaned or inferred from “the history of the publication” to be found in the passages “marked with commas,” or any passages to be found in any letters published in the Quarto.

These facts were at least known to Mrs. Whiteway, and to her son-in-law, Mr. D. Swift; and if any story had been circulated, as of old, about copies stolen from the Deanery, these persons would for their own honour have stated them publicly, and Pope could not have denied that all the published letters were, or had been, in his own possession. We have evidence that the moment publication was mentioned people did begin to talk, and Pope's friend Allen hinted what their suspicions were, or would be. It is strange that the letter to which we shall now refer was not published by Warburton in his own edition of Pope's letters to Allen in 1751, but in Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, 1769, five-and-twenty years after Pope's death. The date probably about December, 1740, or January, 1740-1:

“As to your apprehension that any suspicion may arise of my own being any way consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you the whole thing is so circumstanced, and so plain, that it can never be the case.”

This letter contains a curious history of the proceedings of the

* Lord Orrery's letter to Mrs. W. authorising his agent to receive is dated—y^e 2, 1740-1. This must have been *February or January*, and he had already read the “*printed collection*.” He had *since his* arrival in London seen Pope—that is, before 22 March—and on the 15 April the Quarto was on sale.

assumed Dublin printers, which indeed seems to develop itself in the very *progress* of writing, for at starting we learn that—

“they [the printers] at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I *revised it*.”

Further overtures must have been received, for he adds, in the same letter:—

“They now offer to send me the *originals* (which have been so long detained), and I’ll accept of them (though they have done their job), that they may not have them to produce against me in case there be any offensive passages in them.”

In a paragraph extracted from a letter written “some months afterwards,” Pope informs Allen:—

“It will please you to know that I have received the packet of letters from Ireland safe, by the means of Lord Orrery.”

This may have been a fact—he may have received “from Ireland,” through Lord Orrery, the additional letters which Mrs. Whiteway had collected for him; for in her letter to Lord Orrery, written about 1740-1, she says:—

“I shall not hesitate one moment to send your Lordship Mr. Pope’s letters, as likewise that from Bath. * * If your Lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman, with a line under your hand, to call for them.”

Lord Orrery, in reply, thanked Mrs. Whiteway for her “obliging offer of returning my letters, together with those designed for Mr. Pope,” and he sent his agent, Mr. Ellis, to receive them, giving Mrs. Whiteway these instructions:—

“The parcel for Mr. Pope I desire may be sealed up by you; but I could wish to see the letter from Bath, if you thought proper; if you enclose it to me, I will lose no time in forwarding it to Mr. Pope.”

Here we have notice of three distinct things—the letters of

Lord Orrery, the letters of Pope, and "the letter from Bath." This "letter from Bath" was obviously not one of Pope's acknowledged letters, although Pope was in some way interested in it, and to him it was to be returned. We shall hear more, from Faulkner, concerning this letter.

Mrs. Whiteway had refused to send the letters of Pope by post; for she had been led to believe it was dangerous, and no doubt so led by Pope's repeated assertions on the subject: she had objected to send them by Mr. Nugent's mother, because, as she says, Pope had approved of her sending them by Mr. McAuley. Mr. McAuley, however, had been detained in Dublin, and she now offered them to Lord Orrery, on condition that he, under his hand, should authorize the party to receive them. Not a word of this is to be learnt from the Quarto; there Lord Orrery concludes his search after the letters—the missing six years, as we suppose,—in 1738.

Pope told Allen that he had been "fretted" and "employed" with a great deal of writing to Ireland on the subject of this publication. He regrets that he could not show Allen what the "Dean's people, the women, the booksellers, have done and *writ*;" and yet, anxious as he was to "clear up the history of the publication," he never named either bookseller, or printer, or woman, or ever published one of their letters. The correspondence in the Quarto of 1741 concludes with a letter of the 4th of October, 1738. It is true one letter to Mrs. Whiteway has since been published—in 1767, long after Pope's death; and we find a mention of Faulkner in a letter to Mr. Nugent published more than a hundred years after Pope's death. Why were not these interesting letters from the Dean's people, the women, the booksellers, the printers published? Had they been, it is obvious that a word of explanation from Mrs. Whiteway would have shown that Pope had got back all the letters published in the Quarto—that all this correspondence, whether more or less, related to a few letters written after June, 1737, or the missing six years' letters, neither of which were published.

We shall now produce evidence of a wholly independent character, in proof that Pope had got possession of the letters

to Swift. It is stated incidentally in a note to the Quarto (p. 181) that Swift's letters to Gay were returned to Swift after Gay's death, and we learn from Mr. Croker (*Notes and Queries*, v. X. p. 148), that the letter published in the Quarto from Swift to Gay of the 23rd of November, 1727, is in fact a combination of two different letters, neither of them of that date—which is manifest, as he points out, by internal evidence. How did Mr. Croker become aware of the fact? Because, as he tells us, he found copies of some of the letters printed in the Quarto of 1741, at Longleat. How these letters came to Longleat we know not—if through the marriage of the Earl of Bath with the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Portland, only child of Edward Earl of Oxford, they must have been deposited in the Harleian Library before the 16th of June, 1741, when Lord Oxford died. The existence of these copies is evidence that some of Swift's letters had got back to England—got back, we say, to Pope.

It may be suggested that Pope received the letters from the Dublin printers; but how could the Dublin printers, even assuming publication to have been with the consent of the Dean, have got possession of Swift's letters to Pope? It is not to be believed that Swift had all his life kept copies of his letters—letters written often on the spur of the moment, or the mere impulse of friendly good will. In a letter to Atterbury of July the 18th, 1717, Swift said "I keep no copies of letters." This difficulty or improbability struck Mrs. Whiteway at once: "I do not believe," she says, in a letter to Lord Orrery, "they were taken here [in Dublin]. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your Lordship, the Dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters [his letters to Pope] for these twelve years past to my knowledge, or [of his own letters] to anybody else, * * those to Mr. Pope, I saw him write and send off immediately." Mrs. Whiteway says further that it "was not from this quarter," i. e. not from Dublin, that Mr. Pope had been ill-used; he "must have been betrayed by *his English servants*, who have * * a nearer way of making money of them than ours have." To this Lord Orrery replies, "I should think with you, madam, *that some of Mr.*

Pope's servants had stolen them, did not," &c.; and he gives reasons that there many letters appear from other people to the Dean, &c., &c. The only letters from 'other people' are from Gay and Bolingbroke, both of whom wrote joint letters with Pope, and whose letters were therefore probably tied up together and the whole bundle returned together. If this be a reasonable explanation, then Lord Orrery agrees with Mrs. Whiteway that Pope's "servants," &c., or as we say Pope.* Further, it was too late after the letters were printed, which Pope states was the condition of their return, to tamper with them. And why, as in 1735, were copies, and not the original letters, deposited? And why were the originals destroyed? We must repeat here that no reason suggests itself to us, but that the copies were, as in 1735, doctored, or in modern phrase, "cooked." We have the evidence of Mr. Croker that the copies themselves were "cooked" a second time before publication; and as these twice cooked were produced, or reproduced, in the Quarto, it must have been done much to the taste of Pope; for he could have reproduced the originals verbatim, or at least the once-cooked letters.

Now, a few concluding words as to the facts of publication—whether first in Dublin or in London. Some readers may remember the well-planned mystification in respect to the publication of the *Dunciad*, which puzzled Mr. Croker—(see letters signed C. in *Notes and Queries*), who long maintained, and was never quite satisfied to the contrary, that the *Dunciad*, as professed, was first published in Dublin.

That the Swift and Pope letters were first published in Dublin has never been doubted by any of the Pope or Swift editors. It is, however, just worth notice that in the Bill which Pope, on the 4th of June, 1741, filed against Curll for piratically publishing these letters, Pope makes no reference to a prior publication in Dublin; but simply asserts that Curll, combining with divers persons, has printed these letters, which are the property of Pope, and that he, Pope, has never disposed of the copyright; and Curll, in his answer, says only

* But observe they do agree that Pope's servants might have got all S. to P. and P. to S. How, if they had not been returned to Pope?

that *he is informed and believes* that the said letters were first printed in Dublin by Mr. Geo. Faulkner, as *it is said*, by direction of Dr. Swift. Against Curll's hearsay evidence we are enabled to produce Faulkner's own testimony, and shall do so.

Incidentally we get a glimmer of light from the last note on the last letter of the Quarto. Mr. D. Swift, who had married Mrs. Whiteway's daughter, knew as much on this subject as his mother-in-law, and more than any other person; and he, it appears, "insisted upon writing a preface" to, as will appear hereafter, the Dublin edition of the Letters, "to justify Mr. P. from any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the Printers in London!" This, we are told, Mr. Pope would not agree to, "as not knowing the truth of the fact." Of what fact? That the publication was owing to the corrupt practices of the printers in London? Why, he knew that the Quarto was the first publication of the letters in London, and that it was professedly "copied from an impression sent from Dublin." Mr. Swift's history of the publication would, therefore, have been quite "another guess" sort of history to that put forth in the "passages marked with commas." Mr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway knew that the letters could not have been first printed in Dublin unless copies had been sent from London; they knew, indeed, that they were not first printed in Dublin, and Mr. Swift re-asserted this forty years after in a letter to Mr. Nichols:

"I could tell you, if it were worth while, how Faulkner came to publish four first volumes of Swift's Works, and afterwards the two next, having had the whole story from his own mouth. And now I mention Faulkner's publication, *I can say with truth that I am the only person now living who can give a clear and full account how Faulkner's seventh volume, that is how Swift and Pope's correspondence, came to be, not first printed, but first published, in Ireland, which as it happens to be a very singular and laughable story, I shall perhaps take some notice of hereafter.*"

When the reader is informed that the words "not *first*

printed” were marked in italics by Mr. Swift, he will admit that Mr. Swift has told all that we care to know, or desire to prove. Respecting the priority of *publication*, Mr. Swift’s words may be thought equivocal; but we have direct testimony on the subject, and the best. Faulkner, the publisher of the Dublin edition, told Dr. Birch (Birch MSS., Brit. Mus., No. 4244, p. 38)—

“Mr. Pope sent to Ireland to Dr. Swift, by Mr. Gerrard, an Irish gentleman, then at Bath, a *printed copy of their letters* with an anonymous letter, which occasioned Dr. Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them at Dublin, *though Mr. Pope’s edition was published first.*”

Here, then, we have the Dublin publisher of the Letters acknowledging that the Dean received “a printed copy of the Letters” from Mr. Pope, and that “Mr. Pope’s edition was published first.” These are facts about which he could not be mistaken.

The Dean, we know, from letters since published, had given this Mr. Gerrard a letter of introduction to Pope, and he was in London and in communication with Pope in April, 1740, and in May he was at Bath, and then about to return to Dublin, and had so informed Pope.

We have proof, in a letter from Pope to Mr. Nugent, afterwards Lord Clare, not published till 1849, (*Gent. Mag.*), that Faulkner, in August, 1740, had told Pope substantially the very story which he afterwards told Dr. Birch:—

“Last week I rec^d an acct from Faulkner, the Dublin Bookseller, that the Dean himself has given him a collection of Letters of his own, and mine, and others, to be printed, [from a printed copy] and he civilly asks my consent, assuring me the d. declares them genuine, and that Mr. Swift, Mrs. White-way’s son-in-law, will correct y^e press, out of his great respect to the dean and myself! He says they were *collected by some unknown persons*, and the copy sent with a letter importing that it was criminal to suppress such an amiable picture of the dean, and his private character appearing in those letters, and

that if he would not publish them in his lifetime others would after his death."

There can be little doubt that the anonymous letter mentioned by Faulkner is the mysterious "letter from Bath" mentioned by Mrs. Whiteway and Lord Orrery. That Pope wrote the anonymous letter, and sent the printed "copy" through Mr. Gerrard may have been a fact, or a mystification. Pope had certainly asked Mr. Gerrard to take charge of something, but found, as he said, "an opportunity, just after I saw you, of sending him [the Dean] a very long and full letter by a safe hand"; and it may be worth notice that if James Worsdale were the mysterious agent through whom Pope worked his wicked will on Curll in 1735, this same mysterious agent did about that time visit Dublin—for his benefit at the Smock Alley Theatre was announced in the *Dublin News Letter* as to take place on Friday the 18th of April, 1740.

Faulkner's story, in all essentials, is confirmed by other evidence. Pope's assertion, also, that the Dean gave Faulkner the letters, interpreted by Faulkner's own words, means that the Dean gave him leave to print a Dublin edition of what was already in print. This must have been in or about July, 1740. We doubt whether, at that time, Faulkner was permitted to hold direct personal communication with the Dean; and the probabilities are that the printed copy, if sent to the Dean, was given to Faulkner by Mrs. Whiteway, or leave to reprint them was asked through her, and therefore it was, the exact facts being known to Mrs. Whiteway, that she charged the wrong on Pope's servants; and being known to her son-in-law, Mr. D. Swift, he offered to write a preface to the Dublin edition, and to lay it (the publication) upon "the corrupt practices of the printers in London." These facts, too, explain how it was that Mrs. Whiteway, in her letter to Lord Orrery, was enabled to quote a passage from these letters before, as far as we know, any edition was published, and how it was that Lord Orrery was enabled to pass judgment on them.*

* Faulkner had of course reprinted the printed copy sent from London before the Quarto was published, and a Mr. Pink, of 12, Queen Square, Bristol, in-

As far as evidence of publication can be discovered, it bears out the opinion that the Swift and Pope letters were first printed and first published in London. The first announcement that we have found, either in the London or Dublin papers, appears in the *London Daily Post* (Printed for H. Woodfall) of the 24th of March, 1741. This advertisement sets forth "that whereas there is an impression of certain letters between Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope openly printed [not published] in Dublin without Mr. Pope's consent, and there is reason to think the same hath been [hath been!] or will be done clandestinely in London: Notice is hereby given that they will be speedily published, with several additional letters, &c., composing altogether a Second Volume of his Works in Prose."

At that date—the 24th of March—these letters—the Quarto edition, called the Second Volume of the "Prose Works"—must have been printed, for it was on sale within three weeks. On the 15th of April, the Second Volume of the Works of Mr. Pope in Prose was entered, not by the Booksellers as usual, but by Pope himself, at Stationers' Hall. On the next day, the 16th of April, the work is announced as "This day published," in *London Daily Post*.

A review of this Second Volume of the Prose Works appeared in the May Number of "The Works of the Learned," written probably by Warburton, who was a known contributor, and who had therein defended the Essay on Man against Crousaz. The reviewer tells the exact Pope story—that Pope had protested against publication, wished the letters burnt—that the Dean had promised that his executors should burn them, and that "probably, had he died *ere he arrived at his dotage*, these people had executed his Will."

forms me that he has in his possession a copy of the work *without* the Supplement, with the following note written on the inside of the cover:—

"Orrery. This book was sent to me by Faulkner, who printed it, just as it now stands. He has since printed it with additions from Mr. Pope's London Edition in Quarto;" and on the top of page 1, in the same handwriting, "No Title-page Published." The Book, says Mr. Pink, contains 81 letters—that is to say, does *not* contain the Supplement. (See Mr. Pink's letter prefixed to my edition of Faulkner, 1741.) When Lord O. says Faulkner has since printed it with additions, he means that F. has since printed additions, &c., from, &c.

Here, then, we have in London advertisements announcing the publication in March, and the actual publication in April; but we can find no announcement of such publication in the Dublin papers before June. A perfect file of the *Dublin News Letter* has been examined from January, 1740; and the first advertisement of the work appears on the 16th of June, 1741:—"Yesterday was published, by Edward Exshaw, &c., Letters to and from the Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D., from the year 1714 to 1738"; and in the next publication, the 20th of June,— "This day is published, by George Faulkner, &c., Letters to and from the Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.S.P.D., &c. At the same place may be had the Author's Works in Six Volumes 8vo. printed the same size as the Letters." These letters formed the Seventh Volume, and are so referred to by Mr. D. Swift and Lord Orrery.

No earlier copy has been found.* Search has been made at the British Museum, at the Bodleian, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Archbishop Marsh's Library attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, and other places where there was a probability of finding such copies if they existed. Booksellers' catalogues, both Irish and English, have been examined for many years—examination made of the bookstalls in Dublin, and copies sought by public advertisement, but no earlier edition has been heard of. Both these editions are printed from the same copy—tell the exact same story; both profess to be reprints—and so they would be, if, as Faulkner said, he received a "printed copy"; both contain a Supplement, and both publishers inform the reader that,— "After we had reprinted the foregoing Sheets, we found the following Letters in the folio edition, published by Mr. Pope in London, which we here insert to make our Collection as compleat as possible."

* There can be no doubt that this Exshaw edition was printed by Faulkner. I have a *reissue* of it with a new title. The first edition, 1641, says merely "Dublin: For Ed. Exshaw"—but the title-page of the reissue runs thus, "Dublin Printed by and f r George Faulkner, 1746."

No earlier edition having been found, we have further evidence of the prior publication in London, for the title-page of both Exshaw and Faulkner set forth, "To which ^{are added} several notes and translations not in the London edition."

From *Notes and Queries*, 2 S. x. 381.

BOWLES v. ROSCOE.

SOME of your readers will remember, and most of them will have heard of, the controversy which raged some thirty years since—Wm. Lisle Bowles against Byron, Campbell, and others, on the subject of Nature and Art, and the rank of Pope as a poet. I do not mean to revive that discussion. Incidentally, however, a question arose which was thought, and not without apparent reason, to affect the moral character of Bowles. Bowles, in an introductory note to the correspondence of Pope, said, with reference to the first publication of Pope's *Letters* :—

“In the Appendix to this volume will be seen the statement of the transaction as first published, when the unauthorized edition came out that the reader may form his opinion.”

On reference to the Appendix it appeared that Bowles gave only extracts from the statement—the “Narrative”—observing that :—

“It would be trifling with the reader's patience to carry him through the whole of the correspondence, but the following letter is too singular to be omitted.”

On this Gilchrist charged Bowles with disingenuousness and duplicity ; and Gilchrist was followed by Roscoe, who asserted that even Mr. Gilchrist was not aware of the injustice done by Bowles to Pope :—

“It consists, not merely in *withholding* the narrative which he had promised to lay before the reader, but in *substituting* for the part so omitted *other pieces not found in the original* : the *two first* of the *three* letters given by Mr. Bowles, which appear to the reader as documents adduced by Pope, being in fact extracted from the *counter-narrative* of Curll.”

Bowles, not unnaturally, was in a fever of indignation : “I have been charged,” he writes, “with a most base and dis-

honourable act," with "substituting something which Mr. Roscoe says is taken from the counter-narrative of Curl;" and he rushed on with comment and extract through fourteen pages in proof that he had found the letters in the "Narrative" from which he quoted and in an edition of Pope's *Letters* of which he gave the title-page. Roscoe replied, and asserted that Bowles "hath not ventured to deny" that he did absolutely "substitute one document for another." Bowles, therefore, did indignantly deny the charge, and offered to make oath on the subject, if required. All this is strange, and very painful. Here are two amiable and excellent men charging each other with positive fraud, for if Bowles be innocent, Roscoe must be guilty, and yet neither party takes the decent trouble to determine the fact; but both rest content on the single authority which happens by accident to be on his table. Most strange of all, it was Roscoe whose statement was "extracted from the counter-narrative of Curl."

I have before me not only the "Narrative" as originally published by Cooper—Pope's "Narrative" as it may be called,—but two editions of the letters published by Cooper to which the "Narrative" was prefixed, and three other editions, all published in 1735, and they *all* include the two letters quoted by Bowles. What, then, it will be said, could have misled Roscoe? Simply the fact that he had seen no other copy of the "Narrative" than that published by Curl in the second volume of the *Pope Correspondence*. Curl announced on the 21st May his intention of publishing an edition of the *Letters* with a Supplement containing all the letters received from P. T., R. S., &c., the Initial Correspondence as it is called. There is no doubt in my mind, and the fact I am about to relate tends to prove it, that the Initial Correspondence was at that time printed, and the two letters referred to by Roscoe were, of course, included. But Curl's intention having been thus made known, an announcement appeared on the 24th that "the Clergyman," the R. Smythe of the Correspondence, had discovered the whole transaction, and that a "Narrative" of the same would be speedily published. Curl thought it good policy not to publish the Initial Correspondence.

dence until he had seen this "Narrative." He therefore issued the edition of Pope's *Letters* without the promised Supplement, reserving that for his second volume, which, however, immediately appeared, and prefixed to it was the "Narrative" with Curll's Notes and the Initial Correspondence. As the latter had been some time in print, and contained the two letters referred to by Roscoe, which appeared in the "Narrative," Curll did not think it necessary to reproduce them in the "Narrative." Curll had no purpose in this but to save needless expense. Roscoe, however, finding them *only* in the Initial Correspondence considered them as a part of Curll's counter-statement, ignorant of the fact that they had appeared in the "Narrative," and in every edition of the "Narrative." Bowles was right by chance, for he knew nothing of the authority of the edition he quoted from: Roscoe was wrong by chance, and for the same reason.—B. V. R. [Mr. Dilke.]

From *Notes and Queries*, 2 S. x. 485.

POPE'S LETTERS, 1735.

THE late inquiries respecting Pope's Letters have given an interest and even importance to what might otherwise be considered a mere bibliographical question—the exact order of publication. I propose, therefore, to enter somewhat minutely into the subject, and shall take as my model, so far as circumstances admit, the papers on *The Dunciad*, which appeared some years since in "N. & Q.," and which settled that vexed question. I fear that my inquiry will be a little more tedious, and require more attention on the part of the reader, from the fact that the editions or issues to be referred to have all the exact same title-pages, and are not different editions, but the same with particular sheets reprinted.

My conclusions will rest on evidence deduced from the "Narrative" published by, or with the sanction of, Pope, the "Initial Correspondence" published by Curll, the evidence taken before the House of Lords, and the editions published

in 1735. The first inquiry will be for one of the fifty copies, the "perfect copies" delivered by R. Smythe to Curll, and which Curll acknowledged that he had received and sold before the 12th May; and then for one of the "horseload"—the imperfect—received at Curll's house on the 12th May, and seized, before the bales had been opened, by the Messenger from the House of Lords.

The difference between the fifty and the "horseload" is easily shown. Lord Islay, who had a copy, bought, he said, at Curll's *—one, therefore, of the fifty—found on the 117th page "a letter to Mr. Jervas, which contained, as he apprehended, an abuse of the Earl of Burlington." That letter could not be found in the copies seized. Notice was also taken of a note, "which mentions that a letter from the D. of Chandos to Mr. Pope may be printed in the 2nd volume," which note also, as I presume, was not found. Curll who, be it remembered, had never seen the seized copies, could give no explanation; but subsequently, after examination, he stated in a Letter to the Peers, that he found the letters to Jervas, Digby, Blount, and Arbuthnot, were wanting in all those copies.

Here, then, from Lord Islay and Curll, we have an account of the differences between the first—the perfect copies—and the "horseload," or imperfect copies. But as the letters wanting in the imperfect copies were reproduced in all subsequent editions, we must seek for some other test of the first edition.

The first edition, or rather first issue of the first edition,—we will call it A—and the "horseload," B,—have a table of errata. The passages referred to in this table are found by its directions in an edition "printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster," 1735. There are, however, many editions or many issues so described. To distinguish this particular edition A, I will notice other peculiarities.

* Lord Islay does not say that he bought the copy at Curll's. He probably had a copy which was given to him as one of the copies sold by Curll. We must not therefore assume as certain that the copy Lord Islay had was one of the first fifty, though I have little doubt that it was one of them.

Thus at p. 22, the catchword is a misprint, "I thanhk" for "I thank." Curll also asserted in his letter to Pope (ii. p. 14) that the copies of the Wycherley letters printed in 1728 [1729] were used in the first edition of the letters, 1735. This is substantially correct: they were used, but tampered with; and one letter, at least, inserted. There is strange confusion in the pagination of these Wycherley letters; but that it was not mere blundering is proved by there being equal confusion in the sheet lettering. Thus p. 1 is on a sheet marked "*B." This B with an asterisk is only half a sheet, pp. 1 to 4. As the next sheet is "B," and the pagination begins with repeating p. 3, I suspect that the Wycherley letters of 1729 had only two pages of letters preceding this p. 3, and that the confusion arises from the introduction of that very suspicious letter of Dec. 26, 1704, wherein, as Dr. Johnson observes, the boy of sixteen wrote with all the "cant of an author," and, I will add, many years before he was an author—before he had even contributed a line to a Miscellany.

The sheet "B" is of eight pages, and was, I have no doubt, transferred bodily from the edition of 1729. It is followed, however, by "*C" which again is only a half sheet, with a pagination from pp. 11 to 14. The asterisk signifies insertion, and the four pages are occupied with one letter. To accomplish this, to fill the four pages, the letter, contrary to usage, is broken up into seven paragraphs, with double the usual space between each, and it concludes, also contrary to usage, with the formal subscription "Dear Sir, Your most affectionate Servant." Yet after all these typographical extensions, the letter only reaches by five lines into the fourth page; all the rest of the page being blank space. These four pages, from pp. 11 to 14 of "*C," are followed by the "C" of 1729, which begins by repeating p. 11.

As a general description, I may note that the title of this edition is "*Letters of Mr. Pope and several Eminent Persons from the Year 1705 to 1711*, vol. i. London, Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1735." The address "To the Reader" fills eight pages. The letters follow, beginning p. 1, and ending at p. 208. The second

volume in my copy has no title-page, but begins with a bastard title of "Letters of Sir William Trumbull, Mr. Steele, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope. From 1711 to 1715"; and the letters begin p. 3, and conclude p. 164, with "Finis." I have shown that the pagination is wrong, but it may serve as a guide.

The only copy I have or have seen of the "horseload,"—call it B,—is said in the title-page to have been "Printed for J. Roberts." That the copy I refer to was one of the "horseload" is shown by its deficiencies. It does not contain on the 117th page the letter to Jervas with its reference to the Earl of Burlington; it does not contain the note about the Duke of Chandos; it does not contain the letters to Jervas, Digby, Blount, or Arbuthnot, although in other respects it agrees with the copy A, as appears when tested by the table of errata. These facts prove that the "horseload" were copies, though imperfect copies, of the first edition.

Assuming this B copy to be one of the "horseload," it contains proof that the "horseload" was actually *prepared* for the seizure, with a foreknowledge of the exact points to which Lord Islay, who brought the subject under the consideration of the House of Lords, would direct special attention; for the copies were not merely defective, but there had been an attempt by actual printing and an alteration of the pagination, to make them *appear complete*, and this must have been done *before* the copies were seized on the twelfth, for Lord Islay's questionings were not until the 14th. Thus the Jervas letter, p. 117, about which and its offences my Lord Islay was anxious, was not only gone, but a harmless letter to Gay, by alteration of pagination, figures in its place; and as the Jervas letter, with its reference to the Earl of B. began p. 115, the note on Trumbull (p. 114) is extended decently to cover p. 115 by adding the epitaph on Trumbull. This epitaph, be it understood, had only appeared as an "Ep. on Trumbull" in Pope's *Works*, vol. ii., entered at Stationers' Hall on the 11th April. That it was here printed for the purpose assigned is manifested by the fact that it does *not* appear in the copies "Printed for the Booksellers," nor in any subsequent edition.

At the end of this epitaph we find the word "Finis," as if the work was complete; but this "Finis" is followed by the letters to Gay beginning p. 117, and the Gay group concludes the volume without a "Finis." The half sheets X and Y with which the "Booksellers'" conclude, and which contain the note about the letter to the Duke of Chandos and the letter to Arbuthnot, are wanting.

The hurry to be in the market with the "Booksellers'" copy after the "horseload" had been returned by the Lords to Curll on the 15th May is shown in this—the Gay group will be found in the "Booksellers'" with its pagination beginning p. 117, although this p. 117 follows p. 194.

But though these omissions and alterations were required to mystify the Lords—to gain notoriety for the publication without the risk of stopping it—I do not see why the Digby and Blount letters were omitted, except to damage Curll and destroy the market value of the "horseload." Curll paid Smythe 10*l.* in cash, and gave him a bill or bills for 20*l.* (See Narr. p. 16.) The 10*l.* cash paid for the fifty copies which Curll had received and sold; and as the bills could not be presented for payment, Curll lost nothing by the copies being defective, and this may have quieted the conscience of P. T., R. S., or A. Pope.

It may seem strange under the circumstances, that I should refer for a specimen of the "horseload" to a copy published by *Roberts*; but Curll, Roberts, Burleigh, and other booksellers of that class frequently speculated in conjunction, each printing a title-page with his name. Curll, hot for revenge, announced on the 22nd May that he should *that week* publish a perfect edition; and what with the editions by the "Booksellers," the large and small editions by Curll, editions by Cooper, Smith, and others, the town was soon inundated, and the imperfect copies may have been got rid of as waste paper. Yet it is not improbable that other copies of the "horseload" may yet turn up, with Curll's name or other names upon the title-page.

My copy of the "horseload"—Roberts—may be described thus: It has the address "To the Reader" prefixed; the

pagination of the Letters begins p. 1, and ends p. 208, without "Finis," and with "Letter" as a catch-word; the second volume opens with a bastard title, "Letters of Sir William Trumbull," &c., and the Letters begin p. 3, and end p. 154 without "Finis."

We come now to another issue of the first edition—C. It agrees generally with the A copy. The errors indicated in the errata are found by its direction in this, as in the A and B copies; the catch-word at p. 22 has the same blunder—"I than/k" for "I thank": but there are differences; thus, from p. 1 to 16 the pagination is correct, and I presume the letters had, so far, been reprinted,—but no farther, as the next page recommences as before with p. 11. Other sheets, however, must have been reprinted, as I find, ii. 13, a whole line omitted.

The title-page and address to another issue or edition, which I shall call D, appears to be identical with A and C; but here, again, there are differences. The pagination and the sheet lettering of the Wycherley letters are correct throughout: the errors, therefore, in the table of errata are not to be found by the directions there given; and when the passages referred to are found, the errors have been corrected. We have, indeed, conclusive proof of reprinting, so far as the Wycherley letters are concerned, for pp. 30, 31 contain more lines than the A and C copies, and the reason appears p. 32, where twelve lines are quoted in the note, while only six appear in the A and C copies. Other evidence of reprinting will be found on collation. As a farther help to distinguish this D issue, I will notice that p. 208 is followed by p. 281.

This early and hurried reprint of the Wycherley and of some other letters, was no doubt consequent on the interest excited by the proceedings in the House of Lords. Yet that this D copy was not entirely a new edition, I shall proceed to show by very curious evidence.

The number of copies delivered to Curll, whether 300, according to his receipt, or 240 as he said ("Narrative," p. 13, *note*), had reduced the possible supply below the demand, and so far as the Wycherley Letters, printed in 1729, were con-

cerned, there was no means of increasing the number of copies but by reprinting, and I have shown that they were reprinted. Other sheets were also reprinted. But be it remembered the "horse-load" of copies were all without the important groups of letters to Jervas, Blount, and Digby. Pope, therefore, or Pope's agent, had all those copies on hand, over and above the number of copies of the other letters: and there is proof, I think, beyond question, that the sheets withheld from Curll were used in this D issue. Thus, in the Digby group, p. 135, the catch-word is "therefor"—the same as in A, B, and C; in the Blount, at p. 165, "interesting" is spelt "interessing," as also in A, B, C; and in p. 176 we read in all "Unhappiness tha I am obliged". Here are proofs that the volumes were not wholly reprinted; further, at ii. 17 and 116, errors remain which were pointed out in the errata; and in the Gay group there are like errors; as at p. 155, where, owing to the letter *s* having dropped out, the word is printed "thou and," which is inexplicable, except on the assumption that they were all printed from the same form. It is probable, however, that the Gay group were partially reprinted, because the pagination runs on correctly up to p. 236; but then comes the old pagination, p. 155, with the old errors.

This edition D, may be thus known: The first volume of the Letters begins p. 1 and ends p. 286 with "The end of the first volume." In vol. ii. the Letters begin page 3, and end p. 164 with "Finis."

I have another copy of this issue which differs in minute points, and in which some minute errors have been corrected: thus, the pagination of vol. ii. runs on to p. 246.

It is impossible, at least I have found it so, to distinguish a reprint from a corrected sheet. It is obvious to me that Pope was "paper sparing," with print as with manuscript; and that every sheet, even when its errors were known, was saved and sold. Another difficulty originates in the fact, that, in a hurried publication, the "copy," as it is technically called, must have been placed in the hands of many compositors; and the only instructions could have been to follow "copy," which necessarily led to the perpetuation of errors.

I have noticed certain marking peculiarities, and the reader may form his own opinion as to the cause.

The history of the subsequent issues in 1735 I shall reserve till next week. D. [Mr. Dilke].

POPE'S LETTERS, 1735.

I come now to the edition of "*Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence*, printed for E. Curll, 1735." Pope's outcry and hue and cry led the public to believe that Curll was the first printer of the Letters. Curll had no more to do with printing the Letters than any bookseller who sold copies. The first printer and publisher, as shown in *The Athenæum*, was P. T. or Pope himself. Curll, however, finding that he had been made a tool of, that the "horseload" were all imperfect copies, resolved to print an edition of his own—a complete edition as he called it—and announced his intention to do so in his Letter to the Peers, of 22nd May; with, by way of "Supplement," all letters received from E. T., P. T., R. S., and others, and a new plate of Mr. Pope's head from Mr. Jervas's picture.

The copy before me has a portrait of Pope, but without the name either of painter or engraver. It has the address "To the Reader" from the Booksellers' edition, here called "Preface"; except that the passage referring to the Wycherley letters is omitted; and it may be well to notice, that the same passage was omitted in the edition published by Roberts. It has not the promised "Supplement."

It must, however, be remembered, before this fact be allowed weight on the question of priority, that Curll's advertisement, promising the "Supplement," is dated the 21st, and his Letter to the Peers 22nd of May; and it was not announced till the 24th that the clergyman, &c., had discovered the whole transaction, and that a "Narrative" of the same would be speedily published. This may have suggested to Curll the policy of remaining quiet until the "Narrative" was published. But he could not, in regard to his interest, defer the publication of the *Letters* which had been announced for *this* week; and this

week ended Saturday the 24th May, and the "Narrative" did not appear before the 10th of June.

The "Supplement," however, did appear prefixed to what Curll calls the second volume of Pope's *Correspondence*, which also contained a copy of the "Narrative," with notes by Curll. This second volume must have followed quickly, as a *third* is announced on the 26th July as to appear next month.

It may be well to note that Curll's "Supplement"—the "Initial Correspondence"—has a different pagination, and a different sheet-lettering from the "Narrative." There is no reference to it in the "Narrative": it brings the account down only to the 22nd May, in brief, suggests by its silence and by circumstances that it had been printed *before* the "Narrative" was published. It is strong evidence of this, that Curll's "Supplement" does contain the "Initial Correspondence"; and among other letters, the two of Oct. 11, and of Nov. 15, 1733, which two letters were published in the "Narrative," and are not, therefore, included in Curll's reprint of it.

The Letters begin p. 1, and end p. 232, without "Finis"; and vol. ii. begins p. 1, and ends p. 316, which is announced as "The end of the first volume." I have two editions. My description is general, and merely to help the curious at a bookstall. It will be found, however, on examination, that the pagination of the second volume ends p. 128, and then recommences p. 233, which would make what follows the proper continuation of vol. i.

I have also four editions of 1735, in 12mo. As, however, the interest attaches only to the first edition and its various issues, these 12mos. may be briefly dismissed.

The first, as I believe, was "Printed for T. Cooper, and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster." After a hurried examination, I am of opinion that it was reprinted from the A copy, corrected by the table of errata. It was advertised as "this day published," in the *Country Journal* of June 16th. The copy itself bears evidence that it must have been got up in great haste, and it was intended probably to undersell Curll's 8vo., which was only announced on the 21st May. Three of the letters are throughout printed in italics,

and after p. 244, the pagination commences with p. 217; and all that follows is in a different type. This was probably the edition which Pope "connived at," as he was forced to acknowledge to Fortescue.

The next edition was probably one "Printed, and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster." This was a still cheaper reprint, probably by or for Cooper. Here again haste is evident: four letters are printed, throughout, in italics. It is professed in the title-page that this "Edition contains more letters, and more correctly printed, than any other extant." As to the superior accuracy I have not collated, and therefore cannot say; but it certainly contains two letters not before published, one from Atterbury and one "To * * * * *," no doubt contributed by Pope. It has also a portrait of Pope, copied I presume from Curll, and therefore reversed; it is inscribed, "Mr. Alexander Pope," whereas Curll's is "Mr. Pope." The portrait may have been, and probably was, a subsequent insertion. This is the edition to which Bowles referred in his controversy with Roscoe. (See "N. & Q.," 2nd S. x. 381.)

The best, typographically, of these 12mo. editions, is "Printed for T. Cooper." The pagination is wrong in both, and at the same places. Thus p. 216 is followed by page 221, and p. 263 by p. 294. It contains the additional Letters, and the "Narrative." There was a second issue of this edition, with a sheet of portraits prefixed, no doubt in rivalry of Curll's edition "with portraits."

All the above 12mo. editions have the "Narrative" prefixed or affixed.

Curll also issued a 12mo. edition of the letters, "Printed for E. Curll, in Rose Street, Covent Garden." I have a third edition of it with date of 1735*.—D.—[Mr. Dilke.]

* See Spence on publication of Pope's Letters, *Note and Queries*, 2 S. xi. 61.

SWIFT OR POPE.

F. C. H. comes much too hastily to his confident conclusion that Swift* wrote the maxim quoted by a former correspondent from "Thoughts on Various Occasions" published in the *Miscellanies* of Swift and Pope in 1727. Let me remind F. C. H. that there were two series of maxims called "Thoughts," &c. published in the *Miscellanies*—the one printed at the end of the first volume, and the other at the end of the second, and that the maxim referred to is from the second series, or to speak more exactly, from the second volume. Now Pope told Spence (edit. 1820, p. 158), "those [maxims] at the end of one volume are mine, and those at the end of the other, Dr. Swift's." The only difficulty therefore is to find out the specific series to which Pope referred as his own, and I think the following evidence will be considered as conclusive, and conclusive as against F. C. H.

In 1735, Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, published the first collected edition of the *Works* of Swift, in four handsome volumes. It has been stated, on contemporary authority, that Swift revised and superintended that edition. Whether he did or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that, as he was the avowed friend and patron of Faulkner, and so continued for life, a word from him would have insured the insertion or rejection

* SUPPOSED QUOTATION FROM SWIFT (2nd S. vi. 188 ; vii. 136.—At the first of the above references, a correspondent signing himself DELTA, enquired where the following quotation occurred in the works of Swift :—

"I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the priests can save one who has not."

This was answered at the second reference given by another correspondent, under the signature of Φ, who stated that he had not, after considerable search, found such a sentence in Swift's works ; but that Pope, in a letter to Edward Blount, Esq., dated Feb. 10, 1715, makes use exactly of the above expression. Not "exactly," however, for Pope's sentence is thus worded in the second part : "As I hope *any Priest* can save one who has not."

The difference is immaterial, but I wish to observe that the sentence, as given by DELTA, does occur, word for word, in Swift's "Thoughts on Various Subjects" at the end of the second volume of his *Miscellanies*, London, printed for Benj. Motte and Chas. Bathurst, 1736, p. 275. I think there can be little doubt that the sentence was originally Swift's.—*Notes and Queries*, 3 S. iii. 297.—F. C. H.

of any of the many anonymous works attributed to him; so far, therefore, as the contents are concerned, Faulkner's edition may be considered as of authority. In this edition appears the "Thoughts" reprinted from the *first* volume of the *Miscellanies*, but the "Thoughts" from the *second* volume were *not* therein republished. This surely is very strong evidence against the conclusion of F. C. H. Further, in 1741, Pope published the second volume of his *Works in Prose*, and amongst these are "Thoughts" from the *second* volume of the *Miscellanies*, but the "Thoughts" from the *first* volume are *not* included. Can there be stronger evidence? It is true that both series have, since the death of the writers, been included in editions of Swift's *Works*; why, I know not, for neither Nichols nor Scott had any doubt about the authorship of the second series, as both prefix to the latter "By Mr. Pope."

It may be just worth noting, that the republications in 1735 and in 1741 were after the known custom of the several writers. The Swift "Thoughts" are a mere reprint; whereas, in the Pope series, there are many omissions and additions. It is not to be believed that Pope would have ventured on this had they been written by Swift.

Bowles noticed that many of the "Thoughts" in the Pope series are found *totidem verbis* in his *Letters*. This is quite true, and Pope, I suspect, found that out before Bowles, and therefore many of the omissions in the Quarto. It is curious that the very maxim to which your correspondents refer, and about which this discussion has arisen, is of the number; it appeared, substantially, in 1735, in a letter professedly addressed to Ed. Blount, and was, therefore, I suspect, omitted in 1741; and here, to prevent further confusion, let me observe, that as the series "by Mr. Pope" were printed among Swift's *Works* from Pope's quarto, the particular maxim does not appear in either Scott or Nichols's edition of Swift's *Works*, or any edition of Pope's *Works* published during his life.—*Notes and Queries*, 3 S. iii. 350.—S. O. P. [Mr. Dilke.]

LADY MARY MONTAGU.

From the *Athenæum*, April 6, 1861.

The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. By Lord Wharncliffe. Third Edition, with Additions. Edited by Moy Thomas. Vol. I. (Bohn.)

FOR more than a century the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has been a subject of discussion,—a mystery which neither time nor literary research has been able satisfactorily to clear up. We can only explain this by the fact that, for a person of fortune and position, she lived, by choice, in comparative retirement—latterly and for twenty years abroad—and that, on her death, all her papers came into the possession of Lord Bute, who had married her only daughter, and who, though a distinguished and somewhat ostentatious patron of Literature and Science, thought it altogether derogatory that his wife's mother should appear and take rank among a class which he looked on as persons to be patronized. This feeling was more general in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century. Lady Mary herself felt it little less strongly than her son-in-law; we are not aware that she ever published anything in her lifetime with her name. The famous "Turkish Letters" she certainly gave to Mr. Sowden to do what he pleased with; but that was forty years after they were written—after they had been long circulated in manuscript among her friends, and when she was more than seventy years old. Lord Bute no sooner heard of this than he entered into

a treaty with Sowden, and gave him 300*l.* or 500*l.* for the manuscript. At that time, 1762-3, Lord Bute was "the best abused man in England." It was therefore of importance that he should—for a time at least—suppress the work. That the Letters were immediately published does not affect the question. They were published without the sanction, indeed in direct opposition to the wishes, of the family; whose object in the purchase had manifestly been to suppress—to suppress a work harmless in itself, which has stood the test of a century, is read to this hour with admiration, and has won for the writer a European reputation. Suppression, indeed, was the anxious wish of the Butes; even Lady Bute, who had a high respect for her mother, and a just appreciation of her abilities, not only suppressed but burned her manuscripts. Among Lady Mary's papers there was found a voluminous diary, begun on her marriage and continued almost to the day of her death. This was ever kept by Lady Bute under lock and key, and at last was committed to the flames. The apology for this—and we must believe for other like burnings, for the argument so far as it is of force has no limit—is plausible;—

"Though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability; to record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character. In this age, she said, everything got into print, sooner or later."

This is to us unsatisfactory: the "getting into print" is not quite a matter of course; and if it did happen some century after the death of the parties, no great mischief would result. Memoirs, however scandalous, are never historically or biographically worthless. "Mushrooms," naturalists tell us, have been known to lift stones of a ton weight; and we

may be assured that anecdotes—mushrooms though they may be—often influence as well as indicate human character. Few are so self-sustained as to be above public opinion. After all, should an anecdote turn out to be high-coloured, or absolutely false, a little editorial alkali in a note would neutralize the acid of the text.

If this principle of suppression and of burning be admitted, where is the line to be drawn? How are we to distinguish the anecdotes which may, from those which must not, be published? Are the great and the illustrious only to be considered fair game?—for what are one-half of our political ballads, rhymes, and epigrams but slanderous anecdotes which, so far from suppressing or burning, we seek for with avidity, and treasure up as pearls of high price and value? We have, at this moment, before us a ponderous volume—entitled a ‘Collection of Reports, Lyes, and Stories which were the Precursors of the Revolution of 1688,’—a work which is constantly referred to by Lord Macaulay: we have on our shelves probably five-and-twenty, or more, volumes of like “Reports” and “Lyes,” relating to the birth of the son of James the Second. Who is the worse for their having been published or collected? Yet the fact of publication and circulation is of great historical importance as showing the credulity, or the belief, of the people; and they were probably as influential in passing the Bill of Settlement as all the eloquence of all the orators in both Houses of Parliament. One half the political engineering from the first of William the Third to the last of George the Second was mere “Reports” and “Lyes,” and we doubt not that the contributions of Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, Burnet (father and son), Chesterfield, and others, would form a volume of great interest if it could be collected and authenticated, as it might have been but for suppressions and burnings. Lady Mary herself is believed to have been a contributor to these satires; and she certainly had a natural tendency that way; but she reaped nothing but suspicion and hatred; for as a woman she could not, and as a daughter of the Duke of Kingston she would not, enter into the common arena, and fight with professed gladiators. She had, there-

fore, while living only to bear and forbear; and now that she is dead we learn that the best evidence in her favour which we, who have faith in her, believe would have been found in her diaries, has been burnt. These diaries, we are satisfied, would have enabled us to prove the falsehood of the slanders of Pope and the gossip of Horace Walpole. But the poor Lady had been while living so shamefully calumniated, with circumstantial falsehoods as to her moral character and conduct, that the Bute family feared discussion even though it should end in disproof. They had themselves been poor, and were become, by the death of Mr. Wortley, enormously rich; and they desired above all things peace and quiet. They had a true aristocratic horror of the public—they feared revelation lest they should not have foreseen all its possible consequences, as the country gentlemen of that age feared to let our county historians trace the descent of property by the aid of their title-deeds, lest some question as to title should thence arise, —though we never heard of any one of them whose fears led him to burn his title-deeds.

Giving all possible force to Lady Bute's objection, it is met, we repeat, by the fact that there was no necessity for publication—no reason why anybody, much less everybody, should be permitted to examine the manuscripts; but they were a sort of moral title-deeds, and essential, in friendly hands, for the vindication of her mother's character. If any one has doubts on this subject let him read, with critical attention, the memoir of Mr. Thomas prefixed to this volume, and see what an amount of slander he has been enabled to clear away, or to neutralize, by aid of such manuscripts as remain; and these, we may be sure, were preserved because they were the least significant, least enlivened with anecdote, touched least on those very persons and subjects about whom we are most interested.

There is the famous case of Rémond—Ruremond as Walpole calls him—the “hapless Monsieur,” as we are told, of the Dunciad,—of which we have some doubts,—whom Lady Mary is said to have intrigued with, and to have cheated out of 5,000*l.* in the South-Sea year. Horace Walpole, who had

been permitted to read Lady Mary's letters to her sister, Lady Mar, makes this report :—

“ Ten of the letters indeed are dismal lamentations and frights, on a scene of villany of Lady Mary's, who having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him, and then would have sunk the trust.”

Nine of the letters here referred to were subsequently published by Lord Wharncliffe, who expressed his regret that he could not find the tenth. It is curious to observe the critical significance of this lost letter in the eyes of the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who had just before given his sanction and approbation to the suppressing and burning theory. The moment he finds nine letters only, the tenth becomes all important. He sees in the nine evidence that the Frenchman was in possession “ of some letters of hers which were of the greatest importance to her character.” If the case had been, he says, as she represented it, a mere money difference about South-Sea stock-jobbing transactions, why should Lady Mary have been in such “ an extreme panic ? ” why, as Lord Wharncliffe conjectured, all this anxiety to conceal from her husband and the world the indiscretion of her having undertaken to purchase a few hundred pounds of South-Sea stock ? “ This passionate terror, we are told, is “ quite disproportionate to any such cause.” “ There is evidence, too,” he tells us, “ of coquetry at least ” even in the nine remaining letters, “ of a flirtation begun abroad, and lasting almost a year, in consequence of which R— followed her to England ; where, in order to bribe him to go back again, she turned it into a stockbroking affair.”

What sins has this one lost, suppressed, or burnt letter to answer for ? What calumnious speculations might it not put an end to could it be now found ? Fortunately it may be found ; in truth, it was actually published (Vol. 2, p. 164) by

Lord Wharncliffe, but having got mis-sorted and separated from the nine, it was so harmless and so innocent that it was overlooked equally by editor and critic. But even the ten letters give us, we are told, only Lady Mary's "own account of the transaction," in which, of course, if she had "made him happy in his own way, she could hardly be expected to confess it." Well, then, Mr. Thomas has discovered the whole of the letters from Rémond to Lady Mary, every one of which it appears her husband, Mr. Wortley, had seen, and, after his fashion, indorsed with a *précis* of its contents. From these we learn that this flirtation, begun abroad and lasting almost a year, began after the fashion of the "wits" of that day, in pure literary admiration of her genius, inferred from her letters to his and her friend, the Abbé Conti—Mons. Rémond being in Paris and Lady Mary in Constantinople! If she saw him at all while on the Continent, it must have been on her hurried return through Paris; and as to his visit to England, it was in the hope of retrieving his "tottering fortune" by investments in South-Sea stock, under the direction and supposed information of Lady Mary.

* * * * *

On the subject of Lady Mary's intimacy and subsequent quarrel with Pope very little is known, and not much new information could be expected. We have long been of opinion that their acquaintance before her departure for Constantinople must have been very slight; and there is no mention of him in her letters of that period, though "Garth, Addison, Congreve and Vanbrugh are spoken of in terms of familiar friendship." There is, indeed, proof in her 'Unfinished Sketch' that "when Oxford had the wand and Anna reigned," she heartily despised him.

* * * * *

Pope's passionate utterances in his letters to women meant nothing; his divinity was she to whom, at the moment, he chanced to be writing,—he was thinking only of the fine things he could say. To believe, as some persons have professed to

do, that there was an attachment between Pope and Lady Mary before she went abroad is absurd. She was young, beautiful and accomplished, married to a man of her own choice four years, and Pope's letters prove only, as we have said, that his passions and professions were mere words. His theory is plainly stated in one of his letters to her—"The farther you go from me, the more freely I shall write. . . . Let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorum; but if they step a little aside," &c., Lady Mary was not for a moment deceived.

"Let it be observed [says Lady Louisa Stuart] in justice to Lady Mary's taste, that her answers treat this kind of language with tacit contempt. Viewing it probably, with the widow in 'Hudibras,' as only 'high-heroic fustian,' she returns him a recital of some plain matter of fact, and never takes the smallest notice of protestation or panegyric."

If any one doubts whether these letters were mere words and phrases, let him look at the very first which Pope addressed to Lady Mary after her arrival,—when, "wit" as he was, he knew he must "keep all decorum"—descend to common sense and respectful manners,—and there, after the introductory flourishing of some fifteen lines, he runs off into a minute description of Stanton Harcourt, "a true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat"; a letter which he might have addressed to his grandmother, and which, on the evidence of his own quarto, of 1737, he did address, in duplicate, to the Duke of Buckingham. The character and degree of their intimacy, two years after her return, may perhaps be judged of by Gay's 'Welcome,' written in 1720, for Gay knew them both:—

What lady's that to whom *he gently bends?*
 Who knows not her? Ah! those are Wortley's eyes!
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
 For she distinguishes the good and wise.

It is true that the manuscript fragment in the British Museum reads "Howard" instead of *Wortley*,—but, until some one

shall have discovered a copy of an early edition, we must take the printed text as authority. If it prove erroneous—if we ought to read Howard—the fact would be still more significant; for then, in Gay's endless enumeration of Pope's friends, Lady Mary will not have been mentioned.

Some time after their return, Lady Mary sat for her portrait to Kneller; so did her husband, Mr. Wortley; so did her sister Lady Mar; so did most fashionable people. Dallaway tells us that Lady Mary sat for this portrait at the request of Pope. On what evidence—what tittle of evidence—did he make this assertion? Did Pope ever possess the picture? Dallaway, at least, ought to have known that the portrait was in the possession of her daughter; that it was engraved, with the date of 1720, and prefixed to his own edition, where it is stated to have been engraved “from a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Marquis of Bute.” Dallaway, we suppose, was misled by Pope's fine phrasings; and very fine they are. But he was not half so rapturous as when Miss Cowper sat for her portrait; he does not assure Lady Mary that he has been tempted to “steal” the portrait, or that he is so “mad with the idea” of her that he “passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself.”

We shall deal with the story of Pope's quarrel with Lady Mary another day.

From the *Athenæum*, April 13, 1861.

WE come now to the estrangement from, and subsequent quarrel with, Pope. There is no evidence, as we have stated, that Pope had more than a very general acquaintance with the Wortleys before they went abroad; and soon after their return, and after they had taken a house at Twickenham, the estrangement began. The last known letter from Pope is dated September, 1721; and in a letter to her sister, written about that time, Lady Mary says, “I see sometimes Mr. Congreve,

and very seldom Mr. Pope." She had not, indeed, seen his much-talked-about Grotto, though residing in the same village. On this subject, Mr. Thomas observes :

"It is not difficult to conceive what were the causes which led to this position of affairs. When Lady Mary first knew Pope, he was indifferent about politics, and suspected of Whig tendencies, only, perhaps, because he wrote in conjunction with Steele and Addison, and associated with them ; but, in the interval of her absence, he had become an avowed Tory, intimately allied with extreme Tories—Swift, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Atterbury, Bathurst. He had openly quarrelled with and libelled their old and dear friend Addison, and separated himself from Steele and other Whigs ; he had become a hater of Whigs in the abstract, although he held on with his neighbour, young Craggs, and others. Lady Mary and her husband were always Whigs, but now they were Whigs of influence. Their daily associates were Whigs, their intimates were Whigs. They had become, as most political people do, less tolerant than in their literary days of political differences ; and Pope must have felt ill at ease when he visited his neighbour—perhaps not always welcome to the host, looked on with positive dislike by many, with suspicion by all."

This is true : but is it the whole truth ? We, as common men, dealing with the realities of common life, suspect that there was as much of bathos as of sentiment in the true story of their alienation. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than between the dashing, brilliant woman of fashion and Pope's mother, the venerable lady of eighty, with his good old nurse, Mary Beach. We can imagine them in their little, quiet, sunny home by the river-side—a picture not indeed for the Court painter, but for that great though homely artist, Izaak Walton. When Mr. Wortley first resided at Twickenham it was in a furnished house, and that means a house wanting in everything. The Wortleys, too, were themselves just then wanting money ; he was not the rich man he afterwards became. Both husband and wife had been dabbling in South-sea stock,

the wife unknown to her husband; and she was, we know, about that time, anxiously seeking even to sell her diamonds. Circumstances make it probable that Lady Mary began by borrowing of her established neighbour. Imagine the consequence on the old lady and her old household—imagine, too, Pope's excitement, who would not have had *his* mother troubled and worried for "a wilderness" of Wortleys or "Wortley's eyes." It may be but another illustration of "the art of sinking"—it may be that such illustrations are beneath "the dignity of history" or biography, but we think it right to notice that Miss Hawkins ('Anecdotes,' p. 75) tells us, that her father, Sir John, long a resident at Twickenham, had heard that "the celebrated quarrel," or *coolness*, between her Ladyship and Pope "originated in the return of a borrowed pair of sheets unwashed." This may be a specimen of the true bathos; but as a fact it is confirmed by Worsdale, the painter, the pupil of Kneller, and who resided with him on the spot. He said "that the first cause of quarrel between her and Pope was her borrowing a pair of sheets from the poet, which, after keeping them a fortnight, were returned to him unwashed" ('Life of Malone,' p. 150). These were small matters in the eye of my Lady, or my Lady's maid; not so to the feelings of Mrs. Pope. We are old enough to remember when women of her class would talk as lovingly about their "fine holland" as ladies of quality about their Brussels and Mechlin, or connoisseurs of a fine picture; and no doubt Mrs. Pope's holland was of the finest,—for her dead husband, be it remembered, as she boastfully said, "dealt in hollands wholesale." These sheets were with her not only choice but full of memories, and it was painful indeed to see them, treasured as they had been, "fresh and smelling sweet of lavender," come back to her like rags of abomination. If there be nothing in all this, it is curious that the very last letter from Pope to Lady Mary, dated Cirencester, Sept. 15, 1721, is a strange unintelligible excuse for not lending a harpsichord, as he had promised to do:—

"I write this purely to confess myself ingenuously what I

am, a beast, * * for what I said and did about the harpsichord; * * I deserve no better pillow than a mossy bank, for that head which could be guilty of so much thoughtlessness as to promise what was not in my power, without considering first whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuse had I told you I had the instrument under such conditions; and I likewise simply thought I could obtain leave to lend it; which failing on the trial, I suffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity."

—and he continues with some vague offers of a "gallery" in his house for her concerts, "unless my mother knows of some conditions against it." Concerts were just then the rage at Twickenham, where Bononcini and Senesino and Anastasia Robinson chanced to be residing.

We accept Mr. Thomas's explanation as to the probable causes of estrangement, and merely superadd these facts in further illustration. They could not have been known to Lady Mary, and could not have been alluded to by Pope. This agrees with what Lady Mary told Spence, "I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he *had left off* visiting me? He answered negligently that he went as often as he used to do." So said Pope in his famous letter to Lord Hervey: "neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune in *discontinuing her acquaintance*."

Had Pope and Lady Mary lived at a distance—the one in London, the other in Twickenham—their acquaintance might have quietly and silently died out, as a hundred more congenial friendships die out in the everyday progress of life; but living in the same village, the estrangement required explanation, and explanation, with its exaggerations and misrepresentations, was a sure ground of quarrel. Mr. Thomas has a very happy conjecture as to one cause of the direct quarrel. Lady Mary's "Turkish Letters" were, it now appears, not letters at all, but a volume of travels in the form of letters, compiled from journals, diaries, and letters, after her return home.

*

*

*

*

*

The quarrel soon after broke out; Swift arrived on a visit to Pope in the spring of 1726. Swift hated Lady Mary—Lady Mary, we are told, “abhorred the very name of Dean Swift.” Swift, so far as we know, opened the attack with the *Capon’s Tale*, which however contains in itself some obscure allusions to “lampoons,” previously circulated by the lady. From that moment there was no peace, and the genius of Pope and the popularity of his satires must have made life itself hateful to her. This might explain why she went abroad; but we have other, and we think sufficient, reasons.

It would not be very extraordinary if incompatibility of temper alone were urged as the apology for a man and his wife living separate; but the separation of Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary, temporary probably in intention, was full of malicious suggestions to the young and brilliant Horace Walpole, who hated them both, because the husband was the open opponent of his father, a fact never forgiven by Horace, and the wife spoke slightly at least of his mother. We doubt whether at any moment of his life, Mr. Wortley was a loving and affectionate husband. So far as we can fathom his character, he appears to have been a man of shrewd good sense, upright and honourable, but of a mean and penurious nature, which after his father’s death, and when the possible million of which he died possessed loomed in the distance, became an all-absorbing passion. In the eyes of the “wits,” Lady Mary was remarkably mean; in the eyes of her husband she was extravagant. He was constantly absent, looking after his estates in Yorkshire and Durham, and above all, his great coal-fields, while she was left in London. For many years she had suffered from ill-health; and about 1737, or 1738, she became painfully disfigured by an eruption which shut her out from all but very friendly society, which continued through life, and sent her to the grave with a cancer. We are convinced that there was a taint of disease in the blood of the *Pierrepoints*. Her sister Gower died young; her sister Mar was for years a lunatic; her son, it is charitable to believe, was never in his senses; and Lady Mary may have been saved by that terrible outbreak from like affliction—if indeed she did

altogether escape, of which we have some doubts. But however blessed it may have been in its consequences, it was not the less terrible to bear. Long after, she wrote to her daughter, "It is eleven years since I saw my figure [French for *face*] in the glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable that I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future." The young Horace, who met her at Florence in 1740, could see in her suffering only a subject for jest and caricature, and an evidence of his own foregone conclusions:—

"Her face swelled violently on one side, * * partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

What if this were true? It was but following a foolish fashion. Many beautiful women—his own especial beauty, Lady Coventry, among them—were believed to have seriously injured their health, if not shortened their lives, by the use of white paint. But the suffering Lady Mary, as Walpole's satire would lead us to believe, was but too indifferent to personal appearances; and a little better knowledge, and a little more humanity, might have suggested to him that what he took for white paint was probably that white powder which then, as now, physicians recommend in such cases as an absorbent. This disease was so terrible that when at Venice she was glad to avail herself of a fashion of the place, and to receive company in a mask.

It was in this state of suffering that the poor lady thought, as hundreds had done before, and thousands since, that a residence for a time in a warmer and more genial climate, might restore her health; and when she had no home duties to detain her, when her son was wandering abroad, and her daughter happily married, what more natural than that she should be anxious to try the influence of "the sweet South?" Her grand-daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, in her delightful 'Anecdotes,' says:—

"There is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England

was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c., have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference."

We learn from Mr. Thomas that down to a very late period there are expressions in the letters of Mr. Wortley wholly inconsistent with the idea of separation. There is, indeed, evidence leading to the belief that he originally intended to accompany her; but probably the "one million three hundred thousand," which we are told he died possessed of, suggested to Mr. Wortley that he had better remain and look after it. Lady Mary, therefore, was under the necessity of starting alone. After a run through Italy, she settled down at Avignon. She left Avignon for very obvious reasons, as Mr. Thomas has shown, for the North of Italy, where she was taken dangerously ill. Of course, Horace Walpole and his friends and allies saw in this a profound mystery; and in August, 1751, he thus wrote inquiringly and suggestively to Sir Horace Mann, the English Minister at Florence:—

"Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian or the Bergamesco: that a young fellow, whom she set out with keeping, has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees."

This of a woman suffering from an incurable disease, and sixty-one years old! Lord Wharnccliffe endeavoured to explain this "obscure history;" but Mr. Thomas makes the facts as plain and simple as every honest man and woman must have felt that they might be made.

* * * * *

Lady Mary's first feeling was to resent restraint. She actually had a Case drawn up as if she at one time contemplated legal proceedings, and this paper described her as having been detained against her will in a country house inhabited by the Count and his mother. She had no objection, therefore, to the facts being known; and this statement was preserved to her death, and was amongst the papers which descended to her daughter. It is probable that she thought better of the conduct of the Count and his mother, as she herself became better in health. We have a suspicion that the detention may have been necessary at that time—that in this "terrible fit of sickness," as she calls it, her mind may have been affected. There is a very enigmatical paragraph in a letter to her sister of a much earlier date (1725) which hints at some such possible future:—

"I have such a complication of things both in my head and heart that I do not very well know what I do, and if I can't settle my brains, your next news of me will be, that I am locked up by my relations: in the mean time I lock myself up; and keep my distraction as private as possible."

In compliance with the wish of her daughter, she started for England in the severe winter of 1761-2, arrived in January, 1762, and died here in the following August, as she had foretold.

The reader will best understand the merit of Mr. Thomas's Memoir from the defence which it has suggested of that much calumniated woman who is the subject of it. The volume, however, has other merits. It has been carefully edited, with more labour, we suspect, than will be appreciated or apparent, except to the critical.

We long since expressed doubts as to the authenticity of the "Turkish Letters." We had proof that in some instances the addresses, the names, the dates, the references were not to be reconciled with known facts. The history of the publication has ever been a mystery, and given rise to much discussion. Three volumes appeared in 1763, and a fourth volume in 1767. Respecting this last volume, though he has very properly inserted the letters in his collection, Mr. Thomas acknowledges that he, too, has doubts.

* * * * *

Other proofs might easily be adduced, but, with us, this Twickenham blunder has ever been conclusive. How, then, as to the authenticity of the whole of the "Turkish Letters?" for in Dallaway's edition, published with the sanction of the family, we were informed, that no letter, essay, or poem would be found, "the original manuscript of which is not at this time extant, in the possession of her grandson." Yet therein appears a letter from Pope himself, dated "Twick'nam, Aug. 18, 1716"; and this very exact date re-appears in both Lord Wharnccliffe's editions. What was of force against the one volume appeared to us equally so as against the whole collection. Dallaway we might have suspected; he was an accomplished man of letters, but indifferent about that minute accuracy which is essential to a good editor. But Lord Wharnccliffe had, apparently, found him out; protested against his omissions, combinations and adaptations, and gave us the further assurance that, in his edition, "these defects are remedied." Yet it now appears that the only date to the above letter is "Aug. 18," the year and place being a conjecture of Dallaway's, published by both Dallaway and Lord Wharnccliffe without a note of warning. After a like fashion, other dates were inserted conjecturally, names were reduced to initials, and for initials names were inserted. Thus, some of the "Turkish Letters" were addressed by Dallaway to Miss Skerritt, first the mistress, and then the second wife of Sir Robert Walpole; whereas it may be shown by a letter of Lady Mar's that, so late as 1721, Miss Skerritt was not even

known to Lady Mary. Can any one wonder that, with such misleading lights, the more careful and critical the reader, the more he was sure to be perplexed with doubts?

We could go on with our illustrations through a dozen more columns; but may reserve what further we have to say till the second volume is published.



SWIFT, &c.

SWIFT OR BOLINGBROKE: WHICH OR NEITHER?

SWIFT, as is well known, wrote *Remarks on the Barrier Treaty*. Subsequently there appeared *Remarks on the Barrier Treaty, vindicated in a Letter to the Author*. Who was the writer of this? * If there be any information on the subject in any of the *Lives of Swift*, it has escaped me. Presumptively it was not written by Swift; for, with all his strange odd fancies, I cannot believe that he would have addressed a letter to himself by way of vindicating himself. The fact was open to misconstruction—might have become known, and been used as a weapon of offence against him.

I have, on very insufficient evidence, come to the conclusion that this pamphlet was written by Bolingbroke, although it is not named amongst the works bequeathed to Mallet, nor included in any of the collected editions of his works, nor referred to in any published memoir, so far as I have observed. The pamphlet is written with great ability, quite equal to Swift's *Remarks*; but there is not one of those colloquial passages usually found, here and there, in Swift's writings; none of those occasional bursts of contempt for an adversary; and, on the whole, more than usual, with Swift, of sustained dignity and refinement. The weapon is not of better metal, but is of a finer polish.

My opinion that it was written by Bolingbroke is not founded

* In the *Occasional Writer*, No. 1, included amongst Bolingbroke's Works (p. 208), mention is made of "*that excellent treatise The Barrier Treaty Vindicated*." This has no weight with me; but to those in whom it might raise a doubt, I submit that, giving full force to the objection, it would prove only that it had been written at Bolingbroke's suggestion, and was excellent, because it enforced his arguments.

on style only. Questions are raised therein, and speculations thrown out not bearing immediately on the subject under discussion, to which Swift was indifferent, but which Bolingbroke may have been anxious to get circulated and to see passing current. Bolingbroke, as we now know, was, while minister, in communication with the Pretender; so Harley, so Marlborough, Whigs and Tories alike. But, so far as Bolingbroke is concerned, the difficulty has been to reconcile this fact with the positive assertions in his *Letter to Windham*, and in *The State of Parties*. In the one he writes, "Nothing is more certain than this truth, that there was at *that time* no *formed* design, whatever views some particular men might have, against His Majesty's [George I.] succession." Here, however, the denial refers to a particular time, to a formed design, and may therefore pass; the natural inference, indeed, is, that at some other time there *was* a formed design against His Majesty's succession. But in *The State of Parties* he speaks, as generally assumed, positively. He there asserts that under Harley's ministry there was no design to "place the crown on the head of the Pretender." This is thought to be clear and unconditional,—an untruth of a very gross character; and even his biographers give him up. In the celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review*, generally attributed to Lord Brougham, it is urged that Bolingbroke, the minister, had professed "inviolable attachment to the Revolution Settlement,"—"the Revolution Settlement had obtained Bolingbroke's deliberate (official and public) approbation."

Excuse me if I attempt to reconcile these seeming contradictions by the aid of the pamphlet under consideration; and if what I have to say be thought a little over-refined, be it remembered that over-refinement in such matters—equivocation, if you please—was almost a condition of existence at that period, and had been for half a century, of kings and commonwealths, *de jures* and *de factos*.

Bolingbroke is here said to have approved, as minister, of the Revolution Settlement—that is, on broad general principles, the settlement, under contingencies, of the crown of England on the next Protestant heir after the death of Queen Anne;

and it remains to be seen whether there was anything in his conduct, while minister, that tended "to place the crown on the head of the Pretender." Bolingbroke, observe, names a "Pretender," the "Pretender." Now, who was the Pretender? And why was he a Pretender? We must take care, in such inquiries, not to be misled by words and their popular signification. Bolingbroke, in reply, would probably have referred to the Act of Settlement, which sets forth that the Princess Sophia "be, and is hereby declared to be, the next in succession in the *Protestant line* to the crown of England," and that, in default, &c., the said crown shall remain to the said Princess Sophia, and the heirs of her body, *being Protestants*." That is to say, in case of 'default,' the Princess Sophia is declared to be next in succession, because she is the first Protestant in succession; and the son of King James is a pretender, because he assumes to have a right contrary to that law, he being a Catholic. Another act for the better securing the succession "in the Protestant line," enacts that "The Privy Council at the time of Her Majesty's demise" are "to cause the next Protestant successor to be proclaimed," &c. Now suppose that the Chevalier, the natural heir, the son of King James, the brother of Queen Anne, had turned Protestant, would there have been 'default'; would he under these acts have been disqualified? * Probably, in 1855, the answer would be "Yes;" although that does not appear to me quite certain, and might have been still more doubtful in those stirring times, when so many consciences had lost their guiding light and suffered wreck. But as it is admitted, I believe, by all writers, that both Bolingbroke and Harley made it a positive condition,† in all their nego-

* See a curious letter, in proof that this was the view of the Ministers, from Schutz, of the 16th February, 1714. Macpherson Papers, ii. 556.

† Bolingbroke's whole argument, in reply to letter from Avignon (see letter to Windham, p. 168, &c.), is founded on the assumption that Windham and the Tories believed that the Prince would turn Protestant; that he took it for granted that as Windham and the Tories were willing to declare for the Prince, they had received 'entire satisfaction on the Article of Religion'; that he, Bolingbroke (p. 169), "would never submit to be governed by a Prince who was not of the religion of our country" for reasons there given (p. 168), and that he never doubted on this point until just before Queen Anne's death, when he received a letter from the Prince declaring his resolution to adhere to Popery, and the effect,

tiations with the Prince, that before they would attempt his restoration *he should turn Protestant*; might not Bolingbroke be excused for saying that under Harley's ministry there was no design to place the crown on the head of the Pretender,—that is, on the head of a Catholic,—the prince being a pretender only while, and because, a Catholic; the design being to “proclaim” and put the crown on the head of “the next Protestant successor.” Might he not consider that in thus acting he was proving his “inviolable attachment” to the principle of “the Revolution Settlement?” The argument, I admitted at starting, might be thought somewhat over-refined; but I repeat that in those times it was by such refinements and over-refinements that men quieted their consciences, and kept their heads on their shoulders. At any rate, the more special the argument, the more individual, and the more it helps us to fix on the writer. Swift's argument on the subject, though it may at a hasty glance read something like it, is essentially different. He says:

“In one part of *The Conduct of the Allies, &c.*, among other remarks upon this treaty, I make it a question, whether it were right in point of policy or prudence to call in a foreign power to be guarantee to our succession; because by that means *we put it out of the power of our own legislature to alter the succession, how much soever the necessity of the kingdom may require it?* To comply with the cautions of some people, I explained my meaning in the following editions. I was assured that my L—d Ch—f J—ce affirmed that passage was treason; one of my answerers, I think, decides as favourably; and I am told that paragraph was read very lately during a debate, with a comment in very injurious terms, which, perhaps, might have been spared. That the legislature should have power to change the succession, whenever the necessities of the kingdom require, is so very useful towards preserving our religion and liberty, that I know not how to recant. The worst of this opinion is,

he says, on me and the other Tories to whom it was shown, “made us resolve to have nothing more to do with him.” In apology for his subsequent conduct in joining the Prince, Bolingbroke says he was again deceived. See whole argument, pp. 168 to 176.

that at first sight it appears to be *Whiggish*; but the distinction is thus: the Whigs are for changing the succession when they think fit, though the entire legislature do not consent; I think it ought never to be done but upon great necessity, and that with the sanction of the whole legislature. Do these gentlemen of *revolution principles* think it impossible that we should ever have occasion *again* to change our succession? And if such an accident should fall out, must we have no remedy, 'till the Seven Provinces will give their consent?"

This is plain enough. It may have been a hazardous assertion in those times,—treason, as my Lord Chief Justice affirmed; but it is simply the assertion of an abstract right in the legislature to alter, amend, or repeal an act of parliament. This brings me to the *Remarks, &c., Vindicated*, the writer of which seems to hint that the order of succession contemplated in the Act of Settlement might, under circumstances, be altered without a repeal of the act; and it is the peculiarity of this argument, over and above the style of the pamphlet—a peculiarity which would reconcile Bolingbroke's then conduct with his after assertions—that leads me to infer the possibility that he was the writer. Of course, the opinions to which I refer are only incidentally introduced, delicately touched on, logical inferences, but not, I think, intended to be passed over as mere bye-play. We soon get a glimmering of the argument. Thus,—

"The first thing which you lay down is, that the Protestant succession is of the greatest consequence to Britain, wherein I can't do^{*} otherwise than agree with you; observing, by the way, that *the arguments by which you prove this position, if there was need of any, don't prove that the Princess Sophia, or the Elector of Hanover, must of necessity be that Protestant Prince; for if there shou'd be any other Protestant Prince of the royal blood, he might (so far, I mean, as your argument goes) claim a title to the succession.*"—P. 5.

Again, pp. 26, 27:

"The force of this objection, if I rightly understood those who made it, was not such as you represent it, that a defensive

alliance in general wou'd lessen the independency of our crown, but that the nature of this, in particular, was such,[§] having pinn'd down the queen and parliament to the settlement made in the Hanover family, so that we were, *quoad* that particular, become absolutely dependent on their good-will and pleasure. I can't forbear observing here, that this family [the Hanover family] by this treaty is provided for in general terms, and without any limitations; and that about the Protestant religion (for which you wou'd be thought so much concern'd), in the articles in which the succession is stipulated, not one word is mention'd; so that the Princess Sophia, her heirs, successors, and descendants (whatever religion any of 'em hereafter may be), are in all events to have the crown of Britain. And I think, Sir, that the addition of two words (being Protestants), which addition our act of parliament makes, wou'd have prevented the suspicions which some ill-natur'd persons may entertain, and have left us free of those necessities, which future times may on that account create."

Then follows the general abstract proposition about altering, amending, or explaining. Has not the argument here, so needlessly adduced, as to the exclusion of a Catholic in the Hanover line of succession, a bearing on, and illustration of, the question whether Protestants of the Stuart line—"a Protestant Prince of the royal blood"—might not succeed in preference even to the Princess Sophia or her heirs?*

This question is not, I think, without interest, historical and literary; perhaps interest of a higher character, as helping to show the moral bewilderment of those ticklish times.—S. B. W. [Mr. Dilke.]

Sir Richard Steele and Dean Swift.†—I wish I could answer, or that anybody could and would answer, the questions

* Miss Strickland (Queens, xii. 327) says, that Queen Anne had hopes that the Prince would change his religion, and then hoped and believed that his sister, the Princess Louisa, would change. She refers to Macpherson's Stuart Papers, ii. 223, 225. I suppose the Quarto edition, as I cannot find by the direction in the octavo.

† *Pamphlet against Swift.*—Where can I learn any particulars as to the authorship of a bitter pamphlet directed against Swift? It is entitled *Essays, Divine,*

of M. S., as to who was the author of *Essays, &c.*, by the Author of the "*Tale of a Tub*." The squibbing and pamphleteering of that day is rarely noticed even by our biographers or bibliographers: although a knowledge of it, and of its parentage, is absolutely required to enable us to understand the personal and political relations of the men of that time. For example, we know that Swift and Steele were friends and literary associates up to 1713, and from that time to the day of Steele's death they were enemies. Swift, indeed, rarely mentioned Steele but with bitterness. How is this to be explained? Swift, we know, left the Whigs and joined the Tories; but that separated him equally from Addison as from Steele, and yet Addison and Swift were ever friends. There may have been a coolness—a drawing apart—from 1710-11, and in 1713-1714 when the quarrel raged between Swift and Steele; but nothing more, as Swift himself has recorded. Swift says Steele attacked him in *The Guardian*; but the attack amounts to so little that they might have shaken hands in half an hour. Swift indeed asserts that he had called him an infidel; but, so far as *The Guardian* is concerned, this is mere exaggeration, and disproved by *The Guardian* itself. It is obvious that there must have been more serious and more lasting grounds of quarrel than we are aware of, and it is my opinion that these mutual criminations and recriminations went on perseveringly for some time. I have always been of opinion that the pamphlet referred to by M. S. was written by

*Moral, and Political: viz—*I. *Of Religion in General.* II. *Of Christianity.* III. *Of Priests.* IV. *Of Virtue.* V. *Of Friendship.* VI. *Of Government.* VII. *Of Parties.* VIII. *Of Plots.* By the Author of "*The Tale of a Tub*:" sometime the writer of "*The Examiner*," and the original inventor of the Band-Box Plot. With the Effigies of the Author. Out of thy own Mouth will I condemn Thee, O thou Hypocrite. Ex hoc dieite (sic) Hominem, London, printed in the year 1714. Price One Shilling. The frontispiece is engraved on copper, and represents Swift on horseback at the gates of a large house, listening apparently to the master of it, who is standing at a gate, and seems by his gesture to be directing him to go away. There are two other figures in the print, both on horseback and riding from the house—the first is in clerical costume, the second, whose back only is seen, blowing a horn. The book is full of charges against Swift of the grossest kind. I do not find it mentioned in Scott's *Life of the Dean.*—*Notes and Queries*, 2 S. v. 27. M. S.

Steele. There are charges in it which no other man would have thought worth marshalling against Swift. Thus in the Dedication the writer, in the character of Swift, proceeds to justify himself from "two pretended crimes" which had been, he says, urged against him (p. vii.):

"The first is, the breach of friendship with my old acquaintance and bottle-companion, Dick Steele; and that I have pursued him with a violence inconsistent with the character of a friend, and unworthy that of a Clergyman and Christian."

Now I cannot believe that any politician of that day and hour would have thought this personal quarrel worth blazoning amongst the offences—the crimes—of the Dean, except Dick Steele himself. Then, again, there was one subject on which Steele was unusually earnest and emphatic, and wrote and laboured with fanatical zeal: this was the demolition of Dunkirk: and Dunkirk furnishes a ground of attack.

"As for the demolishing of Dunkirk, I have done all I could to prevent it. I have ridicul'd the importance of it, but it won't do; the clamour still continues, and I fear it must be demolish'd at last." (p. xiii.)

So begins the attack, and so it ends. Thus, in the *Essay on Friendship*, Swift is assumed to write:

"The name of Friend in such cases is of signal service, and here it is only that Friendship, or the pretence of it, is valuable. A man who believes you his friend is quite unguarded, and never suspects an attack from your quarter; his bosom is open to you; and when he finds himself touched, it's odd but you are call'd into the consultation. You wound him as you please, and suffer him only to apply such remedies as you think advisable. After this manner I acted with Mr. Steele (which is the second instance I promis'd). And tho' at last he has discovered me to be his enemy, yet I led him into so many steps of ruin, whilst he was my friend, that it's now impossible for him to extricate himself. My reputation now rises superior to his, and is quite of a different nature: so

that the name of friend is of no further use, and I can trample on him with a better grace as a declared enemy."

In this style the Dean's treatment of Steele occupies four or five pages. Again, his conduct to Steele is brought forward (p. 54), and there we have another Dunkirk charge.

While on this subject, I would submit for consideration whether Steele did not write *Dr. S——'s real Diary*, Burleigh, 1715. It contains like allusions to Swift's quarrel, and a description of Steele's *demerits* much more in the style of Steele than of Swift. Thus—

"Wrote Friday's bitter Examiner against St——e. Ha! Dick, thou'rt down, I think. What a d—d *harden'd honesty that fellow has!* And how little wise in his generation. To work against tide, to be recompenc'd the Lord knows when, or by the Lord knows who!"

These angry personalities, remember, were not all on one side. Swift had his revenge in "*Horace Paraphrased*, addressed to Richard Steele;" in *John Dennis's Invitation to Richard Steele*; in, as I think probable, *The Character of Richard St——le, By Toby*; and, possibly, in numberless other venomous things, which our literary *ologists* have not yet either caught or named. *Toby* is indeed printed amongst Dr. Wagstaffe's Works; but no reason is given; unless, indeed, it be that Wagstaffe "was so far from having any personal peak or enmity" against Steele, "that at the time of his writing he did not so much as know him even by sight;" yet that the very first sentence of *The Character* is a sneer at Steele's "short face." *Notes and Queries*, 2 S. v. 206.—E. B. T. [Mr. Dilke.]

DEAN SWIFT AND THE SCRIBLERIANS *v.* DR. WAGSTAFFE.

From *Notes and Queries*, 3 S. i. 381.

Who wrote, or who compiled, the *Miscellaneous Works of Dr. William Wagstaffe*? and who wrote the Memoir prefixed to the volume? The question may at first appear somewhat

absurd, seeing that we have a long account of the Doctor and his writings in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*; but that account is taken substantially from Nichols's *Anecdotes*, and Nichols's *Anecdotes* is avowedly from the Memoir. Nichols indeed adds one not unimportant paragraph: for he tells us that "his [Wagstaffe's] character was thus given by an eminent physician, soon after his death: '*He was no less valued for his skill in his profession, which he showed in several useful treatises, than admired for his wit and facetiousness in conversation.*'" This, which looks like an independent testimony, is however taken, italics and all, from the title-page of the same miscellaneous volume: so that all we have for authority is the anonymous collector, the anonymous Memoir-writer, and the anonymous physician.

Now, without reference to the Memoir, all the information I can collect is, that William Wagstaffe took the degree of M.D. at Oxford in 1714; that William Wagstaffe appears, in 1723, in Chamberlayne's *List of the College of Physicians*, and as one of the physicians to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and *The Political State* records that, on the 27th May, 1725, there was an election for a physician at St. Bartholomew's "in the room of the late Dr. Wagstaffe, who died not long before at the Bath." Thus far we are on safe ground; but there is not a word here that helps to establish the paternity of any one of the pieces included in the volume of Wagstaffe's *Miscellanies*, nor any hint from which we can conjecture what were his other "Works," which, from the publication of his "*Miscellaneous Works*," it might be inferred that he had written; nor the name of any one of the "several useful treatises;"—indeed all I can learn from Dr. Munk's *Roll of the College of Physicians*, and from a search in the British Museum, is, that Wm. Wagstaffe published *A Letter to Dr. Friend showing the Danger and Uncertainty of Inoculating for the Smallpox*, the third edition of which was published in 1722 by Samuel Butler, in Holborn. A postscript is dated "Salisbury Court, Oct. 2, 1722." *

* Both in British Museum.

But it may be asked, by those who have not the volume to refer to, Does not the writer of the Memoir say anything from which we may infer his authority? I think he does, and the explanation is curious: for he tells us that the several pieces were originally “published without a name; so it is presumed the Doctor never did intend it should be known who wrote them; but the person who had the copies of them, thinking it worth his while to reprint them at this time, it was judged proper to give the public this account both of the author and his writings.”

It is strange, if the Doctor “never did intend it should be known who wrote” these several tracts and pamphlets, that some one, (another anonymous be it observed,) should know him to be the writer, should have preserved copies of all, and, in defiance of the Doctor’s wish, be ready for a republication so soon as the Doctor should die. This, at least, is obvious,—that the public were at the mercy of this anonymous collector, who might have doubled the collection had he thought it “worth his while.”

It is more strange, that it is impossible to read many of the papers contained in the collection without a conviction, amounting almost to certainty, that Swift was the writer. Sir Walter Scott said of one, that it contained internal marks of Swift; of another, that it was probably written under his direction; of a third, that it has strong marks of Swift: but puzzled by the Memoir-writer, he assumed that Wagstaffe must have been “an under-spur leather” of Swift. What shadow of evidence is there, beyond the Memoir, tending to show that there was any “under-spur leather” at all?

The Wagstaffe *Miscellanies* were published in 1726—the very time that Swift was collecting and selecting the tracts, squibs, and pamphlets which he was about to issue as the *Miscellanies* in prose and verse of Swift and Pope, published in 1727. There must have been many squibs and pamphlets written, between 1710 and 1714, in his days of political savagery, which Swift might not choose to own; and it is certainly extraordinary that, so far as I can discover, these Wagstaffe *Miscellanies*, with one exception, which I will hereafter

notice, were written within these exact limits of time ; though Wagstaffe lived more than a dozen years afterwards, and then died at the early age of forty ; and they were all published by Morphew, Swift's publisher at that time. Swift and Pope acknowledged in the Preface to their avowed *Miscellanies*, that it contained personalities which they now regret :—

“ In regard to two persons only we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit and of honour ; and of Mr. Addison,* whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning.”

But the attacks on Steele,† which are the marking characteristics of some of these Wagstaffe *Miscellanies*, were beyond tender raillery ; they were coarse, and in some instances brutal—written with a personal knowledge of the man and his most private concerns ; from which personal acquaintance, if not friendship, must be inferred. There is reference to his personal appearance, his manners, morals, imprisonment, and to the nature of the claims of the creditors, who, we are told, arrested him for the maintenance of his illegitimate children. Toby insults him as an upstart Irishman, who has set up for a gentleman on some little estate he had got in Wales by his wife's mother's death. He is called a jay, made up of feathers from other birds—told that “ he borrowed his humour of Estcourt, his criticism of Addison, his poetry of Pope ; ”—no mention of his obligations to Swift ;—that his chief assistants had deserted him, though I doubt if, at that time, any had deserted him except Swift and Pope ; says his reputation is as dead as Partridge ; that he has undertaken to overturn the Ministry in one session, which “ my Lord Wharton and Somers have been foiled at for years.” Swift declared himself to have been ill-treated by both these noblemen, and avowedly hated them both ; but why should Wagstaffe select them specially ? Steele is accused of ingratitude : of “ throwing dirt and abusing the unblemished character of a Minister of State, by whose

* Both dead.

† Was living.

interest alone he has been continued in the Stamp Office"—
 "a man of such public and enlarged spirit is as well qualified
 as any Judas of them all to betray his friend." Now what per-
 sonal wrongs had Wagstaffe to complain of? Why should he
 protest against this Judas, and this vile betrayal of a friend?
 How should he know of this special favour of Harley's? But
 these are the very charges preferred against Steele in Swift's
 letter to Addison of 13th May, 1713: "Mr. Steele knows very
 well that my Lord Treasurer has kept him in his employment
 upon my treaty and intercession . . . I was reproached by
 my Lord Treasurer upon the ill-returns Mr. Steele made to his
 Lordship's indulgence." The same feeling is more than once
 shown in the *Journal to Stella*, where he notices Steele's
 "devilish ingratitude." *

It may be asked, and very reasonably, why, if Swift had a
 twinge of conscience about having written these virulent
 attacks on his old friend, did he republish them? I reply, to
 prevent other people doing so; and he republished, under the
 name of Wagstaffe, to prevent the name of Swift from being
 prefixed "as it had been," he said, "to works he did not
 write;" and, no doubt, to works which he did write, had
 written, but did not choose to acknowledge. In fact, Swift's
 name was prefixed to Toby's "Character of Richard Steele,"
 in *Gulliveriana*, where we are told:—

"This success of Sir Richard Steele so incensed the party,
 that they took every measure to distress him. They turned
 him out of his employment, and they expelled him the House
 of Commons. His fortune was broke, and his person and life
 were reckoned to be in danger; and it was under these pros-
 perous circumstances that the pious and humane Captain
 [Swift] sends Toby, in his ridiculous way, to support and
 comfort him. That very Captain, who was Steele's old friend
 and fellow-writer. That Captain! whom Steele loved, and

* An early tract in the Swift and Steele controversy was "A Town Eclogue:
 or a Poetical Contest between Toby [Swift] and a Minor-Poet [Steele] of B—tt—n's
 Coffee-House."

never disobliged unless it could be by his writing in favour of our Constitution against the Pretender.

“But I’ll detain you no longer from the entertainment of Master Toby *alias* Gulliver, *alias* Sw—t, *alias* Examiner, *alias* D—n of St. P——’s, *alias* Draper, *alias* Bickerstaff, *alias* Remarker, *alias* Journalist, *alias* Sonneteer, *alias* Scriblerus.”

Even the Wagstaffe Memoir-writer has a touch of tenderness such as might have been felt by Swift, so many years after the fever of controversy had subsided; and he acknowledges, as Swift had acknowledged, in the Preface to the avowed *Miscellanies*, that—

“The character of Richard St—le, Esq., does indeed want some apology to be made for it; because it seems to bear too hard upon a gentleman of known parts and abilities, though of contrary principles to the Doctor The Doctor, who had some friends in the Ministry, thought he could not take a better way to oblige them than by thus showing his dislike to a gentleman who had so much endeavoured on all occasions to oppose them. Though this I may say for him, that he was so far from having any personal peak or enmity against the gentleman whose character he wrote, that, at the time of his writing it, I do believe, he did not so much as know him even by sight, whatever he might afterwards.”

Let any one read the “Character” thus referred to, and say whether the writer did or did not know Steele personally,—not “even by sight.” Steele, in the very last number of *The Englishman*, refers to the many invectives which that paper had brought on him; and, amongst others, “to a very notable piece called ‘Toby’s Character of Mr. Steele;’” and he adds:—

“I think I know the author of this; and to show him I know no revenge but in the method of heaping coals on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves; for no other reason, but that *I know his sensibility of reproach* is

such, as that he would be unable to bear life itself, under half the ill-language he has given me."

Did this apply to the illustrious obscure, Dr. Wagstaff, "who did not so much as know him;" or to his old friend and former fellow-labourer, Dean Swift?

Swift delighted in mystification. We all know the famous papers he wrote under the name of Bickerstaff: that we are indebted to his suggestion for the "Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff," who claimed kindred with "all the family of the Staffs," including Jacobstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, Tipstaff, Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, Raggedstaff; and was subsequently graciously pleased to receive "as kinsman" Mr. Proctorstaff of Cambridge, and others; and that he published his own *Polite Conversation* under the name of "Simon Wagstaffe."

This *Character of Richard Steele*, as I before observed, was published by Morphew, at that time Swift's publisher. As Swift suggested the name of Bickerstaffe for the writer of *The Tatler*, he may have suggested Morphew as the publisher. Steele, however, quarrelled with Morphew; *The Tatler* was given up, and *The Spectator* started with another publisher: but Morphew remained silent until Swift openly quarrelled with Steele, and forthwith Morphew became active in his hostility. He not only published Toby's *Character of Richard Steele*, but *A Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath, to the Venerable Nestor Ironsides* (the name under which Steele wrote *The Guardian*)—a bitter satire on Steele, as Scott acknowledges; and one of which, no doubt, on reflection, Swift was ashamed. Now if the strange name of Tripe be not so intimately associated with Swift as that of Wagstaffe, it was more so at that time than with any other. The poem called *The Swan Tripe Club*, published in Dublin, 1704, had been republished in London by Tonson as by "the author of *The Tale of a Tub*."

The reasons I have suggested for the publication of the Wagstaffe *Miscellanies* would scarcely excuse the republication of Tripe's letter; yet, among these *Miscellanies* we find "A

Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath"; and Pope, in the Testimonies prefixed to *The Dunciad*, makes profitable use of the fact. He, it appears, knew of the publication of the Wagstaffe volume; and he tells us, as we had been told before in the Preface to the Swift and Pope *Miscellanies*, that the Grub Street people, to lower the author's success, persevere in attributing to him works he never wrote—even works "*owned by others*"; and then instances *The What d'ye Call It*, "which is Mr. Gay's," and "the pamphlet called 'Dr. Andrew Tripe,' *which proves to be one Dr. Wagstaffe's*." By this reference it appears, that though Pope knew of this obscure volume, the public could have known very little of the writer who is here described as "one Dr. Wagstaffe." Yet a more remarkable fact is, that the "Letter from Dr. Andrew Tripe of Bath," published among Wagstaffe's *Miscellanies*, and which publication was turned to such profitable use, is a wholly different work from *The Letter from Dr. Andrew Tripe of Bath*—the bitter satire on Steele, which the Scriblerians were accused of having written. I give here the full title of the tract in this Wagstaffe volume:—

"A Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath, to his loving Brother, the Profound Greshamite, showing that the Scribendi Cacœthes is a Distemper arising from a redundancy of Biliose Salts; and not to be eradicated but by a diurnal Course of Oils and Vomits. With an Appendix concerning the Application of Socrates his Clyster, and the use of clean Linen in Controversy."

I have not succeeded in finding a copy of the original publication, and the reprint has not that "Appendix" which is so full of humorous promise in the title-page. There is no copy in the British Museum; and though the title figures in the Catalogue of the Library of the Medical Society, prepared in 1829, no copy is to be found in the library.* It is a medical satire, and could not have been written before 1719 or 1720, many years after the Morpheus battery had been silent, but

* I doubt if it ever existed in the library. Catalogues have been compiled on the principle of including not only what is in the library, but what *it is* desired

when Arbuthnot and Pope, and the Scriblerians, were active in their attack on "the profound Greshamite," Dr. Woodward; and I should say it probably originated with the Scriblerians, and was written by Arbuthnot.*

It would be impossible, within any reasonable limits, to enter into a like examination of the other contents of this Wagstaffe volume; but I may briefly observe that *The Story of the St. Alban's Ghost*, a skit on the Duchess of Marlborough, was thought by Scott, "from the style," and the severity with which Dr. Garth was treated, to have been the joint work of Swift and Arbuthnot. But if Dr. Arbuthnot was assisting, why did Swift require the further assistance of Dr. Wagstaffe?

The Comment on the History of Tom Thumb, a parody on Addison's criticism on *Chery Chase*, is an amusing trifle, which might have been written by anyone; and it is not improbable, and is very much after the fashion of the Scriblerians, that they introduced some trifles of this character into the Wagstaffe volume as a misleading light. But the parody contains more than one skit at Swift's old antagonist Dr. Bentley—on Blackmore and his *Arthur*: and the writer refers certain disputed points to the decision of the author of *The Tale of a Tub*. It was evidently thrown off at a moment; and though there is no ill feeling in it, I do not think it would have been written by anyone in perfect good humour with Addison. Now Addison's papers appeared in *The Spectator* in May, 1711, when Swift was very angry with Addison as well as with Steele, as appears from his *Journal to Stella*; and it was published by Morphew in 1711, followed in the autumn by the same publisher with Swift's famous pamphlet on *The Conduct*

to have in the library, what *they want*. This was done at the Royal Institution. See Catalogue, 1809. (See Cat. Pref., p. 7.) If this was good policy with reference to a journal it was better with a special catalogue like that of a Medical Society, and it is fairly to be inferred that the Compiler knew nothing of the work, but that it professed to be a *medical* work, that he included not only Dr. Andrew Tripe, &c., but "*Tripe (Dr.) Letter to Dr. Ironsides, 1713*," and "*Letter from the same to the Learned Gresham (Svo.) Lond., 1719*." The first, as I have shown, is *not* a medical tract.

* Arbuthnot won his reputation by his reply to Woodward in 1695. See Munk's Roll of Col. of Phy. ii. 26.

of the *Allies*. Another of the same class, without any distinctive character, is *The Plain Dealer*, also published by Morpew.

The Testimonies of the Citizens of Fickleborough concerning the Life and Character of Robert Hush, commonly called Bob, is another of the squibs which have no such literary characteristics as might help to determine who was the writer. Two letters * appeared in September, 1712, in *The Flying Post*, conducted by Ridpath, signed "Bob Hush of Fickleborough," which excited public attention. They were noticed at the time in the Tory *Examiner*, with which Swift was intimately associated as well as in these *Testimonies*. Swift, we find, was at that time more than usually violent against Ridpath. On the 28th of October, he wrote to Stella about "these devils of Grub Street Rogues that write *The Flying Post* . . . are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. . . . We have the dogs under persecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath." This pamphlet also was published by Morpew.

I submit these speculations, as speculations, to the judgment of the readers of "N. & Q."—D. S. A.—[Mr. Dilke.]

SWIFT v. WAGSTAFFE.

My letter (3rd S. i. 381) was a reply, by anticipation, to Mr. CROSSLEY (ii. 34). That gentleman states the case in favour of Wagstaffe as I found it, and as it had passed current for more than a hundred years. His authorities I showed were no authorities, and traced them all up to the anonymous biography prefixed to the Wagstaffe volume.

Mr. CROSSLEY thinks the hypothesis strange, almost in-

* It is not impossible that these letters were republished with others, and called "The Present State of Fairy Land in several letters from Esquire Hush, an eminent citizen of Fickleborough," &c. Lond., Warner, 1713.

credible. I thought so too, and therefore it was that I drew attention to the subject. I still think it strange, though less incredible, now that MR. CROSSLEY, with a sensible distrust of it, and a nearly complete collection of all the pamphlets published between 1711 and 1718 at his command, has not found one single fact tending to disprove it—not one “independent testimony” in favour of the Wagstaffe theory.

MR. CROSSLEY observes that not more than fifteen years—1711 to 1726—passed between the publication of the first tract and the republication in the volume; and he asks:—

“Were all the contemporaries, friends of Dr. Wagstaffe, and acquainted with his early habits and character, or who were conversant in the history of the press and its workings during the latter years of Queen Anne, utterly perished from the face of the earth, so as to afford an opportunity of dealing with the deceased doctor’s antecedents in any way which the whim of the most whimsical humourists might dictate without fear or scruple?”

The humourists would not so often have mystified the public, if they had not anticipated and provided against such very natural questions. Has MR. CROSSLEY forgotten what the memoir-writer tells us—*all the tracts* were originally “*published without a name*”—that the Doctor “*never did intend it should be known who wrote them.*” Under these circumstances I see no necessity for this fearful mortality. The wonder I expressed (3rd S. i. 381) seems to me more natural; as did another wonder I then recorded, that all the important tracts published were published by Swift’s publisher; and were all written between 1711 and 1714, while Swift was in London, carrying on his fierce literary and political warfare, and not one after Swift went to Ireland, though Wagstaffe continued to live in London for ten years—up to 1724 or 1725.

The hypothesis, MR. CROSSLEY says, “must fall through, if any of the pieces contained in the volume are clearly shown to be Wagstaffe’s.” Here again he seems greatly to underrate

the skill of the artists. I, on the contrary, assumed (3rd S. i. 383) as "not improbable, and very much after the fashion of the Scriblerians," that they had "introduced some trifles" written by others "into the Wagstaffe volume as a *misleading light*"—written by Wagstaffe, if MR. CROSSLEY pleases, after he has shown that Wagstaffe ever wrote a line on any literary or political subject. However, we are agreed that "the misleading lights" I named, have none of "the distinctive characteristics" of Swift; and therefore, as I said, were probably not written by Swift—not by the same person who wrote *Toby's Character of Steele*, *The Memoirs of Charity Hush*, or *The Story of the St. Alban's Ghost*. Here, however, we differ; for MR. CROSSLEY sees none of Swift's characteristics even in *Toby's Letter*. Be it so; I never dispute about mere opinions, and mine are on record, with curious facts to strengthen them, of which MR. CROSSLEY takes no notice. I shall, therefore, only observe that Steele himself agreed with me; that the *Character* was attributed to Swift in 1728 in *Gulliveriana*, and reprinted in the edition of Swift's *Works* by Sir Walter Scott, who remarks in reference to the disputed authorship, that "it must be allowed to contain some strokes of Swift's peculiar humour."

MR. CROSSLEY proceeds to show that the "Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath," has marks of having been written "by a member of the medical profession." Why, I said so: called it "a medical satire;" observed, which is more to the purpose, that it was published many years later than the other tracts in the volume, and just when the Scriblerians were at open war with Dr. Woodward, and suggested that it was probably written by Dr. Arbuthnot. Further, I drew attention to the curious and significant fact, that the "Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath," the medical satire, published in the Wagstaffe volume, was a wholly different work from the "Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, at Bath," the satire on Steele. I also pointed out the ingenious use which has been made by the Scriblerians of this re-publication of the medical satire; for they took occasion to warn the public against the rascally

Grub Street people; who, among other misdeeds, charge them with writing works actually *owned by others*; and, among illustrations, refer to “a pamphlet by Dr. Andrew Tripe, which *proved to be one Dr. Wagstaffe*.” Those who agree with MR. CROSSLEY must believe that the Scriblerians, though they knew of the publication of this obscure volume, by “*one Dr. Wagstaffe*”—knew the *contents* of the volume—did not know Wagstaffe himself; did not know that the *Tripe Letter*, which they were accused of having written, was published in 1714, and addressed to Nestor Ironsides, the name under which Steele wrote *The Guardian*; whereas the other was not published before 1719 or 1720, and was addressed to “the profound Greshamite,” Dr. Woodward. I wish your correspondent would concern himself with facts like these and others pointed out in my letter. Has he, for instance, among his collection of pamphlets, a copy of the original *Letter* addressed to the Greshamite? And does it contain the amusing Appendix promised in the title-page of the reprint, *but not given*?

I said nothing in my former letter about the portrait prefixed to the Toby pamphlet, and can say nothing now; for, in truth, I do not understand MR. CROSSLEY's argument. I certainly never supposed that it was a portrait of anybody; but a *vera effigies* such as the great master of this sort of matter-of-fact fiction, De Foe, occasionally made use of to mystify his public—with a touch of satire superadded. One word, however, on this point, to avoid future difference:—MR. CROSSLEY speaks of the plate in the volume as of a *re-issue*. I believe it to be a new engraving.

MR. CROSSLEY should not forget, that strange as the hypothesis may be, it is not more strange than some known facts. It is not ten years since most persons believed that the first edition of *The Dunciad* was published in Dublin: it is not half that time since all believed that the *Swift Letters* were first published there, and published by Swift.—D. S. A. [Mr. Dilke.]

THE LETTER FROM DR. ANDREW TRIPE (3rd S. i. 381).—It may be just worth notice, with reference to the speculations

of your correspondent as to the writer of the Tripe letter addressed to Nestor Ironsides, and published in London by Morphew, Swift's publisher, in 1714, that it was immediately reprinted in Dublin, and has on the title 1714. Reprinting in Dublin was a matter of course with works of interest, but I doubt whether Nestor Ironsides was sufficiently known there to suggest a reprint to a Dublin bookseller.—*Notes and Queries*, 3 S. ii. 396.—T. L. F. [Mr. Dilke.]

END OF VOL. I.

MR. MURRAY'S

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 276.

CONTENTS.

- I. MACREADY'S REMINISCENCES.
- II. INDIAN MISSIONS.
- III. LORD SHELburnE, FIRST MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.
- IV. NATIONAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.
- V. DR. NEWMAN, CARDINAL MANNING, & MONSIGNOR CAPEL.
- VI. LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
- VII. THE STATUE OF MEMNON.
- VIII. THE TRANSITION FROM MEDIEVAL TO MODERN POLITICS.
- IX. ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

MEMOIR OF SIR RODERICK MURCHISON. Based upon his Journals and Letters. With Notices of his Scientific Contemporaries, and a Sketch of the Rise and Growth of Palaeozoic Geology in Britain. By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S. With Portraits, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO, THE VENETIAN. Concerning the KINGDOMS AND MARVELS OF THE EAST. A New English Version. Illustrated by the light of Oriental Writers and Modern Travels. By COL. HENRY YULE, C.B. *Revised and Enlarged Edition.* With 19 Maps and Plans, and 130 Illustrations. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 63s.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS IN CENTRAL AFRICA. With a Narrative of his last moments and sufferings, obtained from his faithful Servants, CHUMAH and SUSI. By Rev. HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

TROY AND ITS REMAINS; DISCOVERIES AND RESEARCHES MADE ON THE SITE OF ILIUM AND IN THE TROJAN PLAIN. By DR. SCHLIEMANN. Edited by PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Maps and 500 Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 42s.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST. A Series of Papers on the POLITICAL and GEOGRAPHICAL CONDITION OF CENTRAL ASIA. By MAJ.-GEN. SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B. Map. 8vo. 12s.

THE LAND OF THE NORTH WIND; or, TRAVELS among the LAPLANDERS and the SAMOYEDS. By EDWARD RAE, F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE VATICAN DECREES IN THEIR BEARING ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE;—and VATICANISM. AN ANSWER TO REPROOFS AND REPLIES. By THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 8vo. 2s. 6d. each; or, Cheap Edition, 6d. each.

OLD TIMES AND DISTANT PLACES: A SERIES OF SKETCHES. By ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, M.A. Crown 8vo. 9s.

WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By A. J. B. BERESFORD-HOPE, M.P. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 9s.

LECTURES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF INSTITUTIONS. By SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.C.S.I. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

METALLURGY; The Art of Extracting Metals from their Ores. By JOHN PERCY, F.R.S. Contents—FUEL: Wood, Peat, Coal, Charcoal, Coke, Fireclays, &c. Revised and Enlarged Edition. With 9 Lithographs and Illustrations. 8vo. 30s.

THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO; SIX MONTHS AMONG THE PALM GROVES, CORAL REEFS, AND VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By ISABELLA BIRD. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12s.

THE NICENE AND APOSTLES' CREEDS. Their Literary History, together with some account of the Sermon on the Faith, commonly called "The Creed of St. Athanasius." By C. A. SWAINSON, D.D., Canon of Chichester. 8vo. 16s.

THE COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. From Personal Visits and Observations; with Detailed Accounts of their Religious Creeds, Social Practices, Numbers, Industries, and Present Condition. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. With Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

THE DIARY OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA during his TOUR in 1873. Translated by J. W. REDHOUSE, F.R.A.S. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 12s.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY on the HOLY BIBLE; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation. By BISHOPS and CLERGY of the ANGLICAN CHURCH. Edited by CANON COOK, M.A. Vols. I. to IV. Medium 8vo.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE in INDIA. By SIR GEORGE LAWRENCE, C.B. Including the Cabul Disasters, Captivities in Affghanistan and the Punjab, and a Narrative of the Mutinies in Rajputana. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE SHADOWS OF A SICK ROOM. Second Edition. With Preface by Canon LIDDON. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

THE SONNET; ITS ORIGIN, STRUCTURE, AND PLACE IN POETRY. With Original TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE AND PETRARCH. By CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S. Post 8vo. 9s.

THE LOIRE AND SOUTH OF FRANCE: A SERIES OF TWENTY ETCHINGS. By ERNEST GEORGE. With Descriptive Text. Folio. 42s.

THE Gnostic HERESIES OF THE 1ST AND 2ND CENTURIES. By DEAN MANSEL, D.D. With a Sketch of his Life and Character. By LORD CARNARVON, Edited by CANON LIGHTFOOT, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

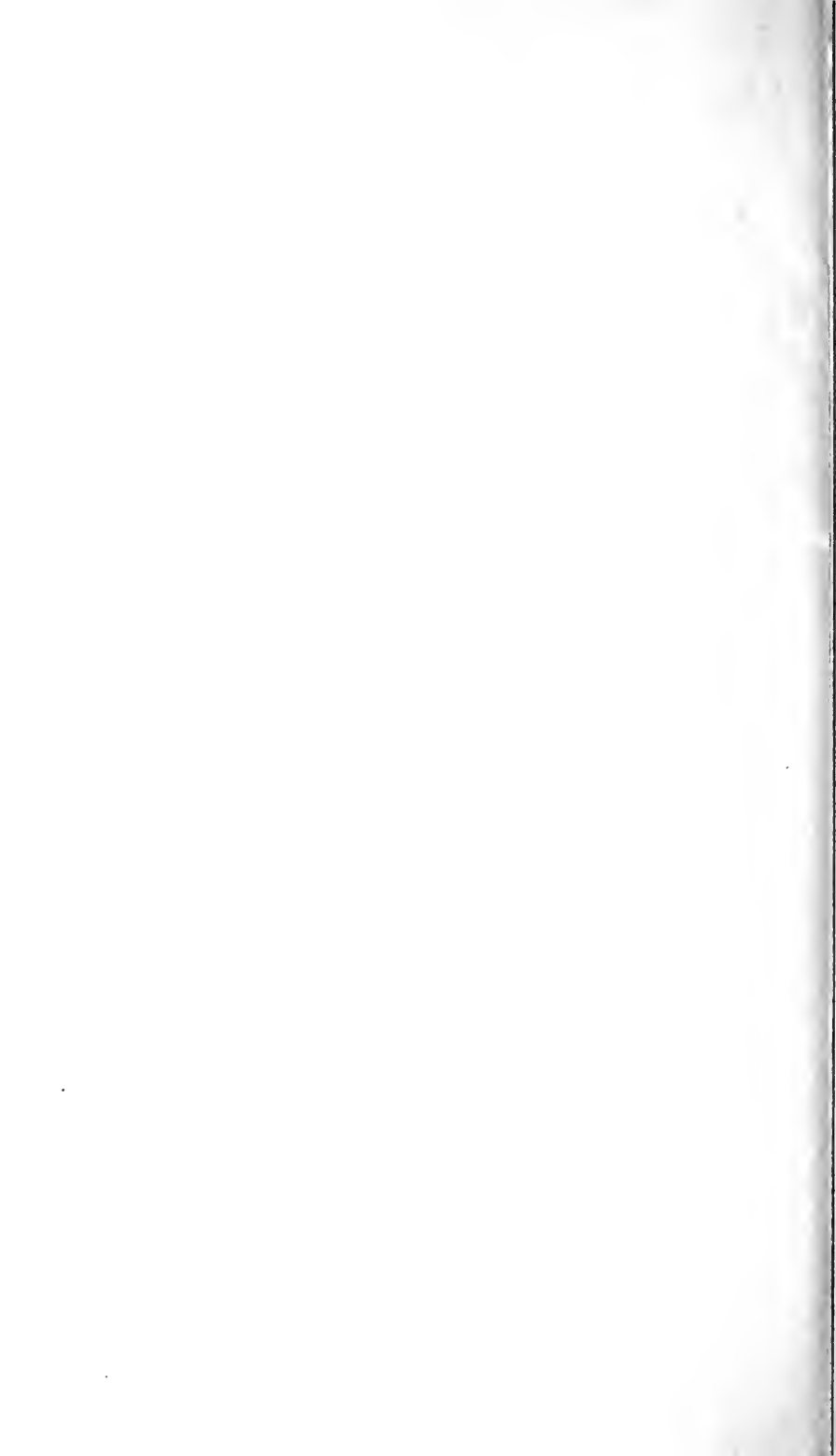
ARCHÆOLOGY, ART, AND TRAVEL. Being SKETCHES AND STUDIES, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE. By RICHARD J. KING, B.A. 8vo. 12s.

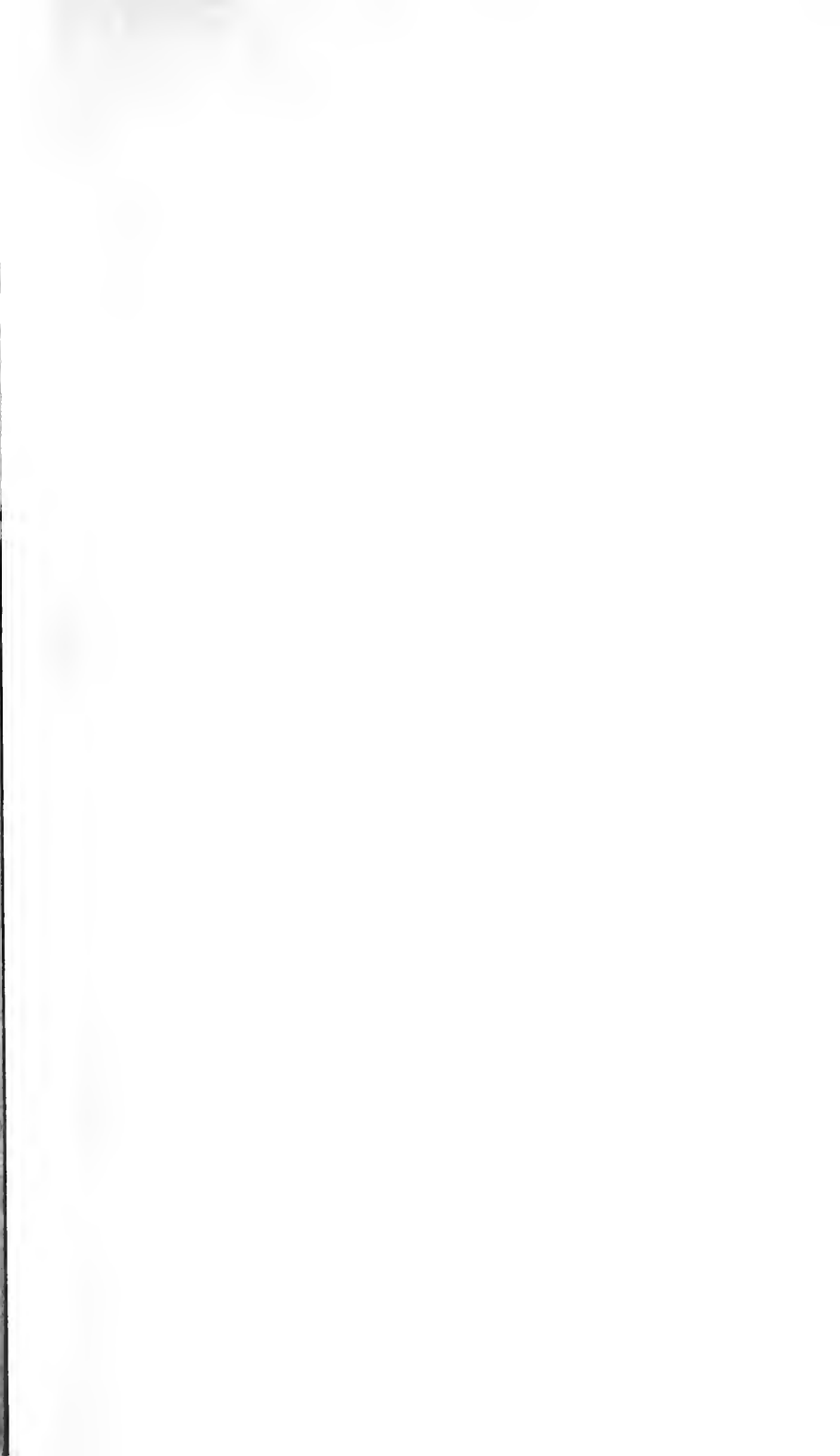
SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE. Being Practical Remarks on the Planning, Designing, Building, and Furnishing of School-Houses. By E. R. ROBSON, Architect. With 300 Illustrations of School-Buildings. Medium 8vo. 31s. 6d.

ALPINE FLOWERS FOR ENGLISH GARDENS; the Principles on which they may be grown in all Parts of the British Islands. By W. ROBINSON, F.L.S. Second Edition. With Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 12s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.







PR Dilke, Charles Wentworth
76 The papers of a critic.
D5
v.1

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 14 10 15 14 005 3